



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF

BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.**CONTENTS.**

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AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

THE two sons of Adam and Eve followed peaceful callings, and such as were adapted to the primitive times in which they lived. Trade and commerce had not yet been introduced, and those manufactures which minister to the luxuries and enjoyments of men, were as yet unknown. Abel was a keeper of sheep, and it would seem that the tending of herds and cattle was not practised for a long time, for Jubal 'was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle.' Cain was a tiller of the ground, and it was not till at least one city had been built that Jubal invented musical instruments, and Tubal-Cain found out how to work in brass and iron. But even when Cain asked the proud question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" some progress must have been made in useful arts. He who in paradise had dressed and kept the garden, had doubtless taught the cultivation and use of other productions than corn. They who, when they fell, sewed fig leaves together, would perhaps have learned how to spin and weave.

In itself labour is not a curse. Abel the shepherd, and Cain the agriculturist, no doubt found the sweets as well as the toils of their honourable calling. The toils and disappointments, the weariness and anxiety of the work were the sad inheritance of sin. By these they knew the meaning of the words, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." So far our experience is the same, and if we ply our daily tasks with diligence and faithfulness, in the fear of God and the ways of uprightness, we shall find delight in duty.

Cain and Abel might have lived very happily together. The farm of the one need not have interfered with the fold of the other. The ripening crops of Cain were surely precious and useful to Abel, and the multiplying flocks of Abel were profitable in many ways to Cain. The resources of one would be available for the wants of the other. Even at that early period, therefore, we see in operation that law of mutual dependence which is so well fitted to unite men together by making their interests common. The man who feeds flocks and herds is dependent upon the artisan and the merchant for not a few of his necessities and comforts. The merchant requires the aid of the artisan to build his ship, and of the husbandman to supply his mariners with bread. So it is; and in worldly matters it is our duty, as in spiritual things, not to live unto ourselves. But is more than a duty, it is a privilege, and if our hearts are right, we shall account it a pleasure that we minister with our hands to the necessities and comforts of our fellow-men, and that so many of them are thinking and labouring for us. Far away beyond the sea, at this moment, there are men cultivating for us, tea, and coffee, and rice, and sugar, and digging in deep mines to send us money, and other things. For us the seamen are navigating

to and fro across the ocean, their vessels laden with the productions of our own and of other climes. For us a thousand busy hands are active here at home, unconsciously providing for our necessities. And we in turn are doing something for others. Thus there is a sense in which, by the great law of labour, every one of us is his brother's keeper. We guard and promote the interests and very being of others, and they, in turn, minister to us. Probably Cain did not realise how directly he struck at the root of all personal obligation by the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

God has ordained not only that we shall all in a general sense, and whether we will or no, be our brother's keepers, but that we shall consciously and willingly do what we can for him. Thou art thy brother's keeper, and thou keepest for him whatever thou hast and he has not, to be distributed according to necessity and opportunity. If thou art a parent, for example, thou dost possess wisdom and experience, authority and influence, food, raiment, home, and the like, that thy child may share in them at his need. If thou art rich, thou hast riches not for thyself alone, as a single sentence from the unerring Word can show. The apostle says to Timothy—"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate," &c. Even if thou art poor, there are many ways in which thou canst be helpful to others; so that rich and poor alike, persons in all ranks and relations, are each his brother's keeper by the ordinance of God. Whatever we are in possession of, it is not our own; the Lord hath lent it us, or rather has intrusted it to us as each other's guardians and executors, and his stewards.

The general duty of showing kindness, hospitality, and of otherwise helping men, is very often enforced. It is quite remarkable how God claims, in behalf of the widows and orphans, the stranger and the afflicted, sympathy and aid from those who can render it. To enforce or encourage our obedience, we are assured that "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" that "God loveth a cheerful giver;" that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world;" and, as if this were not enough, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

Nor must we think that, after all, our help of others is to be without reflection or consideration. Far from it. As the disciples of Christ, our first care is to be for those who are Christ's. Therefore it is that James the Apostle in his epistle says—"If a brother or a sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one



of you say unto them, Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" So likewise the Apostle Paul, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." And what is true of our brothers and sisters in Christ, equally applies to our kindred according to the flesh. None are so near to us by nature, and hence they have a foremost claim upon our sympathy and regard. This is why, among the duties of charity, special mention occurs of this, "that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

Cain sinned against these duties, and denied them. He slew his own brother, instead of loving, cherishing, and helping him; and when God called him to account, he followed murder by falsehood, and falsehood by insolently asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Abel's right was that of a man, and it was refused him; of a brother, and it was trampled under foot; of a servant of God, and it was disregarded. For Cain, as well as Abel, professed to serve God, and to observe the ordinances of Divine appointment. But Cain offered of the fruit of the ground, the produce of his labour; while Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock. By this act they both acknowledged their duty to God, and their dependence upon him, owning him as the Giver of every good gift. However great the difference of their offerings, and of the spirit in which they were presented, there was the same outward profession of religion in both. Yet Cain, because his self-appointed service was rejected, rose up and slew his brother, whereas he should have humbled himself, and endeavoured, by prayer and deep searching of heart, to prepare a better sacrifice. His sin was manifold against God, his brother, and himself. It was against God, who had given no man license to slay his fellow-man, but a law to do him good. It was against his brother, because his brother had a natural and divine right to love and kindness. It was against himself, because it wronged his own soul, and brought upon him dishonour and trouble. In harming his brother, he did injury to himself. Hence it follows that the royal law of love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," was violated in both its parts. Cain did not love himself when he ceased to love Abel; and when he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" he in effect denied that he was his own.

This Cain-like spirit exists in all its deformity and power in those who care not for the woes of men, and who seek not to promote their salvation. Every one must bear his own burdens, it is true, and every one must give account of himself to God; but if Christ shall at the last say to his followers, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in," &c., much more will he say this of those whose heart's desire and prayer and constant effort it has been to bring men to Christ, and help them on to heaven. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Says Paul, "As ambassadors for Christ, we beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God;" and again, "We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." So that we ought to labour to carry out the purposes of God in the salvation of souls; and this is to be, in the highest and noblest sense, our brother's keeper.

There are too many who are ready, like Cain, to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Is it so with us? Are we labouring to do good as far as we have opportunity? Do we recognise the duty of caring for our own souls? Whether we admit it or not, God will call us to account for the way in which we have acted as our brother's keeper—the way in which we have acted as our own. O for grace to bear his easy yoke!

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

JERUSALEM.

THERE is no city in the world which excites such universal interest as Jerusalem. London is famous for its history, its commerce, and its magnitude; Paris is renowned for its beauty and splendour; Rome is celebrated for its antiquity, its associations, its monuments, and its supposed sacredness; Mecca is holy in the eyes of all Mussulmans, and is visited by innumerable pilgrims; Benares is venerated by millions of Hindoos; but all these must yield the palm of honour to Jerusalem, which is holy in the sight of Mohammedan, Christian, and Jew alike, and which is frequented and viewed with reverence and admiration by them all. Under the name of Salem we meet with it in the days of Melchizedek, more than 3,800 years ago, and some 1,200 years before Rome had its beginning. In the time of Joshua and the Judges, it seems to have been called Jebus, and to have given a name to the Jebusites, mentioned in Gen. x. 16 and 1 Chron. xi. 4. At a later day it was called Jerusalem, the city of David, &c. In the reign of Hadrian it received from the Romans the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, but its old name could not be forgotten, and it is still Jerusalem to all the world except the Mohammedans, who style it *El Kuds*, or *The Holy*. This latter name is sometimes applied to it in the Old Testament. As for the meaning of Jerusalem, there are some differences of opinion; but it is probably either the Abode of Peace or the Manifestation of Peace. Whichever opinion we adopt, the idea is singularly applicable to the city where the Prince of Peace was manifested, and abode—the city which is a type of the heavenly rest. The Greeks were so persuaded of the sanctity of the city, that they called it *Hierosolyma*, or the Holy Solyma, by slightly changing the form of the name.

There are many things in the Bible to show that the city was not only ancient, but important, before the time of David, under whom, and Solomon, it rose to great magnificence and splendour. The palaces erected by these two kings, and the glorious temple erected by Solomon, gave to Jerusalem a name and a character which it never lost. Its subsequent history to its overthrow by the Assyrians, and its calamities under the Romans, is intimately associated with the annals of the Jewish people. In our Lord's time it was under a foreign supremacy, but it still had nominal rulers of its own, its power was considerable, and its population great. The destruction of it forty years later, by the armies of Titus, was one of the most terrible events recorded in ancient or modern history. This was in A.D. 70, and it

is said that 1,100,000 persons perished in the siege, and 97,000 were made prisoners. The ploughshare was passed over its ruins, and so was fulfilled the prophecy of Micah iii. 12. For a long time the desolation was continued, and the efforts of the Jews to rebuild their city were thwarted by Hadrian, who built a new city on other ground, called it *Ælia Capitolina*, and set up the statue of Jupiter in a temple which he raised where Solomon's temple had stood. This state of things lasted till the reign of Constantine, whose mother, Helena, was especially zealous in discovering places mentioned in Scripture, and connected with the life and death of Christ. It was Helena who, about A.D. 326, built the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The attempts which were made to rebuild the temple, both by Constantine and the apostate Julian, were failures, and hitherto the prediction of its final overthrow has stood accomplished.

About A.D. 614, the Persians conquered Jerusalem, and it was lost to Christians till the Crusades, when it was recovered for a number of years, after which it fell again into the hands of the infidel, and so it continues to this day.

Mr. Arrowsmith says:—"Jerusalem is one of the most ancient existing cities in the whole world, having stood, with short intervals of desolation, for 3,969 years, though burnt to ashes three times, viz., by Joshua, by Nebuchadnezzar, and by Titus. No city ever knew such vicissitudes, or was assaulted by so many and such implacable enemies, or had such huge hosts moving against it. But it was not only naturally strong, and peopled by a race, who, amidst their vices and sins, have perhaps in their day excelled all others in wisdom, valour, and virtue, but it was "the city of the Great King." But though beautiful for situation, compact together, strengthened by bulwarks, and adorned by palaces, it was alone His presence in it, that made it the joy of the whole earth. There he fixed his dwelling-place, clothing her priests with salvation, making her saints to sing, and satisfying her poor with bread; there he summoned his tribes to meet him three times every year; there he anointed his prophets, to teach and to warn his wandering people; and there, when the fulness of the time was come, the Divine Redeemer suffered on the cross, to take away the sins of the world. There, too, he poured out his spirit in the Pentecostal effusion upon the apostles, fitting them for his heralds to proclaim his gospel of peace. There repentance and remission of sins to all who believe in a crucified Saviour began to be preached; and there at length the vials of Almighty vengeance were poured out, to make her what she will continue to be until his returning favour—a monument of his righteous displeasure, and a warning to the nations."

The general situation of Jerusalem may be called lofty. It is erected on several natural eminences, and these stand at an elevation considerably above the Mediterranean Sea, and much more so above the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The view of Jerusalem from the west, as the traveller arrives from Jaffa, is in itself not nearly so picturesque as some others. From the heights to the north, a much better prospect is obtained, of that side at least. Better still is the view from the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south, but the best of all is from the east, where Olivet rises from the valley of Kedron, above the level of the city hills. To realise all that can be

obtained from this favoured spot, where Jesus beheld the city and wept over it, travellers are recommended to be there with the morning dawn, and to remain till the setting sun has left them in darkness. From the Mount of Olives, you see the hills gently rising on the north of Jerusalem, and the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south, beyond the valley of Hinnom. Between these, the city stands on a square-looking, rocky eminence surrounded by walls and ravines. The height nearest Hinnom is Mount Zion, once the joy of the whole earth. Before us, and more conspicuous than any other object, is the Mosque of Omar, a vast square inclosure, where Solomon's temple once stood, but now containing the Mosques of Omar and of Akse, the serai or harem of the Pasha, &c. Both the mosques in the inclosure have been Christian churches. The city is divided into several "quarters" which in Van de Velde's plan are called the *Armenia*, *Christian*, *Jewish*, and *Mohammedan* quarters.

The dimensions of the city have varied at different times, and traces of different walls are visible. The first wall inclosed what is called the high town, or south-western portion. By the second wall an additional space was taken in on the north and north-east; and by the third a yet larger share on the same side. The present walls run partly on the track of the first and third walls of the ancient city. The foundations of walls and the ruins of buildings are often discovered when the ground is excavated to a considerable depth. Such excavations are frequently necessary, in consequence of the enormous piles of rubbish, the accumulation of thousands of years, which require removal before a solid foundation can be laid. After all that has been written about Jerusalem in the time of our Lord, much remains uncertain, and valuable evidences of its plan lie buried in every direction beneath the surface. But ancient Jerusalem is not all underground. Venerable remains of aged walls, built of vast stones, still exist, at some points around the harem, and no doubt some of these remains go back to the time of the Jewish kings, and perhaps of Solomon himself.

Everywhere in and around the city there are spots which traditions hallow as the scene of remarkable events, real or imaginary. There is the *Via Dolorosa*, along which we are told the Saviour carried his cross from the judgment-hall to Calvary. There is the street called *Straight*, leading north and south from the Damascus gate to Zion. There is the place where Pilate said, "Behold the man!" There is the place where Christ was scourged, the staircase by which he entered Pilate's house, and Pilate's house itself. We are shown the spot where Jesus was crowned with thorns; the dwelling of Lazarus, and that of the rich man; the prison of Peter; the iron gate which opened of its own accord, and the place where the Lord's Supper was instituted. They point out the spot where Christ taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer; where he appeared to the women after his resurrection; where he wept over Jerusalem; where he sweated blood; where the disciples slept; where Judas kissed his master, and where he hanged himself; where Isaiah was sawn asunder, and where Stephen was stoned. But no place so abounds in these hallowed spots as the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where they show the tombs of Adam, Melchizedek, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, and of our Lord himself. It contains Calvary, the place where Christ appeared to

Mary Magdalene, and the positions of various occurrences connected with the crucifixion. The centre of the church is said to be the centre of the world. To enumerate all the places thus connected by tradition with distinguished persons and events is impossible; and it is not necessary to say that many of these spots owe their reputation entirely to monkish fraud. We shall not attempt to say which are genuine and which are spurious, but we cannot help regretting that deceit has found it so profitable a trade, to impose upon the ignorance and credulity of superstition. The reader of the New Testament knows that such and such things took place in and around Jerusalem; and although he knows not the precise square foot of ground where they happened, he is content, and Jerusalem as a whole is, in his eyes, full of sacred associations.

Of the present condition of Jerusalem we will not speak at length. It is ruled over by the Turk, whose government is one to which neither Jews nor Christians will ever be reconciled. The Turk has as much reverence for many spots as either Jewish or Christian pilgrims, and therefore some venerable remains of the past are safe in his keeping. But he excludes with jealous care Jew and Christian alike from some of the most interesting places within the walls, the site of the Temple for example. Jerusalem is one of the glories of his crown, purchased and held by his power. To him Jew and Christian alike must do homage and pay tribute. Perhaps they deserve to do so. The Jewish residents have an unenviable reputation on many accounts; and the great majority of Christians, whether Copts, Arminians, or Syrians, Greeks or Latins, are the besotted victims of a degraded superstition. The place where the religion of truth was taught is now the home of fraud and imposture, profitable to lying and rapacious monks and priests, and pleasing but ruinous to their blind devotees.

Yet for all these things Jerusalem is, and ever must be, the most hallowed spot upon earth; and as such it furnishes a beautiful and impressive commentary upon many places of Holy Scripture. It reminds us of the greatest transactions ever accomplished upon earth, the greatest mercies God ever gave to men. There kings ruled, prophets predicted, and the Temple stood; there Christ taught, and died, and rose again; and there the Church was planted.

GO FORWARD.

An invalid mother sat by the cheerful fire in her sitting-room. She was alone, for her two daughters, just on the verge of womanhood, were at the evening service.

There was service in the church, and many were anxiously asking the way of salvation.

The mother had reason to believe that her children were among the inquirers.

That strange influence which, between parents and children, is so common, had hitherto sealed her lips, but her heart yearned over her daughters, and all the evening she had been praying for them, and for wisdom to direct her how to address them upon the subject dearest to her.

It grew late, and presently the young girls entered with happy faces, but with the tears scarcely wiped from their clear eyes.

The younger girl walked directly to her mother's

chair, and clasping her about the neck, laid her face upon its earliest and fondest resting-place, and said—

"My darling mother, your children both desire to give their hearts to Jesus."

Oh, happy, happy mother! Tears poured swiftly down her cheeks as she blessed her daughters, and thanked God for his great mercy.

The younger then proceeded to state her sentiments, and ended by avowing her intention to go forward and offer herself to the church.

But the elder held back. She thought they both had better wait for some months, perhaps a year, to "prove themselves. You know we may not persevere in our religious course," she said; "we may not be sincere, and that would be a dreadful thing."

"That is true, sister. But how can it be anything but sincere to try to love and serve our Creator and Redeemer? I feel that we cannot make too much haste to join ourselves to his people, that every influence may be around us to keep us in, and help us along the right way."

But Agnes did not like to commit herself by any open profession, until she was sure that she had grace enough to endure.

"Mary is right, my dear," said the mother, gently. "If you feel that Christ has forgiven and accepted you, it is your solemn duty to own before the world what he has done for your souls, and trust him for what needs still to be done. He will not put your faith to shame. To commit yourself, Agnes, to his service, is what you ought to rejoice to do; and whether you find your hope remaining bright or fading, your duty to do his will is ever the same. I think, my dear, that many a real Christian has gone all his days in darkness, and in almost entire unfruitfulness, because of not coming forth and making known his hope when he felt its influence in his heart. I know that you mean well, Agnes; but be careful that there is not some pride, as well as humility and caution, at the bottom of your inclination to hold back. Pray earnestly, my daughters, that you may be guided aright."

Notwithstanding this advice, Agnes deferred her profession of faith "for a short time," as she said; but, alas, it proved to be for many years. Her hope grew no brighter, her proofs that she could endure to the end no stronger, and she, in fact, almost gave up considering herself a Christian at all.

But the good Shepherd would not thus lose his mistaken sheep. He taught her at last to understand that there is no proof that any one will endure "faithful unto death," save that of doing, day by day, and hour by hour, *present duties*, looking constantly unto Jesus for help, and forgiveness for all shortcomings and sins.

It is right to fear being insincere and bringing reproach on the cause of Christ; but is it right ever to hide away in one's own heart the knowledge of all that he has done in renewing or even in awakening our souls?

Is it not better to "go forward," determined, by his help, not to put him to shame, trusting in him to sustain you? Dear friends, whom Christ has forgiven, who desire to be for ever his own, *go forward*.

What the world calls the best company, is such as a pious mechanic would not condescend to keep: he would rather say, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity!"

Correspondence.

[When our opinion is desired upon any portion of Scripture, will our correspondents be good enough to write the passage at the top of the letter, naming the chapter and verse, and adding the signatures by which we are to address them. Then let the difficulty be stated, or the question be asked. This will guard against erroneous quotations, and save much time. The verse we are about to explain is in the required form.]

No. 102.—C. B.—“The mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way.”—2 Thess. ii. 7.—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY “LETTETH” THE “MYSTERY OF INIQUITY?”

In our language there are three verbs “to let”—two are active, and one is neuter; and although they are spelled alike, they are derived from different Saxon roots, and have opposite meanings. The word “let,” as used in this sense, denotes obstruction, hindrance, opposition—as where Jehovah speaks by the mouth of his servant Isaiah—“I will work, and who will let it?” “The mystery of iniquity” denotes the doctrines and practices of Anti-Christ secretly spread, imbibed, and practised—as communion with idolaters, worshipping of angels, reverencing God according to modes of man’s devising, and not according to the teaching of Christ and his apostles—which evils were for the time restrained; but when the controlling power was removed, then the iniquity was fully displayed. The passage marks the rise and progress of Papal errors.

No. 103.—C. W.—WHAT AM I TO UNDERSTAND BY THESE WORDS?—“IF THY RIGHT EYE OFFEND THEE, PLUCK IT OUT,” &c.—Matt. v. 29.

The renunciation of whatever causes us to sin, even at a cost as painful to us as would be the loss of an eye or the removal of a limb. Sin must be unsparingly resisted. Men, as the disciples of Christ, are called upon to avoid evil, to avoid the appearance of evil, to avoid the beginnings of evil, and to avoid whatever leads to evil.

No. 104.—E. B.—The desire to avoid religious controversy causes us to decline responding to some of the questions addressed to us; and as our space is limited, we are compelled to consider the utility of the questions before we attempt to answer them, as no advantage can accrue to our readers by answers that can only gratify curiosity, and lead to no practical results. There is a wise ignorance as well as a learned wisdom, and the prudent and pious Christian is content to be ignorant upon those points which God has not seen fit to reveal, and these are many.

No. 105.—“Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one.”—Gal. iii. 20.—CAN YOU ASSIST ME TO UNDERSTAND THE ABOVE PASSAGE?

We have perused on various occasions a large number of comments upon this difficult passage, but not with satisfaction. One of them was very ingenious, and deserving of grave consideration. It was in some degree to this effect:—

A mediator is a person that intervenes between two parties. A mediator, therefore, is not a mediator of one—that is, when there is only one party—but “God is one” party in the mediation under the law, and the same one party in the mediation under the Gospel (the mediation in the one case being by Moses, and in the other case being through Christ). And God being the one party in both cases, the law of God can never be opposed to the Gospel of God.

In the chapter two fundamental truths are asserted. “The just shall live by faith,” and “the man that doeth

them (that is, that keepeth the commands of the law) shall live in them.” The first is the rule of the Gospel; the second is the rule of the law. They are two distinct states of things, and there was a distinct mediation in both cases. But the same Divine Being is one party in both, and therefore they could not contradict each other, although each has its distinct office and its proper place. The Giver of the law is God. The Deviser of the Gospel scheme of redemption is God. The supporter of both law and Gospel is one and the same; and that all-wise and holy God who gave the law, has made that law to be our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ, that we being justified by Christ through faith may live, for “the just shall live by faith,” and “the just by faith shall live.” The law and the Gospel harmonise, for the law is the Gospel shadowed forth, and the Gospel rightly understood is the law fulfilled.

No. 106.—R. M.—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY “A LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY?”

The terms are used to denote amazing fertility. There is reason for believing that in the palmy days of the once highly favoured land of Judea, the balmy air, the fascinating scenery, and the fruitfulness of the soil, far, very far, exceeded anything that men have ever experienced in these colder climes. Not many years ago a remarkable account was given of the richness of the soil, by a farmer who cultivated a small estate at Solomon’s pool, near Bethlehem. A person on the spot wrote home, saying, “If any persons doubted the existing capabilities of the land, let them come and see with their own eyes what had been accomplished. Let them come and see two crops a year produced by the poorest land on the farm. Let them behold quince trees groaning under the burden of 400 quinces, each one larger than the largest apples of England; vines, with a 100 bunches of grapes, each bunch three feet long, each grape three-and-a-quarter inches in circumference; a citron tree, bearing 510 pounds weight of fruit; half grown broad beans, the pod thirteen inches long, and six clustering stems from each plant; Indian corn, eleven feet high, on ground from which, four weeks before, a similar crop had been taken; water-melons, twenty, thirty, forty pounds weight.” From the success that has attended the labours of the owner of the farm, we are driven to the conclusion that the unbelief, and apathy, and indolence of man are the afflictions of Palestine.

Another writer tells us “that the very farm is the one that belonged to Jesse, and where David was brought up. It only contains 27 acres of land, and is entirely surrounded with hills. It is watered from the stream that supplied Solomon’s Pools, and is a very Paradise in beauty and luxuriance.”

No. 107.—W. A.—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY “THE SURE MERCIES OF DAVID?”—Isaiah lv. 3.

The Messiah, who was to be David’s descendant, is here called “David.” The next verse, which is closely connected with this verse, plainly refers to Christ. That Christ is in Scripture sometimes called David, is shown by the passage in Jeremiah, where, 400 years after the death of David, Jehovah says, “They shall serve the Lord their God and David their king;” and in Ezekiel, “I will set up one shepherd over them, he shall feed them, even my servant David;” and in Hosea, “Afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God and David their king.” All the cases quoted refer to the Messiah.

“The sure mercies of David,” therefore, are to be understood as referring to the everlasting covenant of mercy, which covenant contains, bequeaths, and secures all the free blessings promised to the literal David, but which were purchased by Christ, the spiritual David, for

the deliverance of his people from the power, the practice, the pollution, and punishment of sin, and for the sanctifying of the whole man, so that they may be kept by the power of God, from sin unto salvation. These we regard as "the sure mercies of David."

No. 108.—J. P.—"STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE."—Luke xiii. 25.

Strive as those who run for a prize—use every lawful exertion; think not to attain an entrance by supineness and sloth. *Straight gate.* Our Saviour alludes to the feasts and marriage-suppers among the Jews. They that were invited entered by a strait and narrow gate; and after the prescribed time no one was admitted, for the master of the feast rose up and shut the door.

No. 109.—W. B. M. (Kettering).—"Why callest thou me good? there is none good save one, that is God."—Luke xviii. 19.—HOW CAN WE RECONCILE CHRIST'S EQUALITY WITH THE FATHER FROM THIS PASSAGE?

This portion of Holy Writ neither proves nor disproves the equality of the Son with the Father. Our Lord's remarks were, we think, designed to teach the inquirer wisdom through the medium of his own words. Why callest thou me good? God only is good: if I am God, the title of good doth justly belong to me; if I am not God, I am not entitled to the appellation you have given. In what character do you approach me, for you perceive, by what I have said, if you come to me as God, the words are true; if you come to me only as man, the appellation you have given me is not a fit one to employ.

No. 110.—J. R. G. (Folkestone).—WHAT WAS THE GIFT WHICH MOSES COMMANDED?

Under the Mosaic dispensation certain appointed offerings were to be made by every leper when cleansed from his leprosy; the particulars are given in the fourteenth chapter of Leviticus. These offerings under the law were designed to shadow forth the mode by which the sinner is freed from the pollution of sin by Christ, through faith in his atonement; in other words, they were intended to represent by outward emblems the spiritual deliverance offered in the Gospel.

No. 111.—J. I.—"THE EATING OF BLOOD."

We think the true reason for the prohibition must have been a *sacificial* one. This prohibition, which dates from the time of Noah (Gen. ix. 4), and was enjoined upon the Israelites (Lev. xvii. 10—14), is not formally removed in the New Testament.

No. 112.—A. H.—WHAT IS MEANT BY "THE ATONEMENT?"

The atonement is the satisfaction rendered to the justice of God by the death of Christ, who took upon himself the nature that sinned (though not a sinful nature) and honoured the law of God, actively by obeying and passively by suffering, and thereby releasing all from the punishment due to *original* sin, and releasing all believers from the chastisement due to their *actual* sins. By the death of Christ, and then by faith in that death, men are reconciled to God. When two opposing parties are reconciled, when those who were at variance are made one, or, as the Saxon mode of expression would be, *at-one*, then the means by which the harmony is produced is called the "*at-one-ment*."

No. 113.—E. I.—HAD THE MOTHER OF JESUS ANY OTHER SONS?

Much has been written, and very ably written, on both sides of the question—but it still remains an undecided point. The Scriptures appear to withhold information,

when the information would only tend to gratify an unprofitable curiosity.

No. 114.—T. M. (Gravesend).—HOW COULD KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR KNOW THAT THE FOURTH IN THE FIERY FURNACE WAS LIKE THE SON OF GOD?

The original signifies "*a son of the gods*"—that is, a divine person or angel. So the king calls him in the 28th verse. That the gods on various occasions held intercourse with men, was an opinion held by all idolatrous nations; and therefore the words are to be regarded as the expression of astonishment, and of awe, uttered by a heathen monarch in conformity with his heathen notions, and having no reference to the second person of the sacred Trinity, although many able commentators believe that the fourth person with his servants in the fiery furnace was the same glorious Being who was in the bush when on fire in the wilderness, in order that He might animate his servant Moses for the arduous duties which he was called upon to discharge.

No. 115.—J. B.—WHAT AUTHORITY IS THERE FOR BELIEVING THAT MARY MAGDALENE WAS A PERSON OF ILL-REPUTE?

As some persons have obtained, by general report, credit for virtues which they never practised, so others have been at times censured for vices which they never committed. This appears to be the case with Mary Magdalene, so called, say eminent divines, because she was a native of Magdala. She is described by every mark that constitutes the Christian character. She was a constant follower of her Divine Master. She employed her property to promote his comfort; she was devoted to our Lord's teaching. She followed him to the cross, and she forsook him not at the grave. She evinced all that devotion and affection could suggest; and it was said by Him whom she sought to serve, "Them that honour me, I will honour." Mary Magdalene was the first to whom Christ exhibited himself after his resurrection, and she was the first person commissioned to bear the glorious announcement to his disciples that the Saviour was risen. The popular belief that Mary Magdalene was a person of unholy character has no foundation in Scripture, and rests upon no better authority than a tradition of the Romish Church.

No. 116.—FILIIUS (Conway).—HOW COULD LIGHT BE CREATED ON THE FIRST DAY, WHEN THE SUN, THE FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, WAS NOT CREATED UNTIL THE FOURTH DAY?—Gen. i. 16.

Arguments upon passages of Scripture would frequently be avoided by carefully quoting the passages to be discussed. We cannot find anything in the 16th verse of the first chapter of Genesis that proves to us "that God created the fountain of light on the fourth day." When persons raise objections to scriptural statements, they ought to take care that the statements of which they complain are scriptural. Light existed before the sun was created. The sun is not the candle, but the candlestick; it is not the light itself, but the reflector of the light. Philosophers tell us that "light is a distinct substance from all others, as much as air is from water." By "light is not meant that sensation which we experience in ourselves on the presence of any illuminated body, but that inconceivably subtle matter which makes an impression on the organs of sight, and paints on the optic nerve those objects from the surface of which it was reflected to us. Light, then, taken in this sense, is a body quite different from the sun, and independent of it, and existed before it, as it now does exist when the sun is absent as well as when present. It is diffused from one end of the creation to the other, traverses the whole universe, forms a communication with the most remote spheres, penetrates into the most inmost recesses of the earth, and only

waits to be put in a proper motion to render itself visible. Light is to the eye what the air is to the ear. Air may be called the body of sound, and equally exists all around us, though there be no sonorous body to put it in motion. In like manner the extremely agile particles of light equally extend to all places. The account of Moses, therefore, as to this particular, is agreeable to truth, and furnishes a useful lesson of caution, when he informs us that God, and not the sun, was the Author and fountain of light, and that it was created by his almighty word before the sun existed, to dart it on one part of the earth, and a moon to reflect it on the other." May He who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," illumine our minds to comprehend his word and his works, for "it is only in his light that we can see light."

Short Arrows.

UNIFORMITY.—It is not an occasional burst of zeal which is required, but a steady, firm, and persevering attachment. Christ pursued his work with one object in view, namely,—the glory of God. So the Christian should set Christ before him, and be constantly looking to him by faith, for grace to help in every time of need.

MALICE.—The rancour of malice is the true nature of the "fallen angel," and the soul possessed therewith is his dearest darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there God hath no room left to be in his thoughts. I may meet a madman and avoid him; I may move a choleric man, and pacify him; I may cross a furious drunkard, and shun him; but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable than they all.

WE FADE AS A LEAF.—Families fade as a leaf. Rachel weeps for her children, and David exclaims, "Mine acquaintance hast thou hid in darkness." Beauty, in one afflictive hour, consumes as the moth. Strength gradually declines; the most vigorous powers of the mind decay; the memory fails; the senses are impaired. Yea, what is human life itself but a moving scene? Like the day, it has its morning, its noon, its evening, its night. Like the year, it has its spring of youth, its summer of maturity, its autumn of decline, its winter of death. "We do all fade as the leaf."

ST. JOHN'S EPISTLES.—The Epistles of St. John present the phenomenon of the very simplest language in which it is possible that human thought can be arranged. Writing to his "little children," the Apostle writes as a little child, or rather as one whose latest days are most like his earliest; whose ripened manhood has regained the love and tenderness of childhood; the faith that is most free from hesitation, the obedience that is most free from restraint. And yet in those sentences, simple as they are, are couched thoughts whose wonderful vastness render these epistles probably the most difficult of all:—they show, in fact, like Alpine summits, whose white, dazzling brightness appears in close proximity, when really they tower far away in serenest air.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the grocer's one wintry morning. The ground was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of a coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion close up to her, saying, "Come under my coat, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," he replied. "I think I can stretch it a little," she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes, there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

PURITY OF INTENTION.—That we should seek the glory of God in every action we do, is expressed by St. Paul:—"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." When we observe this rule, every action becomes religious, and every meal an act of worship. With purity of intention, the most common act of life is sanctified; but without it, even our devotions are imperfect and vicious; for he that prays out of custom, or gives alms for praise, or fasts to be accounted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devotion or in his alms, and a hypocrite in his fast. If a man visit his sick friend, and watches at his pillow for charity's sake, and because of his old affection, we admire it; but if he does it in hope of a legacy, he is a vulture, and only watches for the carcass. The same things are honest and dishonest; the manner of doing them, and the design, make the difference.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.—In one of his sermons, Dr. Haugh thus describes confidence in God:—"Could I place the prophet Isaiah at the base of one of the loftiest of the eastern mountains, and whilst he was gazing on its varied scenery, were an earthquake to rock it upon its deep foundations, until, like the Numidian lion shaking the dew-drops from its mane in the morning, it threw off from its heavy and hearing sides the forests and flocks, and hamlets, and vineyards; and were a whirlwind to rush in at that moment, scattering the broken and falling masses in mid-air—still the voice of the prophet, if it could be heard amidst the convulsions of Nature, would exclaim, 'Though the everlasting mountains bow, and the perpetual hills be scattered, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'"

GOD OUR COMFORT.—Let no power on earth keep you back from the discharge of your duty to God. Fear not the words, or the looks, or the malice of men. Fight the good fight of faith, and take his approbation for your reward. Do nothing which may expose you to his wrath, who has power to destroy you for ever. Never engage in that business, never enter into that company, never form that plan, which you cannot conscientiously refer to God. Why should you fear man? What can man do to you at the very worst? Why, he can kill the body. But mark what God can do: he can destroy the soul. And when men have exerted their utmost rage, and have succeeded to the destruction of the body, see how God can interpose, and make that cruel death the messenger of heaven's bliss. In the midst of a shower of stones, we behold Stephen exulting and exclaiming, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!" So in the prospect of a cruel death from the bloody Nero, Paul was enabled to say, "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

COMFORT AND COUNSEL.—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. I am well (said a good man), and I verily count more of the sufferings of my Lord, than this world's lustre and over-gilded glory. I dare not but say my Lord hath fully recompensed my sadness with his joys, my losses with his own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows for Christ's joys; my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with himself. Go on, my dear brother, in the strength of the Lord; put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not. Let us be faithful, and care for that which we are to do and suffer for him; and lay Christ's part on himself, and leave it there. Duties are ours, events are God's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to question God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How wilt thou do this, and that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office.

REVERENCE.

REVERENCE for God is a feeling which the great majority of human beings seem to possess only in a very slight and inadequate degree. God is seldom in their thoughts, and when they do think of him, it is rather with emotions of dread and aversion than with any sentiment of genuine reverential regard. Now and then, when beholding some striking manifestation of Divine power, they for a while stand in sensible awe of their Maker; but their feeling is rather one of slavish fear, and it endures only during the alarming displays of God's majestic energy. Few seem to have in any good degree that blending of filial love, and deep awe, and holy fear, which constitutes true reverence. It is, indeed, a mournful evidence of human depravity, that the great Being, before whom angels bow, and in whose sight the heavens are unclean, should be regarded so little by the intelligent inhabitants of earth, although they are constantly surrounded and overshadowed by the wonderful displays of his infinite power.

Those who have experienced reverence for God in a high degree have declared it to be one of the sweetest emotions of which they have ever been conscious. It will be found to be so. To love is sweet; to reverence is no less so. It is delightful to look up to a power which is irresistible, to a wisdom which is unbounded, to a holiness which is of burning purity. It is sweet to feel that we are entirely in the grasp of that infinite almightiness, and that it can never fail to protect and defend us. It is sweet to know that that illimitable wisdom thoroughly comprehends us, and absolutely understands and perceives every sorrow that pains our hearts; that it is cognisant of every want which man cannot supply, and of every virtue which man refuses to recognise, and of every grief with which man fails to sympathise. It is sweet to know that that spotless holiness will ever shine far before us, beckoning and guiding us onward to higher and higher attainments in the divine life. It is, indeed, delightful to lie in the hands of an infinite God, and feel that his might and wisdom and love can and will do for us everything that our most ardent desires and aspirations can seek.

A HOLY LIFE.

MULTITUDES of God's children find the way from regeneration to holiness a slow and wearisome journey. See how they stumble along over broken resolutions, unrelished duties and actual transgressions, borne down with weighty burdens and dragging crosses. Notice how the yoke of the Lord Jesus—which he proclaims light and easy—chafes and frets the neck, and how the fetters of conscience bind and hinder the limbs. No wonder the road seems rugged and tedious, long and fatiguing. No wonder so many shrink from entering the narrow path, or, like Timorous and Fearful, faint and fall back before they reach the goal.

Christian, there is a shorter path up into "The King's highway of holiness." Would you know it? Come with me, and let me show you two easy steps by which you may ascend at once from the gate of regeneration through which you have entered into the way of wisdom, which are "ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." Two easy steps—the first is Faith. "Only believe," said Christ to his disciples. "All things are possible to him that

believeth." Believe, first, that your sins are all forgiven, according to the gracious assurance, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out your transgressions, for mine own sake,"—not for yours—"and will not remember your sins." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." It is unnecessary to transcribe all the precious warrants of a free and full pardon recorded in God's holy Word, one of which, being his word, would have been sufficient to establish a believer in hope and joy. But look how, in compassion to our weakness and incredulity of spiritual truth, these declarations are reiterated. Over and over again, in every variety of form, and richness and sweetness of expression, are we assured that pardon shall be granted to the repentant soul. Weary pilgrim, believe his word and drop this burden.

Jesus next assures us that he will always attend us; standing at our right hand, that we shall not be moved by any event, ready to help in every emergency, teaching us to war with our spiritual need, lifting us up out of the depths of grief, and finally landing us on the "shining shore" of the New Jerusalem. What more do we want? What more can we ask? Believe, then, this word also, and dismiss every fear of trouble and danger for this life and the next. An all-sufficient Saviour is provided; you have only to receive and make use of him—to partake of his fulness, and go on your way rejoicing.

Having thus disposed of all the burdens which have heretofore held you down, standing on the first round of the short ladder which is to lead you up from darkness into light, you are prepared to take the next step, which is Love. Love this precious, complete, careful, sympathising, affectionate Saviour and Friend with all your heart. Can you fail to do it? And with a conscious, earnest, tender love animating your bosom, will any duty be hard, will any sacrifice be great, will any cross seem burdensome, will any temptation prove attractive, will any transgression of his wishes be relished? Never. Love makes toil a pleasure, takes the dead weight out of the cross, unties the strings and lets every burden fall, adjusts the yoke gracefully and lightly about the neck, melts for ever the shackles of conscience, takes the sweetness out of sin, makes temptation powerless, the world insignificant, life but a railroad journey home, death the opening portal to the paternal mansion. In short, it supplies wings to the soul, so that while in the world we are poised above it, breathing a pure, ethereal atmosphere, flying instead of creeping along the heavenward way, and becoming assimilated to the spirit of heaven before its golden gates are thrown open for our welcome.

The ancient Israelites might have made the transit from Egypt to Canaan in a few days or weeks at the furthest; but because of their unbelief they were compelled to drag along through a dreary pilgrimage of forty years. So we may step at once, if we will, into that rest in Jesus which he delights to give his beloved. Why, then, do we drag along through so long and wearisome a way, through years of doubt and fear and faithlessness, becoming crippled, worn out, heart-sick before we enter the land that flows with milk and honey—where is that peace that passeth all understanding, beside the green pastures and still waters of eternal life?

This is not the favoured path of a privileged few—it is the way opened for *all*, accessible to every one. Is it not the more excellent way? and, fellow-Christians, will you not try it?

PREACHING CHRIST.

THE Messenger of the Covenant is Jesus Christ. His people delight in him. He is the only hope of sinners. Hence, ministers should know nothing among their people, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. They should not preach politics, for the study of politics has but little to do with the spiritual interests of men, though devotion to them interferes materially with our spiritual advancement. They should not preach morality, only as morality is a part of the Gospel of Christ. They should not devote their whole, nor their chief attention to the external reformation of their people, for such reformations are of comparatively little value when they spring not from a renewed heart. A new heart is what their people need, that their reformation may be permanent, their morality genuine, their politics pure, their religion enduring, and that they may delight in the Messenger of the Covenant.

Now, the means which God has appointed for the renovation of the heart, is the preaching of Christ crucified. This is the Gospel; and any preaching which excludes Christ crucified, or does not make him the grand theme of discourse, the centre of attraction, the substance and burden of its communications, is not the Gospel. We may preach tradition; we may preach fasts, and feasts, and ceremonies, and saints' days; we may preach devotion to sect, and laud the shibboleth of party; we may preach all the *isms* ever invented; but all this is not the Gospel. It speaks not of the Messenger of the Covenant in whom the Christian delights; and it is powerless to change the heart, or permanently reform the life. I had rather have one Bible text than a thousand such essays; one crumb from the Master's table is better than all the dry bones of this description which the ingenuity and the industry of man can scrape together! Let others gather up, if they choose, what old time, in his huge drag-net, has swept down the stream of ages; let it be ours to go to the pure fountain of truth, the Word of God, and there drink of the rivers of pleasure, whose source is from the Messenger of the Covenant, whom we delight in; and in our exhibitions of truth, let Christ and him crucified be preached, the only hope of ruined man.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

PART I.

"WALTER, Walter," cried Willie, as he was in full chase after the gardener, "do tell Maude that that good father of ours has persuaded Mr. Layton to give us an outline of his early life, and of his relative, the Country Pastor." So saying, the young gentleman bounded over a flower-bed, and was soon out of sight. Arthur coming up at this moment, they both proceeded in search of Maude, feeling assured that it would afford her pleasure to hear Mr. Layton's youthful adventures; and all, like Maude, were anxious to know more of the "Country Pastor," a man who oft "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

As Mr. Layton appeared to be pressed for time in the morning, nothing was said on the subject; but in the cool of the evening, when the family were all assembled taking their coffee, the father, turning to his guest, said, "I rejoice to believe, friend, that your word is like the law of the Medes and Persians—a thing that altereth not."

"In all things prudent," said Mr. Layton, "I hope it is so; but, pray, in what way is it to be tested?"

"By your giving us the promised outline of your early life."

"I grant I made the promise so to do, but I fixed no time."

"Then, if you please, we will say no time like the present?"

"If you desire it, be it so; only I tell you beforehand, I have no hair-breadth escapes to narrate—no scenes of terror to harrow up your feelings. I have merely to repeat the sayings and to describe the doings of a good man, with whom it was my happiness to spend some of my early days."

"But, my dear friend," said the father, "what can be more useful to us all than the sayings and the doings of the wise and the good—of men who not only have heads on their shoulders, but something in them—men whose hearts are large, and whose affections daily turn to God and to their fellow-men. Your kinsman, I am told, was an amiable oddity, and so much the better: the more racy his remarks, or quaint his mode of expression, the more likely they are to be remembered, and, the more pious they are, the more they are calculated to effect the benefit he so earnestly desired. Pray give us the benefit of this excellent man's remarks—his observations on Scripture—his curious illustrations, and his felicitous modes of conveying instruction—for the daily life and conversation of a man of originality, talent, and devotion, is no other than piety and good sense teaching us by example."

"I, for one," said the mother, "shall be among your debtors, for I regard it as a pleasure and a privilege to read or to hear a good man's life; I prize biography very highly, and God shows me that he wishes me to prize it, for He who knows what is in man, and what is best for man, has filled up three parts of the best book in the world with the words and the deeds of His friends and of His foes."

"Having told you, my dear madam, the quiet narrative you may expect, I readily comply, for I never recall to mind the past without feelings of thankfulness to God that I and my brother were providentially permitted to dwell in that peaceful home to which my story will refer—a home where I first learned to appreciate those great truths which since then have supported me under deep privations, and which oft whispered to me that, although the day of dark clouds may come, yet there will be rainbows bright and clear in my future sky. It is a cheering thought, that where'er we are God is equally nigh, and that we are, as God's adopted sons and daughters, under the care of a guardianship that never fails, and of wisdom that never errs. These are truths that I have been taught to believe."

"Before I speak," said Mr. Layton, "of my mother's brother, with whom I passed my early years, suffer me to pay a passing tribute of filial affection to my excellent mother, and let me record my reverence for one of the best of fathers."

"The gentle spirit that watched over me, and often gave me a mother's blessing, was taken from us when I was about fourteen years of age; and, although it has been my lot to receive much kindness from others, am I ungrateful in saying that no one can supply a mother's unceasing care, especially, as in her case, where piety had united its heavenly charms to much of earthly sweetness? By nature my mother was adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and appeared to

conquer the angry by the irresistible force of gentleness. When my youthful feelings were too much excited, my gentle and loving mother could, as my father said, dulcify me by her mild and winning tones of speech. No wonder, then, when men talk of

'Angels without wings,'

I think they are sketching a portrait of my mother; and now that necessity has taught me, and the Holy Spirit has enabled me to compose my own prayers for secret converse with God, I think it no loss of dignity, as still a child in the sight of my heavenly Father, to offer up to him at times some of the prayers taught me by my earthly parent. In teaching me, my mother sought rather to lift me up to her standard than suffer me to drag her down to mine; and in her conversations with me, even when very young, she preferred love and good sense to love and nonsense. At an early period I began to esteem her as well as to love her, and, now that intervening years have brought its conflicts, I am strengthened by the reflection that I was the child of many prayers. My mother called me 'God's gift,' and under this grateful impression she gave me back again to God, that I might be hourly under his holy keeping; and to this I attribute my preservation when tempted by wit and talent to approve of sentiments which deserved to be condemned. As one on whose behalf so many prayers had been uttered, I was not suffered to wander into error, though oft assailed, and, when harassed in my mind, I experienced the blessing of having, through pious education, a God to go to, instead of, through ignorance, a God to find. Peace to my mother's memory; and if, in place of 'the angels who minister unto them that are the heirs of salvation,' the spirits of the just made perfect could keep watch and ward around my pillow, then grant unto me, my no longer praying but my praising mother, to hover over me until her Father and my Father, her Saviour and my Saviour, her Teacher and my Teacher, shall bid my spirit enter the world of spirits, and this earthly tenement to repose amidst the clay cold clods of the valley, to await the resurrection morn and the coming of the 'Great King.'

"My worthy father was a noble-minded man, but formed in a sterner mould and of rougher materials than my gentle mother. His duty as an officer had imparted a degree of vigour and firmness to his manner, which was never lost even in private life. He had retired from active service, and passed his time in overlooking his farm, and in superintending the education of his sons; but when my mother died, the loss of a wife to whom he was so deeply attached overthrew his plans, and the oft-returning thought of his loss preyed heavily. To alleviate his sorrow, he requested to be allowed to enter again on active service. The manner in which, as a soldier, he had formerly distinguished himself, gave him a claim which the authorities were prompt to recognise. An appointment, partly civil and partly military, was conferred upon him, which, while it gave him an influential position, added also largely to his income. Gratified by the handsome manner in which the distinction was conferred, he still could not but feel unhappy on account of his children. He was anxious to secure for my brothers and myself an education that would fit us for any of the duties of after-life, and this could not be done in the distant colony to which he was proceeding. 'Knowledge is power,' my father used to say; 'it is like extra eyes, extra hands, and extra strength to a man when he has an abundance of work and a scanty supply of time. A man's position in honour and prosperity had oft arisen from his having knowledge, and having the brains to apply it in a moment of emergency. Therefore, my counsel is get wisdom and knowledge; but my boys, never forget that the

fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the great end of knowledge is to depart from evil.'

"As the time drew near for his departure, his anxiety for us increased; day after day letters flew backwards and forwards, and at length, when his plans were formed, he sent for us into his private room. 'My dear boys,' he said, striving to conceal his emotion, 'I want you to know what I have done to promote your future comfort. It is, as you know, my wish that you should become not only well educated and clever boys, but Christian boys, that you may when you grow up be good, useful Christian men. No reasonable expense shall be spared, and unreasonable expense I hope you never will desire. All my attempts to secure for you the combined advantages I desired have been unsuccessful; but happily your uncle and aunt have come to my aid, and to my great delight, they desire to receive you, that they may bring you up as their own sons. To carry out this plan, your uncle has written to an old college friend, and secured the services of an able and an amiable man, who will reside in the family as the rector's curate, and as your tutor. If you wish to please me, you will treat this gentleman with the greatest respect.'

"Turning to me, 'You, Herbert,' he said, 'are devoted to books; take care that you do not put so many books on your head as not to leave room for your brains to stir. Your uncle possesses books sufficient to satiate a glutton; he has read largely, but what is better, he is a thinking man. While you get the loan of his books, be sure that you get a life interest in his wisdom. Reading and conversation with intelligent men ought to render you good suit and service, to which you must add, observation. That is, as you have eyes and ears you must use them; and remember, for your rule through life, that Nature has given you two ears, and only one tongue, so that you must only repeat one half of what you see and hear; and that you may be confided in, never tell Mr. Alpha Beta what Mr. Gamma Delta says, unless it would do good to Mr. Alpha Beta, and promote his friendship with the said Gamma Delta.'

"As you, Herbert, are the senior, I would say to you, as the worthy Admiral said to Prince William when entering on duty as a midshipman, "I expect you, young gentleman, to keep a diary, and to attend to it daily, and observe no slovenly writing;" so say I, for whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. And to show the force of early habit: when the diary-keeper ceased to be a midshipman and became a king, from force of habit he still continued his journal.

"I need not tell you my little fellows,' said my father, 'that it is a trial to part with you; but we must all have trials, and we are not permitted to choose our own. *It's duty, and that settles it.* Your aunt you know, and to know her is to love her. She will love you, I am sure, for your mother's sake; but you must make her love you for your own sake, and this you may do by attending to those things which your good mother would admire.'

"Now let me say a few words about your uncle. He is a country clergyman, cheerful, pious, practical; he is very playful, a man of superior learning, and justly esteemed. I say to one and all, Make this good man your friend; you will find him very fond of what he calls his *multum in parvo* theology, or divinity in a nut-shell, and thoughts packed closely; and he is always striving to make those about him get at what he terms the sunny side of good sense. Comfort my heart by letting me hear from your uncle and aunt a pleasing report. Act a manly part; no meanness; no evasion—the truth for your life; yes, 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' If you do wrong, and I cannot suppose that you will never do wrong, however much I may wish it; yet, when you are so unwise and so unfortunate, at once own it; by this you will disarm anger, and do much to defeat the devil. I was once

very angry with a man, and about to inflict upon him a pretty jobation for his folly. "Why, sir," I cried out, "did you do that?" "Because, captain, I was a donkey," was the reply. Plague on the fellow, he disarmed me. I say again, if you commit a fault, never defend it, either with God or man. As an American would say, "It's a bad venture, won't pay." Avoid idleness. When you play, do play; and when you work, do work. I think I love a mischievous boy more than an idle one, for as the Turks have it, "The devil tempts the busy man, but the idle man tempts the devil." Ask your tutor to give you a list of books to read, and when you have two or three upon the same subject, request him to name the best one, and pass by the others. Do not load your memory with worthless things;—the memory of many sharp, quick lads, is like a pedlar's pack turned upside down—there are but few things good, and none of them in their right place, to be found when required.

"Next to God, your friend, love your uncle; and I say again, Go to him in any difficulty. He was once young, and is still kind. Never deceive him. Think over all he tells you, and, like him, turn everything into a lesson in divinity. As you grow up, learn to say No; and if that fail, say No again; for half the young men, and perhaps, also, half the old ones, would be spared days of sorrow and nights of self-reproach if, when Folly said, Come, Wisdom had said, No. I desire for no son of mine attainments that God does not bless; therefore whatever you do, and wherever you go, and whatever you may be, strive to honour God—I may say the God of your father and the God of your mother. Honour Him by your morning and evening devotions, and when you learn more of his love to you and to yours, you will not be content with these stated duties, but you will offer up the unuttered desires of the heart in the busy crowd as well as in the retired walk, for you will know that "He is about your path, and speth out all your ways."

"I think it advisable that you and your brothers should enter at once upon your new life, that I may be assured of your comfort and safety before I leave England. My dear boys, I have said my say—now go. Ask the servants to help you to get ready, but hereafter learn to do everything for yourselves that you may never trouble others to do that for you which care and industry will enable you to do for yourselves."

"The next day all was prepared, and the coach, which was very primitive in its construction, bore some resemblance to the deck of an emigrant vessel; for my mother, to teach us kindness to dumb animals, used to encourage us to rear them, on conditions that we attended to them personally, and treated them humanely; and whatever animal we took under our guardianship, we must learn its history, and then she would add to our stock of knowledge some wonderful proof of instinct or of sagacity. This live portion of our luggage we were allowed to convey to our new abode, so that the combined requirements of bipeds and quadrupeds, of tenements and of habiliments, threatened to encroach fearfully on the driver's share of the coach. The toil and bustle were real blessings—they diverted our attention; then came hope and fond expectation to gild the future. Thus does mercy cast her rays of soothing light to cheer the moments that would, but for her varied gifts, be dark and sad indeed. Now came the parting scene.

"My father, as a soldier, had long been taught to obey the calls of duty; therefore, although looking very sad, he said little. I know not whether he had been reading that morning the parting scene of the patriarch and the beloved children of his son, but he kissed us with intense earnestness, and raising his hands over our heads, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said to each, 'God bless the lad!'"

MORNING THOUGHTS.

NIGHT is over; light is streaming;
Through my window-pane 'tis come;
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear happy home.
God has watched me through the night;
God it is who sends us light.

NIGHT is over; some poor children
Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my chamber, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love;
Raise my morning thoughts above.

NIGHT is over; heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

OUR Lord was crowned with thorns in mockery by the Roman soldiers. The object seems to have been insult, and not the infliction of pain, as has generally been supposed. The Rhamnus or Spina Christi, although abundant in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, cannot be the plant intended, because its thorns are so strong and large that it could not have been woven (*πλέαντες*) into a wreath. The large-leaved Acanthus (Bear's foot) is totally unsuited for the purpose. Had the Acacia been intended, as some suppose, the phrase have been *ἡ ἀκανθή*. Obviously some small flexible thorny shrub is meant; perhaps Capparis spinosa (Reiland's "Palestine" ii. 523). Hasselquist ("Travels," p. 260) says that the thorn used was the Arabian *Nabk*. "It was very suitable for their purpose, as it has many sharp thorns which inflict painful wounds; and its flexible, pliant, and round branches might easily be plaited in the form of a crown." It also resembles the rich dark green of the triumphal ivy wreath, which would give additional pungency to its ironical purpose (Rosenmüller, "Botany of Script," p. 202, Eng. edit.). On the Empress Helena's supposed discovery of the crown of thorns, and its subsequent fate, see Gibbon, ii. 306, vi. 66, edit. Milman.—Upon which paragraph, from a modern dictionary of the Bible, the editor of a well-known horticultural journal observes, "Whatever truth there may be in these speculations, we certainly object to the statement that the 'Rhamnus,' by which Paliurus aculeatus is meant, could not have been woven into a wreath. Quite the contrary."

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER XIX.

INCIPIENT VANITY.

MRS. HALLIBURTON struggled on. A struggle, my reader, that it is to be hoped, for your comfort's sake, you have never experienced, and never will. She had learnt the stitch for the back of the gloves, and Mr. Lynn supplied her with a machine, and with work. But she could not do it quickly yet awhile; though it was a hopeful day for her when she found that her weekly earnings amounted to six shillings.

Mrs. Reece paid her twenty shillings weekly. Or, rather, Dobbs: for Dobbs was paymaster-general. Of that, Jane could use (she had made a nice calculation) six shillings, putting by the fourteen for rent and taxes. Her taxes were very light, part of them being paid by the landlord, as was the custom with some houses in

Helstonleigh. But for this, the fixed rent would have been less. Sorely tempted as she was, by hunger, by cold, almost by starvation, Jane was resolute in leaving the fourteen shillings intact. She had suffered too much from non-payment of the last rent, not to be prepared with the next. But—the endurance and the deprivation!—how great they were! And she suffered far more for her children than for herself.

One night, towards the middle of February, she felt very down-hearted: almost as if she could not much longer struggle on. With her own earnings and the six shillings abstracted from Mrs. Reece's money she could count little more than twelve shillings weekly, and everything had to be found out of it. Coals, candles, washing—that is, the soap, firing, &c. necessary for Miss Betsy Carter to do it with; the boy's shoe mending, and other trifles. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that on this night they had literally nothing in the house but part of a loaf of bread. Jane was resolute in one thing—not to go in debt. Mrs. Buffle would have given credit, probably other shops also; but Jane believed that her sole chance of surmounting the struggle eventually, was by keeping debt away, even trifling debt. They had, on this morning, eaten bread for breakfast; they had eaten potatoes and salt for dinner; and now, tea-time, there was bread again. All Jane had in her pocket was two-pence, which must be kept for milk for the following morning; so they were drinking water now.

They were round the fire; two of the boys kneeling on the ground to get the better blaze; thankful that they had a fire to be round. Their lessons were over for the day. William had been thoroughly well brought on by his father, in Greek, Latin, Euclid, in English generally—in short, in the branches necessary to a good education. Frank and Gar were forward also; indeed, Frank, for his age, was a very good Latin scholar. But how could they do much good, or make much progress of themselves? William helped his brothers on as well as he could, but it was somewhat profitless work; and Jane was all too conscious that they needed to be at school. Altogether, her heart was sore within her.

Another thing was beginning to worry her—the fear lest her brother should not be able to send the rent. She had fully counted upon it; but, now that the time of its promised receipt was at hand, fears and doubts arose to her. She was dwelling on it now—now, as she sat there at her work, in the drawing-room dusk of the early spring evening. If the money did not come, all she could do would be to go to Mr. Ashley, tell him of her ill-luck, and that he must take the things at last. They must turn out, wanderers on the wide earth; no—

A plaintive cry interrupted her dream, and recalled her to reality. It came from Jane, who was seated on a stool, her head leaning against the side of the mantelpiece.

"She is crying, mamma," cried quick Frank; and Jane whispered something into Frank's ear, the cry deepening into sobs.

"Mamma, she's crying because she's hungry."

"Jane, dear, I have nothing but bread. You know it. Could you eat a bit?"

"I want something else," sobbed Jane. "Some meat, or some pudding. It is such a long while since we had any. I am tired of bread; I am very hungry."

There came an echoing cry from the other side of the fire-place. Gar had laid his head down on the floor, and he now broke out, sobbing also.

"I am hungry, too. I don't like bread any more than Jane does. When shall we have something nice?"

Jane gathered them to her, one in each arm, soothing them with soft caresses her heart aching, her own sobs

choked down; one single comfort present to her—that God knew what she had to bear.

Almost she began to fear for her own health. Would the intense anxiety, combined with the want of sufficient food, tell upon her? Would her sleepless nights tell upon her? Would her grief for the loss of her husband—a grief not the less keenly felt because she did not parade it—tell upon her? All that lay in the future.

She rose the next morning early to her work; she always had to rise early—the boys and Jane setting the breakfast. The breakfast! Putting the bread upon the table and taking in the milk. For twopence they got a quart of skimmed milk, and were glad to get it. Her head was heavy, her frame hot, the result of inward fever, her limbs were tired before the day began; worse than all, there was that utter weariness of mind which predisposes a sufferer from it to lie down and die. "This will never do," thought Jane; "I must bear up."

A dispute between Frank and Gar! They were good, affectionate boys; but little tempers must break out now and then. In trying to settle it, Jane burst into tears. It put an end to the fray more effectually than anything else could have done. The boys looked blank with consternation, and Jane burst into hysterical sobs.

"Don't, Jane, don't," said the poor mother; "I am not well; but do not *you* cry."

"I am not well, either," sobbed Jane. "It hurts me here, and here." She put her hand to her head and chest, and Jane knew that she was weak from a long-continued insufficiency of food. There was no remedy. Jane only wished she could bear for them all.

Sometime after breakfast there came the postman's knock at the door. A thickish letter—twopence to pay. The penny postal system had come in, but letters were not so universally prepaid then as they are now.

Jane glanced over it with a beating heart. Yes; it was the hand-writing of her brother. Could the promised rent have really arrived? She felt sick with agitation.

"I have no money at all, Frank. Ask Dobbs if she will lend you twopence."

Away went Frank, in his quick and not very ceremonious manner, penetrating to the kitchen, where Dobbs happened to be. "Dobbs, will you please to lend mamma twopence? It is for a letter."

"Dobbs, indeed! Who's 'Dobbs'?" retorted that functionary in wrath. "I am Mrs. Dobbs, if you please. Take yourself out of my sight till you can learn manners."

"Won't you lend it? The postman's waiting."

"No, I won't," returned Dobbs.

Back ran Frank. "She won't lend it, mamma. She says I was rude to her, and called her Dobbs."

"Oh, Frank!" But the postman was impatient, calling out to know whether he was to be kept there all day. Jane was fain to apply to Dobbs herself, and procured the loan. Then she ran up stairs with the letter, and her trembling fingers broke the seal. Two bank-notes, for £10 each, fell out of it. The promised loan had been sixteen pounds. The Rev. Francis Tait had contrived to spare four pounds more.

Before Jane had recovered from her excitement—almost before a breath of thanks had gone up from her heart—she saw Mr. Ashley on the opposite side of the road, going towards his manufactory. Being in no state to weigh her actions, only conscious that the two notes lay in her hand—actual realities—she threw on her bonnet and shawl, and went across the road to Mr. Ashley. In her agitation, she scarcely knew what she did or said.

"Oh, sir—I beg your pardon—but I have this moment received the money for the back rent. May I give it to you now?"

Mr. Ashley looked at her in surprise. A scarlet spot

shone on her thin cheeks—a happy excitement was spread over her face of care. He read the indications plainly—that she was an eager payer, but no willing debtor. The open letter in her hand, and the postman opposite, told the tale.

"There is no such hurry, Mrs. Halliburton," said he, smiling. "I cannot give you a receipt here."

"You can send it to me," she said. "I would rather pay you than Mr. Dare."

She held out the notes to him. He felt in his pocket whether he had sufficient change, found he had, and handed it to her. "That is it, madam—four sovereigns. Thank you."

She took them hesitatingly, but did not close her hand. "Was there not some expense incurred when—that man was put in?"

"Not for you to pay, Mrs. Halliburton," he pointedly returned. "I hope you are getting pretty well through your troubles?"

The tears came into her eyes, and she turned them away. Getting pretty well through her troubles! "Thank you for inquiring," she meekly said. "I shall, I believe, have the quarter's rent ready in March, when it falls due."

"Do not put yourself out of the way to pay it," he replied. "If it would be more convenient to you to let it go on to the half-year, it would be the same to me."

Her heart rose to the kindness. "Thank you, Mr. Ashley, thank you very much for your kindness; but I must pay as I go on, if I possibly can."

Patience stood at her gate, smiling, as Jane re-crossed the road. She had seen what passed.

"Thee hast good news, I see. But thee wert in a hurry to pay thy rent in the road."

"My brother has sent me the rent, and four pounds over it. Patience, I can buy the bed-side carpets now."

Patience looked pleased. "With all thy riches, thee will scarcely thank me for this poor three and sixpence," holding out the silver to her. "Samuel Lynn left it; it is owing thee for thy work."

Jane smiled sadly as she took it. Her riches! "How is Anna?" she asked.

"She is nicely, thank thee, and is gone to school. But she was wilful over her lessons this morning. Farewell. I am glad thee art so far out of thy perplexities."

Very far, indeed; and a great relief it was. Can you realise these troubles of Mrs. Halliburton's? Not, I think, as she realised them. We pity the trials and endurance of the poor; but, believe me, they are as nothing compared to the bitter lot of reduced gentle-people. Jane had not been brought up to poverty, to scant and hard fare, to labour, to humiliations, to the pain of debt. But for hope—and some of us know how strong that is in the human heart—and for that better hope, *trust*, Jane never could have got through her trials. The physical privations alone were nearly too hard to bear. Can you wonder that an unexpected present of four pounds seemed like a sea of riches?

But four pounds, however large a sum to look at, dwindles down sadly in the spending; especially when bed-side carpets, and boys' boots—new ones, and the mending of old—have to be abstracted from it at the commencement. An idea had for some time been looming in Jane's mind; looming ominously, for she did not like to speak of it. It was that William must go out, and enter upon some mode of employment, by which a little weekly money might be added to their stock. He was eager enough; indulging, no doubt, boy-like, some peculiar visions of his own, great and grand. But these Jane had to dispel; to explain that for young boys, like him, the earning of money implied hard work.

His face flushed scarlet. Jane drew him to her, and pressed her cheek down upon his.

"There would be no real disgrace in it, my darling. No work, in itself, brings disgrace; be it the carrying out of parcels, be it the sweeping out of a shop. So long as we retain our refinement of speech, of manner, our courteous conduct one to the other, we shall still be gentle people, let us work at what we may. William, I think it is your *duty* to help in our need."

"Yes, I see, mamma," he answered. "I will try and do it; anything that may turn up."

Jane had not much faith in things "turning up." She believed they must be sought for. That same evening she went into Mr. Lynn's, with the view of asking his counsel. There she found Anna in trouble.

The cause was as follows:—

Patience, leaving Anna alone at her lessons, had gone into the kitchen to give some directions to Grace. Anna seized the opportunity to take a little recreation; not that it was greatly needed, for—spoilt child that she was—she had merely looked on her books with vacant eyes, not having in reality learned a single word. First of all, off went her cap. Next, she drew from her pocket a small mirror, about the size of a five-shilling piece. Propping this against her books on the table before her, so that the lamp's rays might fall upon it, she proceeded to admire herself, and twist her flowing hair round her pretty fingers, to make a shower of ringlets. Sad vanity for a little born quakeress! But it must be owned that never did mirror, small or large, give back a more lovely image than that child's. She had just arranged the curls, and was contemplating their effect to her entire satisfaction, when back came Patience, sooner than she was looked for, and caught the young lady at her impromptu toilette. What with the curls and what with the mirror, Anna did not know which to scuffle away first.

"Thee naughty child! thee naughty, naughty child! What is to become of thee? Where did thee get this?"

Anna burst into tears. In her perplexity she said she "found" the mirror.

"That thee did not," said Patience, calmly. "I ask thee where thee got it from?"

Of a remarkably pliable nature, wavering and timid, Anna never withstood long the persistent questioning of Patience. Amid many tears the truth came out. Lucy Dixon had brought it to school in her workbox. It was a doll's mirror, and she, Anna, had given her sixpence for it.

"The sixpence that thy father bestowed upon thee yesterday for being a good girl," retorted Patience. "I told him thee would likely not make a profitable use of it. Come up to bed with thee! I will talk to thee after thee are in it."

Of all things, Anna disliked to be sent to bed before her time. She sobbed, expostulated, and promised all sorts of amendment for the future. Patience, firm and quiet, would have carried her point, but for the entrance of Samuel Lynn. The fault was related to him by Patience, and the mirror exhibited. Anna clung around him in a storm of sobs.

"Dear father!—dear, dear father, don't thee let me go to bed! Let me sit by thee while thee has thy supper. Patience may keep the glass, but don't thee let me go."

It was quite a picture—the child clinging there with her crimsoned cheeks, her wet eye-lashes, and her soft, flowing hair. Samuel Lynn, albeit a man not given to demonstration, strained her to him with a loving movement. Perhaps the crime of looking in a doll's glass, and toying with her hair, appeared to him more venial than it did to Patience; but then she was his beloved child. "Will thee transgress again, Anna?"

"No, I never will," sobbed Anna.

"Then Patience will suffer thee to sit up this once. But thee must be careful."

He placed her in a chair close to him. Patience, disapproving very much, but saying nothing, left the

room. Grace appeared with the supper tray, and a message that Patience would take her supper in the kitchen. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Halliburton came in. She told the quaker that she had come to consult him about William; and mentioned her intentions.

"To tell thee the truth, friend, I have marvelled much that thee did not, under thy circumstances, seek to place out thy eldest son," was the answer. "He might be helping thee."

"He is young to earn anything, Mr. Lynn. Do you see a chance of my getting him a place?"

"That depends, friend, upon the sort of place he may wish for. I could help him to a place to-morrow. But it is one that may not accord with thy notions."

"What is it?" eagerly asked Jane.

"It is in Thomas Ashley's manufactory. We are in want of another boy, and the master told me to-day I had better inquire for one."

"What would he have to do?" asked Jane. "And what would he earn?"

"He would have to do anything he may be directed to do. Thy son is older than our boys are, who come to us ordinarily, and he has been differently brought up; therefore I might put him to somewhat better employment. He might also be paid a trifle more. They sweep and dust, go on out-door errands, carry messages in-doors, black the gloves, get in coal; and they earn, if they are sharp, half-a-crown a-week."

Jane's heart sank within her.

"But thy son, I say, might be treated somewhat differently. Not that he must be above doing any of these duties, should he be put to them. I can assure thee, friend, that some of the first manufacturers of this town have thus begun their career. A thoroughly practical knowledge of the business is only to be acquired by beginning at the first step of the ladder, and working upwards."

"Did Mr. Ashley so begin?" She could scarcely tell why she put the question. Unless it was that a feeling came over her that if Mr. Ashley had done these things, she would not mind William's doing them.

"No, friend. Thomas Ashley's father was a man of good means, and Thomas was bred up a classical scholar and a gentleman. He has never taken a practical part in the working of the business: I do that for him. His labours are chiefly confined to the correspondence and the keeping of the books. His father wished him to embrace a profession, rather than to be a glove manufacturer, but Thomas preferred to succeed his father. If thee would like thy son to enter our manufactory, I will try him."

Jane was dubious. She felt quite sure that William would not like it. "He has been thinking of a counting-house, or a lawyer's or conveyancer's office," she said aloud. "He would like to employ his time in writing. Would there be a difficulty in getting him into one?"

"I do not opine a lawyer would take a boy of his size. They require their writing to be well and correctly done. About that, I cannot tell thee much, for I have nothing to do with lawyers. He can inquire."

Jane rose. She stood by the table, unconsciously stroking Anna's shining curls—for the cap had never been replaced, and Samuel Lynn found no fault with the omission. "I will speak candidly," said Jane. "I fear that the place you have kindly offered me would not be liked by William. Other employments, writing for example, would be more palatable. Nevertheless, were he unable to obtain anything else, I should be glad to accept this. Will you give me three or four days for consideration?"

"To oblige thee, I will, friend. When Thomas Ashley gives orders, he is prompt in having them at-

tended to; and he spoke, as I have informed thee, about a fresh boy to-day. Would it not be a help to thee, friend, if thee got thy other two boys into the school attached to the cathedral?"

"But I have no interest," said Jane. "I hear that the education there is free; but I do not possess the slightest chance."

"Thee may get a chance, friend. There's nothing like trying. I must tell thee that the school is not thought highly of, in consequence of the instruction being confined exclusively to Latin and Greek. In the old days this was thought enough; but people are now getting more enlightened. Thomas Ashley was educated there; but he had a private tutor at home for the branches not taught at the college, and also masters for what are called accomplishments. Few men of his day were so thoroughly educated as was Thomas Ashley. I have heard say thy sons have begun Latin. It might be a help to them, if they could get in."

"I should desire nothing better," Jane breathlessly rejoined, a new hope penetrating to her heart. "I have heard of the collegiate school here; but, until very recently, I supposed it to be an expensive institution."

"No, friend, it is free. The best way to get a boy in, is by making interest with the head master of the school, or with some of the cathedral clergy."

A recollection of Mr. Peach flashed into Jane's mind like a ray of light. She bade good night to Samuel Lynn and Anna, and to Patience as she passed the kitchen. Patience had been crying.

"I am grieved about Anna," she explained. "I love the child dearly, but Samuel Lynn is blind to her faults; and it argues badly for the future. Thee cannot imagine half her vanity; I fear me, too, she is deceitful. I wish her father could see it! I wish he would indulge her less, and correct her more! Good-night to thee!"

Before concluding the chapter, it may as well be mentioned that a piece of good fortune about this time befell Janey. She found favour with Dobbs! How it came about, perhaps Dobbs could not herself have told. Certainly nobody else could.

Mrs. Reece had got in the habit of asking Jane into her parlour to tea. She was a kind-hearted old lady, and liked the child. Dobbs would afterwards be at work, generally some patching and mending of her own clothes; and Dobbs, though she would not acknowledge it, to herself or to anybody else, could not see to thread her needle. The needle in one hand and the thread in the other, she would poke the two together for five minutes, no result supervening. Janey hit upon the plan of threading her a needle in silence, while Dobbs used the one; and from that time Jane kept her in threaded needles. Whether this mollified Dobbs, must remain a mystery, but she took a liking for Jane; and the liking grew into love. Henceforth Janey wanted for nothing. While the others starved, she lived on the fat of the land. Meat and pudding, fowls and pastry, whatever the dinner in the parlour might consist of, Janey had her share of it, and a full share too. At first Mrs. Halliburton, from motives of delicacy, would not allow Jane to go in; upon which Dobbs would enter, boiling over with indignation, red with the exertion of cooking, and triumphantly bear her off. Jane spoke seriously to Mrs. Reece about it, but the old lady declared she was as glad to have the child as Dobbs was.

Once, Janey came to a stand-still over some apple pudding, which had followed upon veal cutlets and bacon. "I am quite full," said she, with more plainness than politeness; "I can't eat a bit more. May I give this piece upon my plate to Gar?"

"No, you may not," snapped Dobbs, drowning Mrs. Reece's words that she might give it, and welcome. "How dare you, Janey? You know that boys is the loadstones of my life."

Dobbs probably used the word *loadstones* to imply a heavy weight. She seized hold of the plate of pudding, and finished it herself, lest it should find its way to the indicated quarter—a self-sacrifice which served to show her earnestness in the cause. Nothing gave Dobbs indigestion like apple pudding, and she knew she should be a martyr for four-and-twenty hours afterwards.

Thus Jane, at least, suffered from henceforth no privations, and Mrs. Halliburton was very thankful. The time was to come, however, when she would have cause to be more so.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. ASHLEY'S MANUFACTORY.

THE happy thought, suggested by Samuel Lynn, Jane carried out. She applied in person to Mr. Peach, and he obtained an immediate entrance for Frank to the college school, with a promise for Gar to enter at the quarter day, the 25th of March. The school (I have told you that it was many years ago) was not in the highest repute, from the cause spoken of by Samuel Lynn; vacancies were often occurring, and admission was easy. It was one great weight off Jane's mind.

William was not so fortunate. He was at that period very short of his age, timid in manner, and no office could be persuaded to take him. Nothing in the least congenial presented itself, or could be found; and the result was that he resigned himself to Samuel Lynn, who introduced him to Mr. Ashley's extensive manufactory—to be initiated by degrees into all the mysteries necessary to convert a skin into a glove; and, although his interest and curiosity were excited by what he saw, he pronounced it a "hateful" business.

When the skins came in from the leather-dressers, they were washed in a tub of cold water. The next day warm water, mixed with yolks of eggs, was poured on them, and a couple of men, bare-legged to the knee, got into the tub, and danced on them, skins, and eggs, and water, for two hours. Then they were spread in a field to dry, till they were as hard as lantern horn; then they were "staked," as it was called, a long process, to smooth and soften them. To the stainers next, to be stained black or coloured; next to the parers, to have the loose flesh pared from the inside, and to be smoothed again with pumice-stone—all of this being done on the outside premises. Then they came inside, to the hands of one of the foremen, who sorted and marked them for the cutters. The cutters cut the skins into trunks (the shape of the hand in outline) with the separate thumbs and forgits, and sent them into the slitters. The slitters slit the four fingers, and shaped the thumbs and forgits: after that, they were ready for the women, three different women, you may remember, being necessary to turn out each glove, so far as the sewing went; for one woman rarely worked at more than her own peculiar branch, or was capable of working at it. This done, and back in the manufactory again, they had to be pulled straight, and "padded," or rubbed, a process by which they were brightened. If black gloves, the seams were washed over with a black dye, or else glazed; then they were hung up to dry. This done, they went into the making-up room, a large room, next to Mr. Ashley's private room, and here they were sorted, into firsts, seconds, or thirds; the sorting being always done by Samuel Lynn or by the head foreman. It was called "making-up." Next they were banded round with a paper, in dozens, labelled, and placed in small boxes, ready for the warehouses in London. A great deal, you see, before one pair of gloves can be turned out.

The first morning that William went at six o'clock with Samuel Lynn, he was ordered to light the fire in Mr. Ashley's room, sweep it out, and dust it, first of all sprinkling the floor with water from a watering-pot.

And this was to be part of his work every morning—Samuel Lynn giving him a strict charge never to disturb anything on Mr. Ashley's desk. If he moved things to dust the desk, he was to lay them down again in the same places and in the same position. The duster consisted of some leather shreds tied up into a knot, the ends hanging. He found he should have to wait on Mr. Ashley and Samuel Lynn, bring things they wanted, carry messages to the men, and go out when sent. A pair of shears, which he could not manage, was put into his hand, and he had to cut a damaged skin, useless for gloves, into narrow strips, standing at one of the counters in Samuel Lynn's room. William wondered whether they were to make another duster; but he found they were used in the manufactory in place of string. That done, a round, polished stick was handed to him, tapered at either end, which he had to pass over and over some small gloves, to make them smooth. He looked with dismay at the two errand boys of the establishment; they were about ten years old, and black with dye. But Samuel Lynn had distinctly told him that he would not be expected to place himself on their level. The rooms were mostly very light, one or two sides being entirely of glass.

On the evening of this first day, William, after he got home, sat there in sad heaviness. His mother asked how he liked his employment, and he returned an evasive answer. Presently he rose to go to bed, saying he had the head-ache. Up he went to the garret, and flung himself down on the mattress, sobbing as if his heart would break. Jane, suspecting something of this, followed him up. She caught him in her arms.

"Oh, my darling, don't give way! Things may grow brighter after a time."

"It is such a dreadful change!—from my books, my Latin and my Greek, to go there and sweep out places, like those two black boys!" he said, hysterically, all his reticence gone.

"My dear boy! my darling boy! I know not how to reconcile you, how to lessen your cares. Your experience of the sorrow of life is beginning early. You are hungry, too."

"I am always hungry," answered William, quite unable to affect concealment in that hour of grief. "I heard one of those black boys say he had boiled pork and greens for dinner. I did so envy him."

Jane checked her tears; they were rising rebelliously. "William, darling, your lot seems just now very dark and painful, but it might be worse."

"Worse!" he echoed in surprise. "How could it be worse? Mamma, I am no better than an errand boy there."

"It would be worse, William, if you were one of those poor black boys. No enlightenment; no wish for elevation; content to remain as they are for ever."

"But that could never be," he urged. "To be content with such a life is impossible."

"They are content, William."

He saw the drift of the argument. "Yes, mamma," he acknowledged, "I did not reflect. It would be worse if I were quite as they are."

"William, we can only bear our difficulties, and make the best of them, trusting to surmount them in the end. You and I must both do this. Trust is different from hope. If we only hope, we may lose our courage; but if we fully and freely trust in God's good providence, we cannot. Patience and perseverance, endurance and trust, they will in the end triumph; never fear. If I feared, William, I should go into the grave with despair. I never lose my trust. I never lose my conviction, firm and certain, that God is watching over me, that he is permitting these trials for some wise purpose, and that in his own good time we shall be brought through them."

William's sobs were growing lighter.

"The time may come when we shall be at ease again," continued Jane; "when we shall look back on this time of trial, and be thankful that we did bear up and surmount it, instead of fainting under the burthen. God will take care that the battle is not too hot for us, if we only resign ourselves in all trust to do the best. The future is grievously dim and indistinct. As the guiding light in your papa's dream shone only on one step at a time, so can I see but one step before me."

"What step is that?" he asked, somewhat eagerly.

"The one obvious step before me is to persevere, as I am now doing, to try and retain this home for you, my children; to work as I can, so as to keep you around me. I must strive to keep you together, and you must help me. Bear up bravely, William. Make the best of this unpleasant employment and its mortifications, and strive to overcome your repugnance to it. Be resolute, my boy, in doing your duty in it, because it is your duty, and because, William—because it is helping your mother."

A shadow of the trust, so firm in his mother's heart, began dawning in his. "Yes, it is my duty," he resolutely said. "I will try to do it—to hope and trust."

Jane strained him to her. "Were you and I to give way now, darling, our past troubles would have been borne for nothing. Let us, I repeat, look forward to the time when we may say, 'We did not faint; we battled on, and overcame.' It *will* come, William."

She quitted him, leaving him to reflection and resolve scarcely befitting his young years.

The week wore on to its close. On the Saturday night, William, his face flushed, held out four shillings to his mother. "My week's wages, mamma."

Jane's cheek flushed too. "It is more than I expected, William," she said. "I fancied you would have three."

"I think the master fixed the sum," said William.

"The master? Do you mean Mr. Ashley?"

"We never say 'Mr. Ashley' in the manufactory; we say 'the master.' Mr. Lynn was paying the wages to-night. I heard them say that sometimes Mr. Lynn paid them, and sometimes James Meeking. Those two black boys have half-a-crown a-piece. He left me to the last, and when the rest were gone, he looked at me and took up three shillings. Then he seemed to hesitate, and suddenly he looked the desk and went into the master's room, and spoke with him. He came back in a minute, unlocked the desk, and gave me four shillings. 'Thee hast not earned it,' he said, 'but I think thee has done thy best. Thee will have the same each week, so long as thee does so.'"

Jane held the four shillings and felt that she was getting quite rich. The rest crowded round to look. "Can't we have a nice dinner to-morrow with it?" said one.

"I think we must," said Jane, cheerily. "A nice dinner, for once in a way. What shall it be?"

"Roast beef" called out Frank.

"Some pork with crackling," suggested Janey.

"That of Mrs. Reece's yesterday was so good."

"Couldn't we have two fowls and a jam pudding?" asked Gar.

Jane smiled and kissed him. All the suggestions were beyond her purse. "We will have a nice meat pudding," she said; "that's best." And the children cheerfully acquiesced. They had implicit faith in their mother; they knew that what she said was best, would be best.

On this same Saturday night Charlotte East was returning home from Helstoneleigh, an errand having taken her thither after dark. Nearly opposite to the turning to Honey Fair, a lane branched off, leading to some farm houses; a lane, green and pleasant in sum-

mer, but bare and uninviting now. Two people turned into it as Charlotte looked across. She caught but a glance; but something in the aspect of both struck upon her sight as familiar. A gas lamp at the lane's corner shed a light upon the spot, and Charlotte suddenly halted, and stood, endeavouring to peer further. But they were soon beyond her view. A feeling of dismay had stolen over Charlotte. She hoped she was mistaken, that the parties were not those she had fancied; and she slowly continued her way. A few paces more, she turned up the road leading to Honey Fair, and found herself nearly knocked over by one who came running against her, apparently in some excitement, and in a great hurry.

"Who's this?" cried the voice of Eliza Tyrrett. "Charlotte East, I declare! I say, have you seen anything of Caroline Mason?"

Charlotte hesitated. She hoped she had not seen her; though the misgiving was upon her that she had. "Did you think I might have seen her?" she returned. "Has she come this way?"

"Yes, I expect she has come this way, and I want to find her," returned Eliza Tyrrett, vehemently. "I saw her a making off out of Honey Fair, and I saw who was waiting for her round the corner. I knew my company wasn't wanted then, and I turned into Dame Buffle's for a talk; and there I found that Madam Carry have been telling falsehoods about me. Let me set on to her, that's all! I shall say what she won't like."

"Who do you mean was waiting for her?" inquired Charlotte East.

Eliza Tyrrett laughed. She was beginning to recover her temper. "You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" said she, pertly. "But I'm not a-going to tell tales out of school."

"I think I do know," returned Charlotte, quietly.

"I fear I do."

"Do you? I thought nobody knew nothing about it but me. It have been going on this five weeks. Did you see her, though, Charlotte?"

"I thought I saw her, but I could not believe my eyes. She was with—somebody that she has no business to be with."

"Oh, as to business, I don't know about that," carelessly answered Eliza Tyrrett. "We have a right to walk with anybody we like."

"Whether it is good or bad for you?" returned Charlotte.

"There's no 'bad' in it," cried Eliza Tyrrett, in an indignant tone. "I never saw such an old maid as you are, Charlotte East; never! Carry Mason's not a child, to be led into mischief."

"Carry's very foolish," was Charlotte's comment.

"Oh, of course you think so, or it wouldn't be you. You'll go and tell upon her at home, I suppose, now."

"I shall tell *her*," said Charlotte. "Folks should choose their acquaintances in their own class of life, if they want things to turn out pleasantly."

"Were you not all took in about that shawl!" uttered Eliza Tyrrett, with a laugh. "You thought she went in debt for it at Bankes's, and her people at home thought so. Het Mason shrieked on at her, like anything, for spending money on her back, while she owed for her board. *He* give her that."

"Eliza Tyrrett!"

"He did. Law, where's the harm? He is rich enough to give all us girls in Honey Fair one a-piece, and who'd be the worse for it? Only his pocket; and that can afford it. I wish he would!"

"I wish you would not talk so, Eliza Tyrrett. She is not a fit companion for him, even though it is but to take a walk; and she ought to remember that she is not."

"He wants her for a longer companion nor that,"

observed Eliza Tyrrett; "that is, if he tells true. He wants her to marry him."

"He—wants her to marry him!" repeated Charlotte, speaking the words in sheer amazement. "Who says so?"

"He does. I should hardly think he can be in earnest, though."

"Eliza Tyrrett, we cannot be speaking of the same person," cried Charlotte, feeling bewildered. "To whom have you been alluding?"

"To the same that you have, I expect. Young Anthony Dare."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Lectures on Butler's Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature. By the Right Hon. JOSEPH NAPIER, LL.D., &c., ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Part I. Dublin: Hodges, Smith & Co.

These lectures, nine in number, were delivered before the members of the "Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, in connection with the United Church of England and Ireland." They have already appeared in the pages of "THE QUIVER," and doubtless many of our readers have studied them with delight and profit. The ex-Chancellor has a mind of the first order, well furnished and disciplined, and he has an ever ready and powerful pen; and these excellent gifts are consecrated to the service of the Master, who has deigned to sanctify them, and to use them for the noblest ends. The lectures are every way beyond the need of praise from us, but we will say that they form about the best exposition and advocacy of the profound principles of Bishop Butler with which we are acquainted. If any of our readers have not availed themselves of the opportunity to read these lectures, we earnestly advise them to do so.

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl, written by herself.

Edited by M. MARIA CHILD. London: Hodson & Son.

Under the title of "The Deeper Wrong," we noticed some time back an English reprint of this thrilling American book. This is a cheaper edition; but unabridged. What we said before, we will not now repeat, further than to recommend this new revelation of the abominations of slavery to all who wish to know it in its hideous and loathsome deformity. We are ready to ask how they can believe in Divine truth, who encourage this inhuman traffic in the bodies and souls of men.

The Railway Traveller's Handy Book of Hints, Suggestions, and Advice, before the Journey, on the Journey, and after the Journey. London: Lockwood & Co.

The author imagines the reader's mind almost a blank on the subject, and gives advice on every matter coming at all within the precincts of railway travelling. The book is generally interesting, and some parts of it useful, but it can hardly be considered faultless. It will do well to read on the road, and may suggest to the intending traveller some things which would be forgotten.

Early Closing Association. Progress of the Movement. Financial Statement, 1862. London: Kent & Co.

An interesting report of the efforts made by a useful association to promote a praiseworthy object.

Eyes and Ears: or the History of One who was Deaf and Blind. London: Rivingtons.

A very touching story of a poor girl who lost her

sight, hearing, taste, and smell, but who was taught to read the Bible for the blind, and at her early death left behind her a good testimony that she had found light in darkness, leading to peace and joy.

Power from on High; or an Earnest Appeal to the Church of Christ. By WILLIAM YATES. London: Wertheim, Macintosh & Hunt.

The object of this little book is to urge upon Christians to seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost, especially upon the young. It is earnest, Scriptural, and suggestive.

Zeta, Historic Glimpses of England and her Sons, and other Poems. By THOMAS GREENWOOD. London: Philip & Son.

Mr. Greenwood is not without poetical ideas, and he is observant of his measures, but is apt to take liberties with his rhymes. For example, at p. 9, we have in the course of a few lines, "cause" made to rhyme with "woes," "lord" with "heard," and "cheer" with "air." There is an energy and freshness about these pieces which we like, and we shall not be surprised if the author has the unusual good fortune with poets, to be requested to publish another edition, as he himself thinks not impossible.

The true Character of the Gentleman. By FRANCIS LEIBER. Second edition, with preface by E. B. SHULDHAM. Edinburgh: W. G. Patterson.

Every man should study to be a gentleman, and hence it is said, that a man's manners make his fortune. It is probable that the hints contained in this book will be a stimulus and a help to its readers. Too commonly, the gentleman is supposed to consist in mere rank, or wealth, or in external polish. We need not remind our readers that these are but "the guinea's stamp" and that the man is the gold. But there is no reason why the gold should not have an honourable image and superscription. The two should go together, and if the inscription be not of rank, nor wealth, let it be at least that of courteous and appropriate conduct. Here, as everywhere, the Gospel supplies us with the best rules; we cannot be meek and lowly of heart, pitiful, courteous, honouring all men, &c., and not be a gentleman in truth, whether we occupy a mansion or a cottage. We should not endorse all we find in this book of Mr. Leiber's, but it contains many anecdotes, useful hints, and proper remarks, and must not be classed with the once popular "Letters" of Lord Chesterfield, or the unprincipled manuals which teach the usages of what is called good society.

A Hymn Book for Church of England Sunday Schools and Children's Services, with brief explanations of the Church Seasons and Holy Days; and a Sunday School Liturgy. By JOHN C. MILLER, D.D. London: Seeley and Co.

This compact little book begins by explaining the words "Sunday, Sabbath, Lord's day;" and then it exhibits a simple and evangelical liturgy for Sunday-schools. The hymns which follow are 282 in number, arranged in the order of the Church's year, so that there are hymns for every occasion, if we include the supplemental hymns on special topics. Here and there in the book, where it has seemed necessary, short notes have been inserted to explain what is meant by Advent, Epiphany, Easter, Whitsuntide, &c. Altogether, it is of the most complete manuals of the kind with which we are acquainted, and the hymns many of those which are most popular. The book is bound in several styles, at different prices.

Musical Notices.

Only Believe.—A simple, touching melody, full of expression, the words and music by W. West.

Hagar and Ishmael.—This is one of the same composer's "Sacred Songs for Sundays." It is equal in all respects to those which have preceded it, and will be welcomed in many a home where Sabbath music is enjoyed.

Original Sabbath Melodies, "Remember how thy Creator," and *"Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."*—Mr. Topliffe fully sustains his reputation by these additions to his series of "Melodies." There is something singularly effective in the adaptation of the music to the scriptural words selected as the theme.

The above are issued by T. E. Purday, 50, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Why Sittest thou by that Ruined Hall?—Scott's well-known lines are exceedingly well rendered by Miss Lindsay (Mrs. J. W. Bliss), in this song. There is striking expression in the tones in which the aged Carlo is made slowly and emphatically to utter his grave warning to redeem the time.

Britannia is the Freeman's Home.—A patriotic song, dedicated to the volunteers of Great Britain. The words are by James Lambie, the music by F. W. Kücken. It is heart-stirring, and calculated to be very popular.

The Rosebud.—A charming melody by R. L. Cooks, full of tender expression.

The above are issued by Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington Street.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

THE French and Foreign Bible Society held its annual meeting at Paris on the 28th of April. M. Duchemin read the report, in which he stated that the enemies of Christianity have always said that civilisation and progress would diminish the propagation and knowledge of the Bible. But every year we see it circulated in larger numbers, and far from diminishing, its light becomes more and more manifest. This year there has been redoubled activity. There have been printed 79,327 copies of the Scriptures, and the prices have been reduced. The colporteurs write that the Bible is often asked for by Catholics in Protestant versions in preference to any others. Seven colporteurs are employed by the society. One of them, established at Marseilles, has organised meetings among the sailors. At Paris, a work has been commenced among the carmen; fifty-seven New Testaments have been disposed of at one house where they meet, and meetings of them are regularly held. The small amount of annual subscriptions is regretted; last year only 11,000 francs (£440) was received from this source. Altogether the receipts were about £3,055, and the expenses £3,070. One of the subsequent speakers, a pastor from Brittany, to show how ignorant the people are there in regard to the Scriptures, mentioned a peasant who, when asked if he had the Gospels, replied that he had, and took from his pocket a piece of paper with the Creed on one side, and the Lord's prayer on the other. He also stated that four sailors once came to him and asked him if he was really the man who sold the book which would cause the devil to appear?

THE MEETING OF THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY was presided over by Professor Saint-Hilaire, who made some valuable remarks upon the work and wants of the Society. M. Bersier read the report. He said that during the year considerable attention had been given to financial matters, which was rendered necessary by the small amount—some £400—received in voluntary contributions. The practice of charging for tracts had been adopted with success. The number of copies distributed during the year was 514,471. Many of these

had gone among the soldiers, as at Versailles, among the Imperial Guard, at the sea-ports, and in Algeria. The Evangelical church at Lyons was especially distinguished among the purchasers. A journal called the "Illustration de la Jeunesse," published by the Society, has a circulation of 11,000. The "Almanack of Good Counsels" has been widely disseminated, and 200,000 copies of it have been printed. No addition has been made to the "Family Library" owing to the state of the funds, but manuscripts are ready, and will be printed as soon as money is forthcoming. Several speakers alluded to the profound ignorance which prevailed even in Paris, and one of them mentioned an officer who did not know what the New Testament was!

AMERICA.

AMONG the agencies employed for the evangelisation of New York, we are happy to find that of Bible women. Eight of these women are at work in New York, and it is reported that their efforts have been followed with very gratifying results among the poorest of the population of the city. Their operations are carried on much after the method pursued by their sisters in London.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE Rev. A. Browning (Wesleyan) writes:—"I am building a church at Fort Yale, which I hope to get finished with but little if any debt. This is the more remarkable, as the lumber will cost us forty dollars per thousand, and all else in proportion. Catholics, Jews, and Chinese have alike subscribed to its erection; in fact the name of but one Methodist member is found on my subscription-book. There is Kwong Lee, 10 dollars; Yauloo Sang, 5 dollars; See Fo Chow and See Fo Hung, 5 dollars; Hie Fe, 5 dollars; Quang Shong, 2 dollars; Ti Sung, 5 dollars; and a Doctor somebody, amount unknown to me. The largest amount on my book is 100 dollars, the donor being a fortunate Cariboo miner. The people of Yale have done nobly, and if some little is needed to complete the payment of the building, there are Methodists in Canada who will honour their unselfish liberality by rendering the required assistance. Our beloved chairman has promised to attend the opening of this church in a town which Bishop Hills had described as deserted by Methodist ministers for the want of success."

HOME.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.—The 161st anniversary of this society was marked by a full and impressive meeting in St. James's Hall. Since the first missionaries of the society—the Rev. G. Keith and the Rev. T. Gordon—sailed from England on the 24th of April, 1702, upwards of £2,000,000 have been expended in the promotion of its avowed objects, and more than 3,500 clergymen have ministered to above 2,000,000 members of the English communion in remote parts of the globe, where 150 years ago scarcely a dozen divines could be found. The Bishop of Lichfield presided. From the report which was presented, it appeared that the receipts in 1861 were £83,885, and that since September last, when it was stated that 419 clergymen and a great number of lay teachers under the direction of 83 colonial bishops were maintained wholly or in part out of the society's funds, the work had been extended in various directions. Ample details were given of the society's operations in India, China, British North America, Africa, Australia, Constantinople, and the West Indies, and a vote of thanks to the chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JUNE 15.

MARTIN LUTHER EXCOMMUNICATED.—This great reformer, whose life we have previously commented upon, was upon this day excommunicated by the Pope's papal bull in the year 1520.

JUNE 16.

BISHOP BUTLER DIED.—No man has conferred more honour upon the episcopal bench than the author of "The Analogy." He was the son of a shopkeeper, a Presbyterian Dissenter, and was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 1692. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the free grammar-school of his native place, he was sent to a Presbyterian academy at Tewkesbury, with a view to his becoming a pastor in his own communion. His progress in the study of divinity was rapid, but his mind at an early age became tainted with scepticism, and in November, 1733, he commenced a series of anonymous private letters to Dr. Clarke, in which he stated many acute but untenable objections to the arguments of that divine, in his "Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God." He next proceeded to examine the points of controversy between the members of his own communion and those of the Established Church, and at length he determined to conform. He went through the usual degrees at Oxford, becoming a D.C.L., and was eventually nominated by the Lord Chancellor a prebendary of Rochester. In 1736 he published his great work, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," which has with much justice been designated one of the most able and profound theological works extant. Dr. Wood, the Dean of Ely, and master of St. John's College, when some opposition was made to the severe examination in "The Analogy" which all students undergo during the third year of their residence at Cambridge, observed that "except the Bible, it was the best book he knew." In 1738 Dr. Butler was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, and in 1740 made Dean of St. Paul's. He now resigned the living of Stanhope, and devoted his attention solely to the duties of the deanery and the see. In 1746 he was nominated Clerk of the Closet to George II., by whom, in October, 1750, he was translated to the bishopric of Durham. Bishop Butler appears to have been eminently pious, charitable, eloquent, and learned. While Bishop of Bristol, he expended more than a year's revenue of the see in repairing the episcopal palace; he also contributed munificently to various infirmaries, and left a large bequest to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He was noted for his hospitality to his clergy, the poorest of whom he frequently visited without ostentation, and they, in return, were at all times welcome at his palace. He died at Bath, on the 16th of June, 1752, and his remains were interred in Bristol Cathedral.

JUNE 17.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON DIED.—Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was the second daughter of Washington Earl Ferrars, born 1707, and married June 3rd, 1728, to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. Becoming a widow, she determined, as far as possible, to faithfully serve God; and this she did with so much humility, that the recipients of her bounty were made to feel that their services in a good cause were far more to her than silver or gold. An extract from a letter addressed to Dr. Doddridge will explain this sentiment better than we can. After commenting upon an inclosed letter from

the Duchess of Somerset, who wished to be instructed by Dr. Doddridge, she says:—"I could not satisfy myself till I had sent you the above, as it will not only encourage you to write to her, but show you how amiable and humble a disposition you have to address. I pray God to improve this friendship to you both, and then I shall think myself of some service in life. You were so good as to design for us a parcel, which I shall be glad to receive, as there is nothing you either write or do but I am interested in. You must forgive my reminding you that so faithful a minister of the Gospel not only merits our highest regards, but our many blessings also. I dread slackness in the vineyard. We must be all up and doing, considering that the Lord is at hand; and let us not lose the things we have wrought, but labour and exhort each other to diligence and faithfulness. Oh, my friend! we shall reap plentifully if we faint not. It is thinking of your unwearied labours that inspires my cold heart at this moment with great earnestness; and I want words to tell you what shall be your reward. All I can say is that it is infinite bounty which is to pay you, and this is much beyond my reckoning. You have, you ever will have, my prayers—poor and bad as they are. My kindest respects to Mrs. Doddridge, and the young gentleman who was with you here; and to Mr. Jones, whom I shall be extremely glad to see whenever he has an opportunity of coming my way. Live assured of the most sincere regard of a very unworthy but truly faithful and most obliged friend, S. HUNTINGDON." Soon after she was a widow she became attached to the Calvinistic faith, and was particularly pleased with the doctrine of the Rev. George Whitefield. She afterwards constituted him her chaplain, and aided in building and endowing his chapel. Her rank and fortune giving her great influence, she was long considered as the head of her sect; and after the death of Whitefield his followers were designated as the people of Lady Huntingdon. She founded schools and colleges for preachers, supported them with her purse, and expended annually large sums in private charity; and many a youth, and many a devout worshipper of God, have now to thank Lady Huntingdon for her benevolence. She died 17th of June, 1791.

JUNE 18.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ROME.—The conflagration of Rome, which commenced on this day, A.D. 64, was attributed by Nero to the Christians, which was the ostensible cause of the first persecution. It is scarcely possible to conjecture how a great city, at that moment the seat of unblushing infamy, could have escaped some extraordinary and terrible judgement. The cruelties practised upon the Christians there have never been exceeded. Some were sewed in the skins of wild beasts, and torn by dogs, or fastened on crosses; the greater part, however, were thrown upon the pile, and the proto-martyrs of our holy faith were burned, like lamps of naphtha, to give light to the rest of the world.

THOMAS BILSON DIED.—He was an eminent English divine, distinguished for his eloquence as a preacher, and his learning as a theological writer; and was chosen one of the two final correctors of the present translation of the Bible. He died on this day, in 1816.

JUNE 19.

THE RELEASE OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS COMMITTED TO THE TOWER.—The abdication of James II. put an end to that struggle between liberty and despotism which had distracted England for more than twenty years. The legal murders committed in this reign, which originated in the Popish plot, and the horrid perjuries by which they were consummated, disgraced both the king and the Parliament, for while, on the one hand, the enemies of the court urged accusations which they could not fail to know were entirely false, on the other hand,

the ministers of the crown connived at numerous unjust sentences, which they could not expose without weakening their influence with the mass of the people. The inroads which the king had made on the constitution, and the designs meditated against the Protestant faith, brought on a crisis for which he was unprepared, and which, under the direction of Providence, afforded an opportunity, and obtained permission for the Protestants to read the Bible in their own tongue. The Prince of Orange now became king, and one of his first acts was to release the seven bishops who had been committed to the Tower for presenting to King James a petition against his declaration, which dispensed with all the Catholic test laws, as well as the official oaths of allegiance and supremacy. The bishops (one of whom was Bishop Ken) regained their liberty on the 19th of June, 1688. But it is a curious fact—though no doubt their motives were based on conscientious grounds—that of these seven bishops only one (Lloyd of St. Asaph) would take the oath of allegiance to the new king. It appears, however, that on former occasions many of these eminent divines had in their sermons and writings inveighed against the right of the subject to infringe the succession to the crown. King William resolved to make an attempt to reconcile all parties, and to bring to a close all the rankling animosities which had so long embittered the intercourse of Christians, and to obliterate all distinctions in political name and opinion which had sprang up in Great Britain since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Thus on the 16th of March he went to the House of Lords, when the members were employed in adjusting the new oath of allegiance and supremacy, and in a speech addressed to them made use of the following expressions:—"As I doubt not you will sufficiently provide against Papists, so I hope you will leave room for the admission of all Protestants that are willing and able to serve. This conjunction in my service will tend to unite you among yourselves, and to strengthen you against your common enemies." This was, however, disallowed by the Lords; and it was only with great difficulty William was enabled to pass the Toleration Act.

JUNE 20.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM BANISHED FROM HIS PATRIARCHATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—There are, perhaps, few cities mentioned in history that have undergone greater calamities, both from the attacks of its enemies and the convulsions of nature, than Antioch. It was once a great city, and the first disaster which befell the Antiochians occurred about 145 years before Christ, when the inhabitants rebelled against their king, Demetrius, and he, obtaining assistance from the Jews, set the city on fire, and slew 100,000 of the inhabitants. In A.D. 115 it had again become flourishing, but was entirely ruined by one of the most dreadful earthquakes mentioned in history. Again reviving in 155, it was almost entirely burnt by accidental fire. When the Roman empire began to decline, Antioch became a bone of contention between it and the Eastern nations. It was eventually attached to Rome in the year 331, but not without many a bitter struggle. At this period the city was afflicted with so terrible a famine that a bushel of wheat was sold for 400 pieces of silver. But during all these afflictions the Gospel was faithfully preached in Antioch. Ever since Paul and Barnabas had established the Christian religion in this city, the followers had appointed and selected a succession of learned divines to teach and preach to them; and the affectionate care that the ministers of the new religion employed for the people's welfare caused them to be much beloved. It was through the Bishop of Antioch that during this grievous famine Constantine sent 30,000 bushels of corn, besides

an immense quantity of all kinds of provisions, to be distributed among ecclesiastics, widows, orphans, &c. Such were the times in which John Chrysostom was born, one of the most eminent fathers of the Christian Church. He studied rhetoric under Libanius, and philosophy under Andragathus; after which he spent some time in solitude in the mountains near Antioch. But the austerities which he practised having impaired his health, he returned to Antioch, where he was ordained a deacon by Meletius. Flavian, successor of Meletius, raised him to the office of presbyter five years after this; when he distinguished himself so greatly by his eloquence that he obtained the surname of Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth. Nectarius, patriarch of Constantinople, having died in 397, Chrysostom, whose fame had spread throughout the whole empire, was chosen in his room, by the unanimous consent of both the clergy and the people. The Emperor Arcadius confirmed this election, and caused him to leave Antioch privately, as the people were very unwilling to part with him. He was ordained as bishop on the 26th of February, 398, when he obtained an order from the emperor against the Eunomians and Montanists; he reformed the abuses that existed amongst his clergy; retrenched a great part of the expenses in which his predecessors had lived, in order to enable him to feed the poor and build hospitals; and he preached with the utmost zeal against the pride, and luxury, and avarice of the great. But his freedom of speech procured him many powerful enemies. He differed from Theophilus of Alexandria, who ordered him to be banished; but he was soon recalled. After this, having declaimed against the dedication of a statue erected to the empress, he was, on the 20th of June, 407, banished into Caucasus, in Armenia, a barren and inhospitable place, and afterwards, whilst they were removing him from Petyus, the soldiers treated him so roughly that he died on the way. The news of his death reaching Antioch, his admirers collected together many pious works that he had written, and preserved them with the greatest care. The books that at present exist bearing his name are chiefly homilies, on a great variety of subjects. A collection was published in Paris, in 1718, by Montfaucou. "Chrysostom," says Fenelon, "seeks no false ornaments; all tends to persuasion. Every topic is discussed with this view. He knows well the Holy Scriptures and the manners of men. He has high and solid thoughts, and throughout he is a great orator."

JUNE 21.

MISSIONARY LABOURS IN INDIA.—We have many pleasing reports from the missionaries in the Madras Presidency, in one of which, dated June 21, 1860, the Rev. F. N. Alexander states that at Vizagapatam, a place where, a few years ago, the Gospel was entirely unknown, now "the whole Gospel, from the need of an atonement to the crucifixion and ascension into heaven, was fully declared, without let or hindrance; and more, the people evinced their eagerness by purchasing, in great numbers, Gospels from the colporteur and tracts from the catechist. Many of these tracts are in native verse, and the colporteur could sing them to their native airs. It was quite wonderful to see the eagerness with which the tracts were purchased, and to see the people marking time with their heads, and otherwise expressing their admiration." Indeed, all through the Madras Presidency great efforts are being made to Christianise the poor Indian. The Committee of the Madras Tract Society state that the number of tracts issued in the last three years amounts to 4,331,009. In connection with the subject of vernacular Christian books, the committee state that chiefly through the liberality of a friend they have been enabled to offer a prize of 300 rupees for the best work on Church History in England.

JEWISH MONKS IN ETHIOPIA.

THE very existence of such persons as Jewish monks will not improbably be unknown to most of our readers, although the practice of asceticism has obtained among that people, in common with the apostate Churches of Christendom, for many centuries. A godly clergyman of the Church of England has been on a missionary tour among the monks, and other ecclesiastics of Ethiopia, of which we purpose giving a brief relation. In the inhabitants of that benighted land we have a twofold picture of human depravity laid open to our view—apostate Judaism and apostate Christianity side by side, each in their turn unfolding the innate principles of the human heart, and, as might be expected, practices that but too plainly correspond therewith. In order to obtain the necessary legal sanction for his undertaking, Mr. Stern (the clergyman alluded to) sought an interview with the king; and as he received only an evasive and indefinite reply from his majesty in answer to his request for permission to visit his subjects, Mr. Stern next sought an interview with the archbishop and metropolitan of the country, with the view to secure *his grace's* good offices with his sovereign.

Mr. Stern gives an interesting account of his first meeting with this sable ecclesiastic. Mr. Stern was marching with his attendants over wooded mountains, he tells us, towards the residence of this dignitary, when he heard a shrill voice heralding his approach. Looking towards the lofty heights, along which his path was winding, he espied numerous groups of soldiers and servants emerging from behind the luxuriant trees and bushes which abounded in that region. On coming up to this distinguished assemblage, the strangers were given to understand that the Aboona—the archbishop—was on his way to Debra-Tabor, for the purpose of solemnising the marriage of the king.

"With trembling anxiety," says Mr. Stern, did he seek to obtain "a glimpse of the holy man;" and no sooner did they come in sight of each other, than the English clergyman leaped from his saddle, and with uncovered head awaited the arrival of the Ethiopian prelate. "With that distrust and suspicion which are the characteristics of every inhabitant of this land (says Mr. Stern), the archbishop formally, and with chilling coldness, acknowledged my salutation." Mr. Stern does not observe what the writer takes the liberty to do, that there can be little doubt but that accounts had reached this "Ethiopian's ear," which led his grace to conclude with him who of old made silver shrines for Diana, "that their craft was in danger to be set at nought" by the presence of this godly man from remote Britain, and that himself, instead of "riding on the high places of the earth," might possibly, on the approach of truth, come to be "despised, and his magnificence to be destroyed."

As this potentate and his cavalcade continued their

march, Mr. Stern relates that, uninvited, he actually presumed to fall in with their ranks. Determined not to neglect so favourable an opportunity of seeking an interview with this functionary, Mr. S. hastened to the side of his confessor (strange that so exalted a personage should require such an *attache*) and requested him to secure himself an interview with the prelate; but without deigning to vouchsafe a reply he ambled away, and left the poor clergyman to the contemplation of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. So far from being destitute of resource, however, by some unexplained means, the dignitary, the confessor, and himself are seen, before many minutes have elapsed, seated beneath the shady branches of a magnificent euphorbia, "conversing like old and most intimate friends." The prelate's suspicions with regard to the object of the stranger's visit once dissipated, he (to the unbounded delight of Mr. Stern) granted him unqualified permission to seek the spiritual welfare of the Jews in every village and town of his vast diocese. It is to be feared the ecclesiastic assumed that there was little enough prospect of outcast Israel "believing the report" brought from abroad by the foreigner, and it is evident that he overlooked the possibility of the truth extending to their Gentile neighbours, through the instrumentality of the Jews; but whatever the inducement or the oversight of this important personage might be in thus granting the request of Mr. Stern, the keys of admission to this benighted land, of no inconsiderable amount of light and truth, are, in the providence of God, suffered to fall from his grasp. It is but fair to speak of the *kindness* manifested by this great man to Mr. Stern. On learning the intention of Mr. Stern shortly to enter on his labours, he replied, "Then I shall send a servant to Gondar to prepare my house for you, and also to attend to your wants during your stay in the capital." The chains in which the poor man is held by means of his exalted station are curiously illustrated by another of his speeches. After paying him repeated visits, Mr. Stern made so bold as to solicit the honour of a visit from the metropolitan in return, to which request he received the following reply, "Believe me, I love you, and were it not considered degrading and undignified for an Aboona to go beyond the precincts of his own home, I would gladly spend a few hours every day in converse with you." A remarkable comment does this circumstance afford, to our thinking, on the passage contained in Isaiah v. 8.

Having, as it were, been compelled to survey some of the difficulties which presented themselves to our self-denying evangelist in the form of human opposition, it would seem impossible to omit a transcript of the document which finally unbarred the gates of Ethiopia, and admitted the pioneers of "light and immortality" to proclaim the story of the Cross and crown to the swarthy multitudes who, in that remote land, are still sitting in darkness and the

shadow of death. The document alluded to is now subjoined:—

"To my respected brother, the Rev. Mr. Stern, minister of the Church of England, a pure apostle, full of zeal for the spread of the Gospel through all countries and climes. God preserve his valuable life from every sickness and calamity, direct him in all his movements, and suffer no obstacle to impede him in all his efforts. The light of truth which you, dear brother, have come to proclaim will never be extinguished, nor will those who hear you continue uninstructed in the knowledge of salvation. You, my friend, resemble in zeal the zealous Paul, who awakened and roused by his preaching many a sad and despairing heart, and who desired to be accused from Christ for the sake of his countrymen; so it is with you, O preacher and minister of the Gospel. You come to Abyssinia, like an apostle, to devote health and energy to bring the Jews to Christ. The Lord accept your unwearied diligence in his cause, and make your efforts redound to his glory, and to the enlightenment and conversion of his people. May patience and perseverance be granted to you in your toilsome work, and may every seed you scatter produce thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold to the glory of God our Father, and Jesus our Redeemer. Amen."

—(Signed) "Salame, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Abyssinia."

The acquiescence of this exalted ecclesiastic in the proposal of the English evangelist secured for him the cheerful assent of the king, and we speedily find him accepting the hospitalities of what we suppose should be termed (according to received diction) the archiepiscopal palace! The palace, however, does not appear to have afforded a home for this devoted man for any lengthened period; but as he made it a centre from which to commence his operations, we must give at least one sketch from many, which will convey some idea of the nature of Mr. Stern's labours. We give it in his own words:—

"To our disappointment, many of the men were absent in the fields, or at work in Gondar (the capital), and there was consequently a great preponderance of the weaker over the stronger sex in our audience. An old monk, inflated with pride and self-righteousness, with his shrivelled face half concealed in his *quarrie*, or cotton cloth, as immovable as a statue, squatted on a parapet before the synagogue. To the horror and disgust of this apparent automaton, we seated ourselves on the same wall, though not near enough to the santon to pollute him by our profane presence. Without any exordium or preliminary conversation, frequently so necessary even among *semi-barbarians*, we at once interrogated the holy man why he had assumed the attire of a monk, since in the Bible monasticism was indirectly, if not directly, prohibited by the injunction that a priest should be a married man. With a mingled expression of scorn and perplexity, visible in the contracted brow of the ascetic, he replied, 'Among the children of Israel there have been monks ever since Aaron the high priest instituted the order.' 'Ah, monox' (monk), we replied, 'we greatly fear that you are better acquainted with the deserts, in which you have wandered, than with God's Word, which you ought to have studied; for if you had devoted your idle time to that profitable subject, you would have discovered that Aaron was a married man, and had sons who succeeded him in the office of the

priesthood.' He was evidently crest-fallen, and gazed at us through his hollow eyes with an expression of wonder and incredulity, which men of an untamed temper, in Eastern as well as African climes, assume when a startling truth suddenly rouses their slumbering faculties. From the monk we turned to the interesting assemblage before us, and in plain and simple language acquainted them with our object and aim, and warned and entreated them then, as sinners who had deathless souls to save or to ruin, to 'flee from the wrath to come.' The wonderful story of our Lord's humanity, suffering, and death, in order that sin might be cancelled, and the guilt of it expiated, deeply affected them, but particularly one aged woman, a mother in Israel, who, with tears streaming down her wan and tawny cheeks, smote upon her breast, and repeatedly ejaculated, 'Oh, how great is our guilt, that we reject love so divine, and despise blood so precious!' Even the old monk (says Mr. Stern) was apparently melted, and with great gravity told us that he was quite sure that the following passage referred to the Messiah: 'The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken.' He was candid enough to confess that all his brethren and himself depended more on their works and asceticism, than on God's love and mercy as revealed in the Scriptures." Having been informed that one of the evangelistic band who visited them would probably remain in the country, and therefore have an opportunity to repeat his visits, Mr. Stern remarks that, "They were much pleased to hear that we did not wish to abandon them, and with the greatest fervour they implored on me and mine an exuberance of blessings."

Such is a slight sketch, indeed, of a missionary enterprise, which, from the twofold aspect it presents towards corrupted Judaism, and a no less corrupted branch of the professing Church, can scarcely be supposed to yield in interest to any effort of the kind throughout the globe.

We hope to give a further insight to this work in future numbers.

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE.

A FEW years ago, on the invitation of a brother minister, I went to assist him in his labours. I soon found that the prince of darkness was at work to resist the influence apparent among the people.

The most formidable enemy was a band of infidels, headed by Mr. R—, a man of unusual argumentative powers, exceedingly bitter in his attacks on the Bible, with a heart full of hatred to Jesus of Nazareth. These enemies of truth would attend our meetings one evening, and the next evening would meet to analyse and sneer at what they had heard in the house of God. Their comments were often bitter and blasphemous. Mr. R—, their leader, exhorted all to stand firm against the appeals of the fanatics, who, he claimed, were aiming to break up their association, founded on reason and dictated by common sense.

In closing a sermon—referring to the eternal destiny of the righteous and the wicked—I announced that if any one present wished to converse with me on the subject of revealed religion, I should be glad to meet him at any time and place that

might best suit his convenience. The services were hardly closed when the pastor said, "I am sorry you gave just such a notice. Mr. R— is here, and will immediately seek an interview with you, and will cause us trouble if he can. We know the man too well. He has for many years given us great trouble in our meetings. He has been the subject of many prayers, and is now regarded by Christians (except his pious uncle) as a hopeless case, given over to believe a lie, and seal his own fearful doom for ever." I replied, "Let us take his case once more to God. A Saul of Tarsus was met, conquered, and humbled."

Immediately after the benediction we saw Mr. R—. "Sir," he said, "I am an unbeliever in the Bible, and in the doctrines preached by those calling themselves Christian ministers; and I propose, as you have offered, to meet and discuss with you the points on which we differ." I consented, and we arranged to meet at the house of the pastor the next day at four o'clock.

At the hour appointed, I found Mr. R—'s horse standing at the gate, and himself quietly seated within, ready for a combat. I said, "Well, Mr. R—, I am glad to see you here; you have, I suppose, come to talk a little on the subject of revealed religion as opposed to infidelity; and let me ask, are you still firm in rejecting the teachings of the Bible, and Christ as the great Saviour of the world?" He replied, "I am. To me the whole is a mere fiction, the result of disordered brains, having no foundation in truth. This I can demonstrate beyond a doubt." I asked, "Do you, sir, believe there is a God?" "Certainly I do, but not such a God as you and your Bible represent him to be." "Do you feel confident, Mr. R—, that you are right upon this grave subject?" "I will not claim to be infallible," he replied; "but I am fully settled in the correctness of my present views." "Well, Mr. R—, if you are right, I certainly must be wrong, and you surely ought to labour to convince me of my sad mistake, and bring me to the only true light; and now, as we both believe in a Supreme Being, who can remove our blindness and enable us to see the truth, I propose that we agree to kneel down, each before his God, and here pray for each other. You pray to your God that he may open my eyes to see my errors, and abandon the Bible, and give up preaching Christianity; and at the same time I will pray to my God in mercy to open your eyes to see the fearful rock on which, I believe, unless you repent, you will soon be wrecked, and lost for ever!" "I am not accustomed to pray," he replied, "and I had rather not attempt it at this time."

I urged again: "Mr. R—, if you are an honest man in your religious faith, you surely ought to pray to your God to bring a brother man out of the gross darkness of Christianity into the sunlight of infidelity; and as my proposition is certainly a reasonable one, come now, let us pray before we begin to consider the points at issue between us. Perhaps we can get a little nearer to the truth if we seek to be taught of God." To which he replied, "I agreed to meet you to discuss points on which we differed, not to pray together. If you wish to pray, you may. I can pray in secret." "Very well, Mr. R—; come, let us pray for each other." Again he hesitated, and refused to kneel; but I still urged, "This

is a solemn moment, sir; and I beg of you, if you will not pray for yourself, pray for me." At this urgent request, he bent one knee to the floor. I still pleaded, "Get down, Mr. R—; we need help from God, and we may hope he will hear and help us in this time of need." He then placed his hands over his face, and prostrated himself in the position of a true suppliant. Again I urged, "Pray, Mr. R—, for me, and I will pray for you." The place, the circumstances, and our humble attitude—our bodies pressing against each other, rendered it a momentous and solemn point of time, on which it would seem that the future destiny of an undying soul was suspended. Prayer went up before God, not from one heart only, but from that of the pastor and one or two others who were present.

After commending Mr. R— to God, we rose from our knees; and I said to him, "We are now ready to talk. What have you to say against Jesus of Nazareth, that Saviour who, when on the cross, prayed for his enemies, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do?'" He replied, "Nothing, sir; nothing. I cannot talk with you at this time." "And why not, Mr. R—?" "My mind," said he, "is scattered. I cannot, for some reason, call up the arguments with which I intended to meet you; you will have, therefore, to excuse me for this time. I will try and meet you again." "But hold, Mr. R—! Have you no argument to urge against the Bible, none against Jesus; that we, like honest men, may look at it?" "None at present, sir; none at present. I am not in a proper condition to hold conversation with you, and I must go. Please excuse me for this time. Good day, sir." He immediately mounted his fleet horse, and rode off at full speed.

Sickness in my family rendered it a duty for me to return home, which I did the next morning. A few days after I received a line, saying that at the next evening meeting Mr. R— was there; and when the invitation was given that any one desiring to be remembered in the prayers of God's people should manifest it, Mr. R— sprang to his feet, saying, "Pray for me. I am a lost man. I am standing on the very verge of ruin. My infidel foundation was entirely swept away when on my knees with Mr. W—, on Monday last. Friends, you have known my history and wicked course too well for many years. I have, as you well know, been the unblushing advocate of open infidelity; and now I make a full surrender. I beg you to pray that if there is mercy for one so hell-deserving, it may be extended to my guilty, sinking soul. My former refuges of lies are all swept away. I stand before God and before you a condemned, lost, guilty sinner; and I beg your prayers that I may find mercy, and become a follower of that Jesus I have hated, persecuted, and rejected."

It gives us pleasure to add that this poor man no longer rejected the truths of the gospel, but penitentially embraced them. He became a humble follower of the Lamb, and could say to his old companions in sin, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ, the Son of the living God?" He was baptised, and became an active, useful member of the church. He rejoiced to say of himself, in the language of the Lord to the prophet, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

Eminent Christians.

FRIAR RICHARD.

ABOUT the time when Joan of Arc performed such prodigies of valour to deliver France from the power and presence of the English, there lived a man named Friar Richard. This personage has always been somewhat mysterious, and is to this day but little known. That he was a monk of the order of Minor Franciscans, or Cordeliers, is certain; but we are nowhere told positively when or where he was born, though probably in Italy. According to his own account, his masters were Friar Vincent—or Vincent Ferrier, the famous Dominican—and Friar Bernard, or St. Bernard, of Sienna, a Franciscan. Vincent, or St. Vincent, who died at Vannes, was in his lifetime a great preacher, as we showed on a former occasion, and, among other topics, preached upon the coming of Antichrist. After his death Bernard continued his apostolic labours upon the soil of Italy. The disciples of the saint retained and propagated his doctrine respecting Antichrist; and the preaching of these new apostles caused considerable excitement in the countries they visited, that is, in France and Italy. St. Bernard is said to have promulgated a new form of devotion, which consisted in the special honour shown to the name of *Jesus*. Whereas others exalted this saint or that saint, this relic or that relic, Bernard proclaimed aloud the name of *Jesus*. Like one of our own poets, he endeavoured to set forth its glories:—

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear."

But this language of Dr. Doddridge's is not more enthusiastic than that of John Newton:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear," &c.

Charles Wesley, also, writes in the same strain:—

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear
And turns their hell to heaven."

When St. Bernard preached the Lent lectures at Viterbo, in 1426, at the end of his discourses, he exhibited to his assembled hearers a picture where the name of Christ was emblazoned in letters of gold, and surrounded with rays of light. The audience forthwith bowed their knees in honour of the sacred name.

It is of course very uncertain how far superstitious ideas were connected with this preaching of Antichrist and the name of *Jesus*, but it produced a deep impression upon the popular mind. Multitudes of men and women publicly renounced the vanities of the world, and in a somewhat tumultuous manner grouped themselves around Bernard and Mainfroy of Verelli, both of whom came after Vincent Ferrier, and were yet the rivals and opponents of each other. It is supposed that the Beguins, of Holland, and the Moravian community, who at first consisted of the followers of John Huss, derived their origin from similar movements in favour of a purer form of religion. Pope Martin V. was called upon to interfere in the case we refer to, and endeavoured to calm the

agitation which had been produced. At this very time, that is, in 1428, Friar Richard crossed the mountains, and preached the Advent sermons at the City of Troyes, in Champagne. As a fervent disciple of the masters above named, he propagated with great zeal the doctrines of Antichrist and of the name of *Jesus*. He exhorted the people of Troyes to live in the daily expectation of him that should speedily come.

From Troyes, Friar Richard betook himself to Paris, where he preached in Lent, 1429. At first he met with the greatest success. A contemporary author reckons at more than thirty thousand the numbers of hearers and attendants who thronged to hear his sermons in the open air. Friar Richard publicly declared that Antichrist was born, and that the day of judgment would shortly come. But the new doctrines propounded by him were denounced by the authorities as unseasonable and dangerous, both in regard to doctrine and to civil policy. His liberty was menaced, and he therefore made his escape from Paris on the night of April 30th, 1429. On the 1st of May thousands of persons who had hastened thither crowded in the plain St. Denis, at Montmartre, expecting to hear him. They met in vain; the preacher did not make his appearance. Richard at once went over to the French, or the partisans of Charles VII., who besieged Orleans, and he actively served the cause of that prince. He took part in the campaign of the consecration of Charles VII., and he became one of the confessors or chaplains of the Maid of Orleans. He arrived again at Troyes, in July, 1429, and successfully assisted in the negotiations which were commenced between the city and its besiegers. The soldiers of Charles, who wanted provisions, found there the beans which the people of Troyes had sown as Richard exhorted, and by them the troops were nourished. Troyes and other places soon after opened their gates to the king.

The inhabitants of Paris, who were subject to the English, learned with great displeasure that their so famous and applauded preacher was nothing but an *Armagnac*, as the party of Charles was called. In their anger and revenge, says one author, they cursed the name of God and of the saints, and not only so, but went back again to those habits of gambling which they had been persuaded to break off, and threw aside the medal with the name of *Jesus* which he had induced them to wear, and took the cross of St. Andrew instead. Specimens of leaden medals supposed to be those here referred to are still sometimes found in France.

The unfortunate Joan of Arc herself seems to have adopted the principles of Friar Richard, for when she was tortured at Rouen, she often invoked the name of *Jesus*. She asked for a cross, and they gave her two pieces of stick tied across with a string. Not satisfied with this she asked for a certain cross, upon which I. N. R. I. was inscribed, that she might have before her eyes the name of *Jesus*; for the letters in question stand for *Jesus Nazareus, Rex Judeorum—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*. The last word which she was heard to utter upon earth, when the flames wrapped about her and took away her voice, was the name of *Jesus*. These expressions of sincere and earnest piety drew tears from many an eye, and it was reported afterwards among the credulous, that the name of *Jesus* was seen in the fire which burned her. Surely we may hope well concerning those who in so

dark an age loved so much the name of Jesus! The Christian *now* can only say—

"I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

M. de Virville, from whom we extract many of the preceding particulars, is silent respecting the close of Friar Richard's career. The account given of him by Moreri is also defective. He says that he had been to Jerusalem before he came to Paris in 1429; and that he preached for eight days in the Church of the Holy Innocents, with extraordinary zeal. He began to preach at five o'clock in the morning, and continued till ten or eleven, while the church was so crowded that every accessible place was occupied. Instead of a pulpit, he preached from a platform nine feet high. At Boulogne, near Paris, he preached with so much power over all who heard him, that when they returned to the city, they lighted more than a hundred fires in the streets and squares, and burned whatever had been the instruments of their follies and their vices. The men cast into the flames their cards and draught boards, dice, billiards, and balls, and other things used in gaming. The women burnt their gay head-dresses, bracelets, necklaces, and collars, ornaments, trinkets, lace, paint, and all that ministered to vanity and dissoluteness. Not only so, the preacher induced them to burn what they called *maine-glories*, a sort of talisman or charm, usually the figures of small animals, superstitiously preserved in cabinets, wrapped up in satin, velvet, or fine linen, with the idea that they could never become poor while they retained them. Thus he attacked at once their vanities, their vices, and their superstitions. He also influenced them by his announcement that they would see great prodigies the following year, as he had learned, he said, from his teachers Vincent and Bernard.

How long after he left Paris he continued to preach, we know not, nor have we been able to discover when or where he died. We cannot, however, help thinking that one whose doctrine was so far removed from that of the base age in which he lived, was raised up by Divine grace to be a promoter and forerunner of that glorious work which became so manifest before a century had passed away. He was one of many who flash upon us like meteors in those dark times, and, like meteors, suddenly disappear. They serve to teach us that God has never been without witness in the world, and men who could live and die for the name of Jesus.

Correspondence.

[When our opinion is desired upon any portion of Scripture, will our correspondents be good enough to write the passage at the top of the letter, naming the chapter and verse, and adding the signatures by which we are to address them. Then let the difficulty be stated, or the question be asked. This will guard against erroneous quotations, and save much time. The verse we are about to explain is in the required form.]

No. 117.—E. B. C.—"When the Apostles Barnabas and Paul."—Acts xiv. 14.—WHY ARE BARNABAS AND PAUL STYLED APOSTLES?

The term "Apostles" denotes, first, by way of distinction, the twelve whom Jesus selected to be witnesses of the sanctity of his life and of the grandeur of his

miracles, and who were to make known to the world his sublime doctrines; but the term, in an inferior sense, is also applied to those who were sent on any special mission, as in the case of Barnabas. Thus St. Paul, writing to the Philippians, speaks of Epaphroditus as their Apostle. In like manner this appellation is given to those persons who are said to have first planted the Christian faith in any place, thus:—Dionysius, of Corinth, is called the Apostle of France; Boniface, an Englishman, is styled the Apostle of Germany; Bernard Gilpin, an English divine of exalted piety and great zeal, is called "the Apostle of the North."

No. 118.—E. H.—A PROSELYTE OF THE GATE AND A PROSELYTE OF THE COVENANT.

Supposed to be the same, and it is said no such distinction of names occurred until after the fourteenth century.

No. 119.—Aleph.—HOW CAN CHRIST BE SAID TO BE DIVINE AND YET DERIVE ANYTHING?—AS WHEN HE DECLARES, "ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME."
—Matt. xxviii. 18.

Christ here speaks as MEDIATOR. In reading the eventful history of our blessed Lord, we shall meet with many difficulties in relation to Christ's person, and to his work, unless we regard him in a two-fold point of view—as both God and man. All the passages that refer to the Saviour are easily arranged under, either his Divine or his human nature, and by this process the difficulties will no longer exist.

No. 120.—W. K.—CAIN.

In Scripture we read of Jair having thirty sons, of Ithnan having thirty sons and an equal number of daughters, and of Gideon, who had seventy-one sons. We may therefore presume that our first parents, whose lives were lengthened to nearly a thousand years, had many sons and many daughters whose names are not recorded in Scripture. Moses, in his account of Adam, only mentions three sons, and *no daughter*; and yet we read, after the birth of Cain, Abel, and Seth, that Adam lived eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters. Genesis v. 4.

No. 121.—R. S. H.—"This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."—Matt. xxiv. 34.

The Jews were accustomed to divide time into three great periods, which they termed "dispensations" or "generations"—the Patriarchal dispensation, the Mosaic dispensation, and the generation or dispensation of the Messiah. Into this third dispensation they had already entered, although unwilling to recognise it; therefore we understand our Lord to mean that this generation, that is, this dispensation of the Gospel, shall not pass away until the things spoken of shall be accomplished.

No. 122.—D. B. M.—"At the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—Philippians ii. 10.

To bow the head or to bend the knee at the sacred name of Jesus by no means exhausts the great truth implied in the text, which extends far beyond all outer marks of reverence. We regard the text as proclaiming to all intelligent beings the mediatorial character of Christ, and teaching them that in the name only of Christ can men approach God and live; and therefore we piously close our prayers by asking that our petition may be granted us *in, through, and for the sake of* our Lord Jesus Christ; and this we do because He is the way, the truth, and the life, and in him all our desires are to centre, and from him all our mercies are to flow, for he is the one, the only, and the divinely-appointed Mediator betwixt God and man, consequently our prayers

ascend to the Father through Christ's intercession, and our mercies descend to us by virtue of Christ's merits.

No. 128.—W. C.—“Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.”—1 Cor. i. 25.

The passage is expressed, as grammarians would term it, *elliptically*; a portion of the statement is uttered and a portion is implied. We understand the reasoning thus: That which the ungodly regard as “the foolishness of God,” is in fact greater wisdom than can be shown in the wisdom of the wisest of men, and those acts which the scoffer deems to be “the weakness of God,” are in reality stronger than all the strength of men. Let the scoffer know that God’s “foolishness” is wiser than the wisdom of men, and God’s weakness is stronger than the strength of man.

No. 124.—J. E.—“If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise.”—1 Cor. iii. 18.

Is there a wise man among you? let him then show his wisdom by embracing that doctrine which the world calls foolishness.

No. 125.—E. S. S.—“He shall be called a Nazarene.”—Matt. ii. 23.

The term is designed to express the abject and low condition of Christ. Isaiah liii. 3—12; Psalm lxxix. 6—10.

No. 126.—J. M.—WHAT IS ANTINOMIANISM?

Truth run to seed; Scripture abused; doctrines perverted; the teaching of Christ and his disciples made to minister to the work of Satan. The advocates for antinomianism are men who delight in a smaller Bible than God has given to his church, men who take pleasure in adding to the creed, and in curtailing the commandments; men who hold the truth in unrighteousness, and dishonour, God whom they profess to serve, and do discredit to the holy cause which they profess to embrace. Of such men and of such teaching the good that follows is doubtful, but the evil is manifest and certain. A celebrated writer tells us that the Antinomians took their origin from John Agricola, who lived about the year 1538, and who taught that the law of the ten commandments is no way necessary under the Gospel; that good works do not promote our salvation, nor ill ones hinder it; that repentance is not to be preached from the decalogue, but only from the Gospel. This sect sprang up in England during the time of Cromwell, and extended their system of libertinism much farther than Agricola did. Some of them, it is said, maintained that if they should commit any kind of sin, it would do them no hurt, nor in the least affect their eternal state, and that it is one of the distinguishing characters of the chosen of God, that they cannot do anything displeasing to God. It is but just to add, that there are persons who are thought to hold sentiments similar to these, who show forth a better life than their creed inculcates.

That men may rightly appreciate the rich mercy of God, they must not lose sight of the artful and unceasing malice of the devil. Balasam could not afflict the Israelites, he therefore so counselled, that their Protector might himself afflict them, and the thousands that perished bore testimony to the craft of Satan. Men who are dwelling in a besieged town ought not only to examine well their own means of defence, but also they are as wise men in duty bound to ascertain the kind of weapons that will be brought against them, and the stratagems to which the foe will resort, that he may bring them into bondage. We would say, as the best antidote to Antinomianism, Let every good man observe

with gratitude the bounteous dealings of God to his soul, but let every good man watch with fear and trembling the movements and operations of the devil for the discomfort of the souls of God’s servants.

No. 127.—E. C.—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”—Exod. xx. 7.

The “name of the Lord” is put for his service, and implies whatever appertains to his honour; and, consequently, it not only prohibits all irreverent use of the terms by which the Almighty is designated, but also embraces our own Christian profession; and therefore, when rightly understood, we may regard it as a solemn admonition from God himself to all who call themselves by his name, that if they take upon them the name of the Lord, if they thus enlist into his service, they must think, and speak, and act, as becomes the “Lord’s people,” otherwise their service is a mockery, and they take his name in vain. Let every one that beareth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

No. 123.—W. W.—“And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.”—Jude 6.

Satan and his companions in iniquity, the fallen angels, who retained not their innocency, but in pride aspired to some higher station than that which the King of Heaven in his wisdom had appointed for them, were, for their disobedience, hurled from their high and bright abode, to dwell in the dark abyss, reserved, like condemned and chained prisoners, until the judgment day, when they shall hear their sentence, and receive the punishment assigned to their wickedness.

No. 129.—A SUBSCRIBER.—WHEN SAUL EXCLAIMED, “LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO,” WAS IT THE LANGUAGE OF ASTONISHMENT OR OF REPENTANCE?

The vision had rendered the persecutor a believer in Christ; as such he was ready to promote the faith which he had hitherto laboured to destroy. True faith is that which is felt in the heart, acknowledged by the lips, and shown in the life; it is an active principle, leading the possessor to desire good and to do good, and inclining him to look up to heaven for guidance, and urging him to ask of God, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” We regard the inquiry as the result of penitence.

No. 130.—A. D. L.—“Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath.”—Psalm lxxiii. 9.

Bishop Horsley regards this psalm as a prophecy, denouncing God’s judgments against the judges of our Lord. The psalm sets before us the speedy and the certain penalty that will overtake those who in their decisions and judgments “work wickedness,” for the just God will vindicate the cause of the oppressed, and overwhelm with shame the oppressor. The illustrations are taken from scenes in the wilderness, scenes familiar to the eye of the youthful shepherd, the sweet psalmist of Israel, by whom the prediction was penned.

In the East the shepherds heat their pots with thorns, or small twigs, which burn with intense fierceness and great rapidity, and yet “ere the cauldron’s side has felt the crackling thorn” the punishment that pursues shall overtake them, and the whirlwind is so powerful that neither men nor cattle can resist its effects. God will take away one and all in their various degrees of guilt. He will take them away with the speed of the whirlwind that leaves desolation behind it, so that men shall say, “Verily there is a reward for righteousness, and there is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

No. 131.—H. S. (London).—"Kiss the Son, lest he be angry."—Psalms ii. 12.

A mode of salutation and token of respect which has been practised in all nations. It was also in ordinary use among the Jews. It was used to denote reverence, affection, obedience, and allegiance. In all these points of view men are exhorted to submit to Christ's authority, and to render honour to the Messiah, the Son of God, that they may not fall beneath his just displeasure.

No. 132.—H. S.—"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after."—1 Tim. v. 24.

This passage must be restored to the context, and taken in connection with the twenty-second verse. The twenty-third verse forms no part of the admonition, and should be read in a parenthesis, and then the entire passage would be to this effect:—"Take due care not to admit to the work of the ministry persons unfit for the holy duties. If, by any act of yours, you enable an unfit man to sin in a way that, without your aid, he could not sin, you may be said to 'partake of other men's sins.' Keep yourself, therefore, pure in this respect. And this may be easily done; for, 'some men's sins are open beforehand'—they are discernible at once, without the labour of investigation; 'going before to judgment,' leading you to pass judgment on them even before inquiry; but in some men they follow after—that is, their sins are only known after much inquiry. So it is with their virtues. Therefore be not hasty in appointing any man to the sacred office of a minister of Jesus Christ."

No. 133.—J. S.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job xix. 25.

Bishop Hall regards these words of the patriarch as implying, "However I may be judged by you, yet I know I have a Judge and a gracious Redeemer to come." Job here speaks of the Redeemer's incarnation, and also of the resurrection from the dead; and the doctrine of a resurrection and future judgment Job might have known from the prophecy of Enoch.

No. 134.—W. W.—THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST. See answer to No. 61, May 31.

No. 135.—CHRISTIANS.—See No. 61, May 31.

No. 136.—R. S. H.—SINLESS PERFECTION.—Answered No. 62, May 31.

No. 137.—W. P. (Penge). No. 139.—J. H.—THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTeousNESS.—See No. 87, June 7.

No. 138.—GRACE.—"If any man's work shall be burned," &c.—See No. 66, May 31.

No. 139.—C. F. M.—WILL YOU PLEASE TO EXPLAIN THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD? We refer our correspondent to No. 87, June 7th.

No. 140.—SARAH. We do not think it necessary to reply to questions which can serve no practical purpose.

No. 141.—C. S.—THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD.—See answer to No. 87, June 7th.

No. 142.—F. B. (Hanley).—This question is unprofitable.

LITTLE WILLIE.

SOME have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow,

God is nearer little children than their parents ever know; And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,

And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child, Who, among the thyme, and clover, and the bees, was running wild—

And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,

And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!"

And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of gentle way;

And he drank the cooling water from his little silver cup,

And said gaily, "When it's morning, will the angels take me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes,

Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;

But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard—

"Oh!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,

And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;

Up she starteth from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear—

And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,

And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,

And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,

And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me," will be said from mother's knee,

Never more among the clover will he chase the humble-bee;

Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,

And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Am I a Christian?" is the question of many aching hearts. They are far from the calm regions of assurance, and because of this, are ready to write bitter things against themselves. The very fact that their hearts ache is an encouraging sign, and many who are in this plight are true and exemplary disciples. There is a chapter in the Bible full of cheer to such hearts. It is the fourteenth of John, whose first words are a key to the character of the whole chapter: "Let not your heart be troubled." This is the charge of a sympathising Saviour, who desires the tranquillity of his people; and in seeking to allay their fears, he shows them that they have a knowledge of which they are not conscious. They do not know that they know, and this ignorance of knowledge is the source of their disquiet. In the case of our Saviour's disciples to whom he at that time spoke, they knew Jesus, they knew the Father, and they knew the Spirit, and yet they were ignorant of their knowledge. They never analysed their own faith. Christ says to them (ver. 4), "The way ye know." That way to heaven was himself. But Thomas, speaking for the disciples, replies, "Lord, we know

not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" It is then the Saviour opens their eyes by saying, "I am the way." So their first instance of ignorance of knowledge was dispelled. For they had known Christ, and known him as the way. Now, for the first time, he leads them to the consciousness of that knowledge.

Again the Saviour tells them (verse 7), "Ye know the Father." But Philip, who now takes Thomas's place as spokesman, replies: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." They are sure that they do not know the Father. Jesus answers: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." And so they are made aware of another knowledge which they had possessed without knowing it. They had known the Father, but until now they had not been aware of that important knowledge.

Still again the Saviour assures them (ver. 17), "Ye know the Spirit," and shows them that by the Spirit he will manifest himself unto them (ver. 21). Again they plead ignorance, through Judas (not Iscariot), saying, "How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto the world?" (ver. 22). Of the manifestation through the Spirit, they are sure that they are ignorant. But Jesus continues to assure them of their knowledge of the Spirit in hearing his words (ver. 22), and further shows them that after his departure they would be more fully aware of that knowledge (ver. 26).

In this way our Lord cheers his disciples' hearts, by revealing to them their own knowledge. Now they are glad, because they know that they know the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Let doubting Christians come to this Word of God, and hear the assuring voice of Jesus. They have a knowledge which they do not know. Let them seek to know it. Let them think of Jesus as he discloses himself to be the way. Is he not their way to pardon, to peace, to holiness, and to heaven? Moreover, is he not the express image of the Father's person? And still again, is he not made known to them by the Spirit, who teaches the spiritual mind "all things?" Surely, they know Jesus. Then they know all that can cheer and assure their hearts. They know that heaven is theirs; they know that the Father receives them; they know that the Spirit dwells in them.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

RIGHTLY done, this is a pleasant and useful work, both for the minister who preaches, and the children who listen. When it is done improperly, nothing is better adapted to put the young people to sleep, and to stupefy the labours of the pastor among the lambs of his flock.

How is it spoiled? How can it be mended? On the practical answering of these two questions depends much good or much evil.

A very common cause of failure is, that the preacher is too deep, too prosy, too lengthy, or too magniloquent for his youthful congregation. He speaks to them in long words and elegantly finished sentences, which might do well enough if he were preaching to their parents. He shoots over their youthful heads, instead of directing his shafts of simple truth directly at their hearts. He wears them out with a sermon of twice or thrice the proper length. The children are wearied and sleepy; the parents are dull; the preacher disheartened.

Another cause of failure is in the other extreme. The minister is told that the youthful minds and hearts must be reached by great simplicity of speech. Forthwith he addresses them as if they were all babes in arms. Reaching, perhaps, the minds of the youngest members of the infant class, he forgets that the older scholars are more advanced. They are all "my dear little children" in his eyes, and are all of equally infantile ability to understand. This man may approach nearer to success than the man who overshoots the youthful capacity, but he, too, brings preaching to the young into contempt, and therefore into disuse.

Some men, again, fail to interest children in preaching to them, by reason of the violent attempts which they make to secure perfect order.

We must have perfect order, or something very near it, if we would do any good in speaking or preaching to children. There are two ways of attempting to secure this desired order; the first, by telling the children that they must be quiet, and that they will be soundly punished if they are not; the second, by speaking to them in such an interesting manner, and with such interesting matter, as to fix their attention firmly on the speaker. The first of these methods generally fails. The second may be set down as a certain success.

And now for the other side of the question. How can preaching to children be made interesting and useful?

As a lawyer reaches the minds of a jury by entering into their feelings and sympathies, and making himself one of them, so, only to a much greater degree, must the minister enter in among the little children, and make himself as one of them, if he would take the truth to their hearts. There are pastors who never go into their Sunday-schools; who never see the children except when they make a formal visit to their parents; who never have a pleasant word to say to the little ones in case they meet them in the street. These men will not reach the children from the pulpit.

If the pastor will frequently go into his Sunday-school, not merely to make a stiff speech, but to pass from class to class with a pleasant word of encouragement for both teachers and scholars, he will find that the children want to hear him preach, and that he is better fitted for it than if he stayed away from the school. A few earnest and lively words spoken will help the matter. All reserve, all formality should be laid aside. The children should be taught to respect and love their pastor, but not to be afraid of him.

And what shall we preach about? Almost everything—if we do but go about it rightly. There is hardly any limit to the subjects which may be used, if we go into them, "speaking the truth in love," using plain words, short sentences, and simple illustrations.

THE CONFIDENCE OF PAUL.

"I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

O STRONG assurance! most comforting persuasion! Christian! do you desire to have the same confidence in Jesus in a dying hour? Then live to Jesus as did the Apostle Paul. Give him your confidence, your love, and he will prove himself faithful to the end. It may not be, that you shall exhibit the same strong faith, or give expression to the same feelings of un-

shaken reliance on the Saviour, but you *will* have peace, you *will* have security. Let the shadows gather round you, dark and gloomy—let the night close in upon your weary footsteps, threatening and tempestuous, still the eye of faith will discover the soul-guardian—the treasure-keeper—the friend that sticketh closer than any brother. Do you long for the grace of assurance? Do you feel, at times, a doubt of your soul's safety. So did Paul. He dreaded lest "after having preached to others, he himself should be a cast away." Assurance is not a grace given to the believer, and never again weakened or removed. His experience is varied, his journey is not all sunshine. There are times of cloud, and storm, and tempest; yea, even when his heart is glad and joyous—when, with a holy rapture, he can exclaim, "Thou hast anointed mine head with oil, and made my cup to run over," there are unseen yet powerful agencies at work, to depress and sadden his soul. To-day he is bold and ardent, to-morrow weak and feeble; to-day he realises the assurance, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquities as a thick cloud from before me;" to-morrow he is sunk in the very depths of despondency, and cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Long years of training and discipline are needed, ere the Christian can hope to take up the language of the great Apostle. But fear not, trembling one! Still "cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you;" still cling to the assurance, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." O look back on the page of your experience, as did the Apostle, and "be not afraid." See your pilgrimage studded thick with Ebenezers, testifying to your Saviour's faithfulness and mercy. Think of his manifold gracious interpositions in the past—sustaining you in trial, supporting you in perplexity, helping you when vain was the help of man. Take these things as the pledges of faithfulness in the future, and let this ever be your prayer:

"Lord, give me grace to trust thee at all times, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, and in thy good time enable me truly to say with thy servant of old, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GLASS DECANTER.

"THERE is one thing we have not got," said a newly-married wife, wiping down the shelf of her small, snug closet, which seemed pretty well stocked with necessaries and comforts.

"What is it, Fanny?" asked James, her husband.

"A decanter. We have nothing to put spirits in. We must have, I think, a decanter." A decanter was more of a "must have" than then now; and James drew some change from his pocket, which on counting over was not enough for the purchase.

"I would buy a good one," said Fanny, "while I was about it; not thin glass, that will break easily. A handsome cut-glass one will be cheaper in the end."

James thought he should finish a job by noon, the wages of which would not only buy the decanter, but fill it also; and he went out to his work. It was a neat new two-story house this young couple lived

in, built by James himself in "odd moments," he said; for James's joinery was in good demand, and he was rarely out of employment. There was a patch of ground round it, with vegetables enough for summer eating, and a few for harvest. They were a well brought-up, industrious, happy couple, with good prospects.

A few nights after, when James came home, he drew out from his green baize jacket the best-looking decanter to be found at Hobbs', he said, and held it up before Fanny and the candle. It was filled. "Let's try it," said James. "Hobbs said it was the very best. Hand me a tumbler, Fanny."

"Oh! no, James," replied his wife, "it is not for us; it is for company or sickness. Let us save it."

"I should not object to tasting;" so he put two or three spoonfuls of sugar into a tumbler, poured out a suitable quantity of Holland gin, and added some hot water from the singing tea-kettle. "Excellent toddy," said James, stirring, and offering it to his wife.

"No, James, you drink first," answered she; and Fanny folded her clothes, while James sipped the smoking beverage. "It seems to me you have not left much," said Fanny, smiling, and taking her turn at the tumbler, "but it is as much as I want;" and she leisurely finished the remainder.

This was the first glass of toddy from the new decanter; and as James and Fanny sat by their warm hearth, in pleasing chat, they did not see the coil of a serpent in the bottom of the tumbler. Perhaps a microscope was needed to discern it; but it was there.

By-and-by a baby was born in the house. Happy father and mother, with their plump little one, who filled their hearts with a new joy! Fanny was happy; only as the months went by, once in a while a fear took hold of her, a strange fear, that made her shudder. What was it? Had she got a glimpse of the serpent? Ah, among all the increasing wants of the little household, there was nothing which oftener needed filling than the glass decanter.

One day, on hearing her husband's step in the yard, she arose with baby sleeping in her arms, tiptoed into the closet, and, snatching the decanter from the shelf, thrust it into a small cupboard below, and turned the key. Back she went with a trembling heart. James soon after came in. First he played with the baby, then sidled to the closet, and Fanny heard the closet-door creak. "What will James think?" thought Fanny anxiously, and much afraid. She laid baby down, and tried to busy herself with dinner. Presently her husband passed through the kitchen without speaking. Dinner ready, she rang the bell. James came in, and took a seat by the fire. Baby crept towards him, but he took no notice of it. "Are you sick, James?" asked Fanny. "Not very well," answered he, sulkily. "You have taken cold," she said, with affectionate earnestness; "it is very raw. Let me make you a bowl of tea." "Tea!" growled her husband, angrily, "I don't want any old woman's nostrums." He rested his elbows on his knees, and put his head between his hands. Fanny pitied him. "What will you have, James?" asked Fanny. "Can I get you anything?"

"Is there anything in the house?" he asked, eagerly turning his face towards her with an aching look. "I think it would make me feel better." "Well, poor James is sick," thought Fanny, trying

hard to feel there was no harm in unlocking the little cupboard, and offering that cup to her husband's lips which a few minutes before she was so anxious to save him from. Poor Fanny wanted firmness. The contents of the decanter were soon emptied, and James took it away to be re-filled. It did not come back the next day, or the next, or the next. The tumblers were clean and dry, and through the livelong week showed no marks of sugar, gin, or toddy. "James sees his danger, and he has put the decanter away," thought Fanny, with a thankful heart. A heavy weight seemed lifted from her, and again she sang about the house.

James had a small poultry-yard, which not only kept a supply of eggs for his family, but made an occasional trade for the neighbours. One day, about this time, Fanny went to the barn to get a newly-laid egg for James's favourite pudding. She and the little boy loved to hunt for eggs. In the hay she found a new hole, which, quite likely, led to a new nest. Down she thrust her hand, and grasped at something. Fanny started and turned pale, and shrank back trembling. It was not a hen, or chicken, or egg she touched, but something that took her strength away, and she felt as if she could lie down to die. A serpent? It was the glass decanter which she pulled out, hid away there half filled—with what?—Rum. Fanny forgot her eggs, her pudding, her child, as she sat there and cried as if her heart would break.

We must now pass over several years of poor Fanny's life; sorrowful years they grew to be. Many children were born to the Farmers. The two oldest died, and the mother wept bitter tears. But greater sorrow was in store for her; as her husband went, step by step, down, down, down, until he lost his fine manly look, neglected his work, was no longer seen at church, and everything within and without his house showed the mournful tokens of a ruined home.

So things went on till Silas, the second son, was twelve years old. A fine lad was he. Two years before, Silas went to live in a gentleman's family, when (the gentleman dying) he came home to seek other employment. It was not long before Hobbs had his eye on him—Hobbs, the dram-seller, whose little shop at the corner had manufactured more hard drinkers than any shop in the county, making its owner rich on other men's sins. "A smart little fellow," said Hobbs, with his eye on Silas; "and I can get him for nothing," chuckling over the long account run up against the Farmer estate. He determined to go over and talk with his mother about it. "A fine lad that Silas of yours," said Hobbs, seating himself in a chair. "Silas is a good boy," replied his mother, sadly—"a good boy." "Well," proceeded Hobbs, with a little creditable embarrassment, "perhaps you know there is an account against your husband, which, may be, you will like Silas to help wipe off." "I did not know there were any honest debts there," said Fanny, a faint colour mounting into her pale face as she thought of the wicked enticements he used to keep for his victims. "Your husband can remember, I suppose," exclaimed Hobbs, angrily; "and if I am not paid soon, you must take the consequences." With a house still over her head, Fanny had contrived to get along. She feared at no distant day it might

be drank away, and she well might dread a creditor like Hobbs. The poor mother was cowed. "I will talk with Silas about it," she said, humbly. "What would you allow him?" "Oh, I sha'n't be hard," said the hard old man; "send the boy to me;" and Hobbs was not sorry to decamp. He could meet the frightful oaths and reeling idiocy of the wretched man who frequented his bar, but the presence of a stricken woman alarmed his conscience.

When Silas came home his mother told him. "Never! mother, never!" exclaimed Silas; "never will I go and deal out rum to my father or to anybody's else father. No liquor shall pass through my hands. Why, mother, I am a soldier in the Cold Water army."

"If father gives you the decanter, you must go and buy some," said his little brother. "Never!" repeated Silas. "Then father would beat you," said little Fanny, shrinking. "I would be beaten to death rather than break my pledge," said Silas. "Obey your parents," said his mother, for the mother's spirit was altogether crushed, and she was ready to counsel any compromise rather than rouse the brutal rage of the husband and father. Silas did not believe in compromising with wickedness, but he said nothing.

That evening James Farmer came home and told Silas to run down to Hobbs's, and bring home the decanter. His mother trembled, but Silas took his cap and walked away. He entered the shop as the old man was filling it. "You are Silas Farmer, I suppose. Well, I want you in my shop," said Hobbs, in a tone which was meant to be pleasant. "I came for the decanter," said the boy. "And I want you in my shop," cried the old man, testily, putting it on the counter. "I cannot come, sir," replied Silas, firmly. "I am a soldier in the Cold Water army, and I cannot serve in the shop where my father was made a drunkard." Without stopping further, Silas seized the decanter and went off—not homeward; no, no, for he was a soldier in the Cold Water army. He ran to a neighbouring well. On the green grass which grew around it—for everything looks fresh and green where pure water is—he poured out the destroying liquor. Drawing up a bucket of water, he carefully rinsed the decanter; then filling it with water, fresh and sparkling, he bottled it up and went home.

"Father," said the brave boy, entering the bedroom where his enfeebled parent was about undressing, "I have brought you some good, wholesome drink, such as God made, and it is all I could bring you, because I am a soldier in the Cold Water army." "A soldier in what?" asked the father, looking round with his bleared eye. "In the Cold Water army, father. We are fighting against wicked king Alcohol; and, oh! father, do come and join our ranks; do, father!" There was something in the almost agonising earnestness of his son that touched James Farmer's heart. "Do, father!" rang in his ears the livelong night. True, he gruffly motioned the boy away; but there were other things that he could not motion away so easily. His mind was alert, and he had nothing to stupefy it—nothing to moisten his parched lips and burning tongue—nothing to quench his craving thirst, but the pure water in his well-filled decanter. The first object he descried in the grey early dawn was his decanter. He grasped it with his trembling hands. No liquor fumes quickened his senses. How he longed for "a drink." Again he

looked at the decanter. No hope there; it was only water, water, water. He glared round the room. How changed was everything in that once happy room—everything else but the glass decanter. And what a long train of misery had it brought into his family! As he looked at it, vipers and serpents, hissing and stinging, seemed crawling from it, mocking him with cruel mockings. That dreadful delirium, the curse of the drunkard, was creeping over the fine strong frame of James Farmer. He shouted aloud, "Drink! drink! drink!"

For days and nights did Fanny and her son watch by his bed, and bathe his hot brow and cool his burning tongue with cold water. "Do, father!" came first to his mind when it began to clear up. "Oh, my God, help me!" cried the sick man. "Almighty Saviour! help me to keep it," prayed he, as Silas, true to his soldier duty, brought the cold water pledge to his father's bedside. In large, sprawling letters James wrote his name, and the family knelt down, while the minister prayed for forgiving mercy, and grace to strengthen him in days to come.

"Here, father," said Silas, going to the closet when the solemn service was over, "here is the decanter filled with fresh cold water; will you not seal your pledge to total abstinence by a glass of this wholesome drink?" "Oh, let us smash that decanter!" cried little Fanny. "And bury the pieces," added Freddy. "From our sight for ever," said Fanny, the mother. "That is all which is left of our first house-keeping, Fanny. Let it stand always filled with water, a witness of my reform, as it was the companion of my fall," said the penitent father. So there it stands, an abiding memorial of sad days, now better and brighter.

A YOUTHFUL CHRISTIAN.

B— was a sprightly boy of twelve, and possessed an active, inquiring mind. His religious training at home was thorough, which made him well acquainted with the doctrines and duties of the Gospel.

He was for a season, during a recent period, brought under the guidance and training of an aunt, whose leading aim was to bring him to Jesus, and whose efforts were blessed to his spiritual good. Whilst distressed about his soul, a friend said to him, "We are very anxious that you should be a Christian." Immediately the tears sprang to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Oh! I have tried—I have resolved to be good a great many times, but every time I have been more wicked! It is of no use. I never can be a Christian." "Why not?" "Because I cannot be good." He was then told that Christ alone must make him good—that he saved sinners, and never came to save good people—that he was waiting to be gracious, and was ready to save him. With this truth fastened upon his mind, he knelt down with his friend, who prayed that God would forgive him, take away his sins, and make him a lamb of his fold. He arose from his knees comforted and happy; he believed in Jesus; and from that moment he loved the Saviour, and sought to please him; and from that time those who came in contact with him, and were mostly with him, saw a marked change. He strove to gain a victory over a naturally impetuous spirit, and was delighted when he succeeded. His father would frequently come

upon him in out-of-the-way places reading his Bible, or Hannah More's "Private Devotions." He courted religious conversation with his family.

Several weeks were thus pleasantly spent in his happy home, when he was attacked with diphtheria. In the early stages of the disease, he said to his nurse, "I am so glad I gave my heart to Jesus before I was sick." At another time he said, "You know what my feelings have been, though I have not talked much about them, for I did not want to be deceived: but something tells me I am never to get well. It matters not, however, at what age one dies, if he is prepared."

As the disease did not yield to the remedies, the physician concluded to try tracheotomy. Just before the painful operation was performed, to which he submitted with perfect fortitude, and without a murmur, he repeated in a whisper, with great earnestness, "Precious Saviour!" an exclamation which had oft passed his lips. This last effort to save life proved unavailing. After some hours of hard respiration, he breathed his last, as all who stood round his couch supposed; but, after some three minutes of suspended animation, an obstruction was removed from his throat, when, with slow and difficult gasping, he gradually recovered breath. As soon as this was fairly regained, his consciousness seemed fully to return. He placed his hands upon his breast, his lips moved, and smiles of indescribable sweetness brightened his face. Then he attempted, by various rapid and convulsive motions of his hands, to express his feelings. His physician said, "Where have you been?" He instantly pointed upward. Then his father said, "In heaven, dear?" He nodded assent again and again, his face beaming with joy. Presently, he pointed with a finger of each hand to the palm of the other, and then, by an effort raising his feet from the bed, touched his insteps. No one could at once interpret the sign, but when his physician suggested that he might mean an allusion to his Saviour, his father said, "Do you mean your Saviour who was pierced for you?" His response was again a repeated affirmation, by motions of the head, so that all who watched him were repeatedly overcome with emotion.

For some minutes this scene continued—the pointing heavenwards—the radiant smiles—the clasped hands, and lips moving in prayer, until exhaustion intervened, and a quiet slumber succeeded. A few hours afterwards the messenger came, removing the sufferer from all earthly pain, and leaving upon his countenance an impress of heavenly peace.

In this manner Jesus prepared our young friend for heaven, and in this way he passed from the arms of love to those of the Beloved.

Short Arrows.

A LITERAL FAITH.—Mrs. Mason, who was a missionary among the Karens for eighteen years, was usually called mamma by her pupils. A little Karen boy once addressed to her this short letter, no doubt in the full belief that he was employing a strong Christian argument:—"Dear Mamma,—The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I read so in the holy book of Matthew. Please send me a knife!" Mrs. Mason rewarded the little fellow's faith by giving him the object he so much desired.

NEARNESS TO CHRIST.—When we get near to Christ

it makes us tender, and it is then very hard to hurt our feelings. We are then more easily hurt through Christ than through ourselves. We feel indignities which are cast upon Christ; but even they excite in us pity, and lead us to pray for them rather than utter harsh, unkind words. The farther we get away from Christ, the more sensitive we are—the more touchy—the more easy it is to hurt our feelings—the more easy it is to exasperate us and cause us to render railing for railing, harsh, unkind words for unkind words, and to say severe, cutting things.

THE GREAT WORK.—A person can be about no greater work than that of the Redeemer. And when any one would divert him from this, he cannot give a more appropriate answer than that of Nehemiah to Sanballat—"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?" It was conviction of this truth which moved the venerable William Carey to exclaim, when the Rangoon Government placed his son Felix in a dignified and important office, "My son is shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador."

WORLDLY VANITY.—Behold the grass! In the morning it is green and growth up, it waves its seedy heads, and exultingly bids defiance to the blast; but ere evening casts its shades around, and the cold dews in unseen showers descend, it droops its head, 'tis withered, 'tis cut down! Unwise and foolish, know ye are but grass! "Dust ye are, and unto dust shall ye return!" As the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field fall a prey to the devouring worm, so must ye! Earth must become your pillow, and the grave your hiding-place.

A REPROOF.—One day while Lady Raffles was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uneducated native woman of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery), in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. "I am come," said the woman, "because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

THE TRINITY.—A fine new church edifice had just been erected in the city. It was within view. Its dome was being finished. A number of dials appeared for a city clock. Let us suppose there were just three of these, exactly alike, equal in size and importance, and soon to be connected with the common mechanical arrangement within. This may aid to an understanding of the Trinity. The invisible chronometer may represent that indissoluble essence of the Godhead called Jehovah; and these dials its *persons*, called Father, Son, and Spirit. There is one clock, but three dials; and yet each dial is a full and complete clock, and still there are not three time-pieces, but one only. If we number these dials first, second, and third, the individuals who reside in that part of the city on which dial number two reflects or points, can see all that is necessary in regard to the division of time, without seeing either of the others. The word "face" is used in Scripture as that feature in the second person of the Trinity, in which all the communicable excellencies of Jehovah are made to appear to man. Now, as Christ is the dial, or face, of the Deity that is turned to a sinful world, so in him we

see all the fulness of the Godhead. On this we are all urged to look and be saved; and surely the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in this "face" will be the grandest exhibition of divine beauty that the greatest saint will ever see.

THE TRUE MINISTER OF GOD.—The servant of God delights in his law, and bears with pleasure the yoke which his Master appointeth him to bear. He is the same upright and honourable man when the veil of secrecy conceals him from the public view, as when he appears on the theatre of the world, and the eyes of multitudes are fixed upon him. He knows that secrecy is a word of no meaning; invented only to deceive—that "darkness is light before God," who penetrates the inmost recess of the heart, and from whom no secrets are hid—who observes his passing thoughts, his embryo affections, and abortive purposes, and records them for the judgment day. He refrains from all that is prohibited, practises self-denial, and accustoms himself to take up the cross. He will not approach very near the boundaries which circumscribe the space within which he is to acquire his gains, and search for his enjoyments, lest, in an unguarded moment, he should overstep them. He feels the sanctity and height of his calling. He is a priest who presents himself a living sacrifice to God. He is a king, and his own heart is the territory which he governs; and if ever he feels a rising disposition to covet what God withholds, he remembers Lot's wife, and averts his eyes from the forbidden object. In the course of his service he encounters difficulties and suffers hardships. Not to feel them, he considers, would show insensibility; to murmur would betray ingratitude. "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

TO OUR READERS.

JOHN CASSELL begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following additional contributions for the benefit of the poor Nestorian Christians in London, whose case has been referred to in Nos. 33 and 35 of THE QUIVER, and tenders his thanks to the kind donors:—W. Owens, £1; George F. Anderson, 2s. 6d.; A Weekly Reader of THE QUIVER, 2s. 6d.; A Reader, 2s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; R. S. Clarke, 6d.; F. Tovey Barnard, 5s.; C. G. M., 2s. 6d.; G., 5s. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGA."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FORGOTTEN LETTER.

It was the last day of March, and five o'clock in the afternoon. The great bell had rung in the manufactory of Mr. Ashley, the signal for the men to go to their tea. Scuffling feet echoed to it, from all parts, and clattered down the stairs on their way out. The ground floor was not used for the in-door purposes of the manufactory, the business being carried on in the first and second floors. The first flight of stairs opened into what was called the serving-room, a very large apartment; through this, on the right, branched off Mr. Ashley's room and Samuel Lynn's. On the left, various passages led to other rooms; and the upper flight of stairs was opposite to the entrance stairs. The serving-counter, running completely across the room, made a barrier between the serving-room and the entrance stairs.

The men flocked into the serving-room, passed it, and scattered down the stairs. Samuel Lynn was changing

his coat to follow, and William Halliburton was waiting for him, his cap on, for he walked to and fro with the Quaker, when Mr. Ashley's voice was heard from his room; the counting-house, as it was frequently called.

"William!" It was usual to distinguish the boys by their Christian name only; the men by their Christian and surnames joined. Samuel Lynn was "Mr. Lynn."

"Did thee not hear the master calling to thee?"

William had certainly heard Mr. Ashley's voice; but it was so unusual for him to be called by it, that he had paid no attention. He had very little communication with Mr. Ashley; in the five or six weeks he had now been at the manufactory, Mr. Ashley had not spoken to him a dozen words. He hastened into the counting-house, taking off his cap in the presence of Mr. Ashley.

"Are the men gone to tea?" inquired Mr. Ashley, who was sealing a letter.

"Yes, sir," replied William.

"Is George Dauce gone?" George Dauce was an apprentice, and it was his business to take the letters to the post.

"They are all gone, sir, except Mr. Lynn; and James Meeking, who is waiting to lock up."

"Do you know the post office?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It is in West Street, at the other end of the town."

"Take this letter, and put it carefully in."

William received the letter from Mr. Ashley, and dropped it into his jacket pocket. It was addressed to Bristol; the London mail-bags were already made up. Mr. Ashley put on his hat, and departed, followed by Samuel Lynn and William. James Meeking locked up, as it was his invariable business so to do, and carried the keys into his own house; he inhabiting part of the ground floor of the premises.

"Are thee not coming home with me this evening?" inquired Samuel Lynn of William, who was turning off the opposite way.

"No; the master has given me a letter to post. I have also an errand to do for my mother."

It happened (things do happen in a curious sort of way in this world) that Mrs. Halliburton had desired William to bring her in some candles and soap at tea-time, and to purchase them at Lockett's shop. Lockett's shop was rather far; there were others nearer; but Lockett's goods were of the best quality, and their extensive trade enabled them to sell a halfpenny a pound cheaper. A halfpenny was a halfpenny with Jane then. William went on his way, walking fast.

As he was passing the cathedral, he came in contact with the college boys, then just let out of school. It was the first day that Gar had joined, he having received his appointment according to promise. Very thankful was Jane, in spite of the drawback of having to provide them with good linen surplices. William halted, to see if he could discern Gar amidst the throng; it was not unnatural that he should look for him.

One of the boys caught sight of William standing there. It was Cyril Dare, the third son of Mr. Dare, a boy considerably older and bigger than William.

"If there's not another of that Halliburton lot posted there!" cried he, to a knot of those around. "Perhaps he will be coming amongst us next—because we have not enough with the two! Look at the fellow, staring at us! He is a common errand boy at Ashley's."

Frank Halliburton, who, little as he was, wanted neither for spirit nor pluck, heard the words, and confronted Cyril Dare. "That is my brother," said he.

"What have you to say against him?"

Cyril Dare cast a glance of scorn on Frank, regarding him from top to toe. "You audacious young puppy! I say he is a snob. There!"

"Then I say he is not," retorted Frank. "You are one yourself, for saying it."

Cyril Dare, big enough to have crushed Frank to death, speedily had him on the ground, and treated him not very mercifully when there. William, a witness to this, but not understanding it, pushed his way through the crowd to protect Frank. All he saw was, that Frank was down, and two big boys were kicking him.

"Let him alone!" cried he. "How can you be so cowardly as to attack a little fellow? And two of you! Shame!"

Now, if there was one earthly thing that the college boys would not brook, it was the being interfered with by a stranger. William suffered, Frank's treatment had been nothing to what he had to submit to. He was knocked down, trampled on, kicked, buffeted, abused; Cyril Dare being the chief and primary aggressor. At that moment the under master came in view, and the boys made off—all except Cyril Dare.

Reined in against the wall, at a few yards' distance, was a lad on a pony. He had delicately expressive features, large soft brown eyes, a complexion too bright for health, and wavy dark hair. The face was beautiful; but two upright lines were indented into the white forehead, as if worn there by pain, and the one ungloved hand was white and thin. He was as old as William within a year; but, slight and fragile, would be taken to be much younger. Seeing and hearing—though not very clearly—what had passed, he touched his pony, and rode up to Cyril Dare. The latter was beginning to walk away leisurely, in the wake of his companions: the upper boys were rather fond of ignoring the presence of the under master. Cyril turned at hearing himself called.

"What! Is it you, Henry Ashley? Where did you spring from?"

"Cyril Dare," was the answer, "you are a wretched coward."

Cyril Dare was feeling anger yet, and the words did not mend it. "Of course, you can say so!" he cried. "You know that you can say what you like with impunity. One can't chastise a cripple like you."

The brilliant, painful colour flushed into the face of Henry Ashley. To allude openly to infirmity, such as this, is as iron entering into the soul. Upon a sensitive, timid, refined nature (and those suffering from this sort of affliction are nearly sure to possess that nature), it falls with a bitterness that can neither be conceived by others nor spoken of by themselves. Henry Ashley braved it out.

"A coward, and a double coward!" he repeated, looking Cyril Dare full in the face, while the transparent flush grew hotter on his own. "You struck a young boy down, and then kicked him; and for nothing but that he stood up, like a trump, at your abuse of his brother."

"You couldn't hear," returned Cyril Dare, roughly.

"I heard sufficient. I say that you are a coward."

"Chut! They are snobs, out-and-out."

"I don't care if they are chimney-sweeps. It does not make you less a coward. And you'll be one as long as you live. If I had my strength, I'd serve you out as you served out them."

"Ah, but you have not your strength, you know!" mocked Cyril. "And as you seem to be going into one of your heroic fits, I shall make a start, for I have no time to waste on them."

He tore away. Henry Ashley turned his pony and addressed William. Both boys had spoken rapidly; but a minute had passed, and William had but just risen from the ground. He leaned against the wall, giddy, as he wiped the blood from his face. "Are you much hurt?" asked Henry, kindly, his large dark eyes full of sympathy.

"No, thank you; it is nothing," replied William.

"He is a great coward, though, whoever he is."

"It is Cyril Dare," called out Frank.

"Yes, it is Cyril Dare," continued Henry Ashley. "I have been telling him what a coward he is. I am ashamed of him: he is my cousin, in a remote degree. I am glad you are not hurt."

Henry Ashley rode away towards his home. Frank followed in the same direction; as did Gar, who now came in view. William proceeded up the town. He was a little hurt, although he had disclaimed it to Henry Ashley. His head felt light, his arms ached; perhaps the sensation of giddiness was as much from the want of a piece of bread as anything. He purchased what was required for his mother; and then made the best of his way home again. Mr. Ashley's letter had gone clean out of his head.

Frank, in the magnifying manner usual with boys, carried home so exaggerated a story of William's damages, that Jane expected to see him arrive half killed. Samuel Lynn heard of it, and said William might stop at home that evening. It has never been mentioned that his hours were from six till eight in the morning, from nine till one, from two till five, and from six till eight. These were Mr. Lynn's hours, and William was allowed to keep the same; the men had half an hour less at breakfast and tea-time.

William was glad of the rest, after his battle, and the evening passed on. It was growing late, almost bed-time, when all in an instant there flashed into his memory Mr. Ashley's letter. He put his hand into his jacket pocket. There it lay, snug and safe. With a few words of explanation to his mother, so hasty and incoherent that she did not comprehend a syllable, he snatched his cap, and flew away in the direction of the town.

Boys have good legs, good lungs; and William scarcely slackened speed until he gained the post-office, not far short of a mile. Dropping the letter into the box, he stood against the wall to recover breath. A clerk was standing at the door, whistling; and at the same moment a gentleman, apparently a stranger, came out of a neighbouring hotel, a letter in his hand.

"This is the post-office, I believe?" said he to the clerk.

"Yes."

"Am I in time to post a letter to Bristol?"

"No, sir. The bags for the Bristol mail are made up. It will be through the town directly."

William heard this in consternation. If it was too late for this gentleman's letter, it was too late for Mr. Ashley's.

He said nothing to any one that night; but he lay awake thinking over what might be the consequences of his forgetfulness. The letter might be one of importance; Mr. Ashley might discharge him for his neglect—and the weekly four shillings had grown into an absolute necessity. William possessed a large share of conscientiousness, and the fault disturbed him much.

When he got down at six, he found his mother up, and at work. He gave her the history of what had happened. "Whatever can be done?" he asked.

"Nay, William, put that question to yourself. What ought you to do? Reflect a moment."

"I suppose I ought to tell Mr. Ashley."

"Do not say 'I suppose,' my dear. You must tell him."

"Yes, I know I must," he acknowledged. "I have been thinking about it all night. But I don't like it."

"Ah, child! we have many things to do that we don't like. But the first trouble is always the worst. Look it fully in the face, and it will melt away. There is no help for it in this matter, William; your duty is plain. There's Mr. Lynn looking out for you."

William went out, heavy with the thought of the task he should have to accomplish after breakfast. He knew that he must do it. It was a duty, as his mother

had said; and she had fully impressed upon them all, from their infancy, the necessity of looking out for their duty and doing it, whether in great things or in small.

Mr. Ashley entered the manufactory that morning at his usual hour, half-past nine. He opened and read his letters, and then was engaged for some time with Samuel Lynn. By ten o'clock, the counting-house was clear. Mr. Ashley was alone in it, and William knew that his time was come. He went in, and approached Mr. Ashley's desk.

Mr. Ashley, who was writing, looked up. "What is it?"

William's face grew red and white by turns. He was of a remarkably sensitive nature; and these sensitive natures cannot help betraying their inward emotion. Try as he would, he could not get a word out. Mr. Ashley was surprised. "What is the matter?" he wonderingly asked.

"If you please, sir—I am very sorry—it is about the letter," he stammered, and was unable to get any further.

"The letter!" repeated Mr. Ashley. "What letter? Not the letter I gave you to post?"

"I forgot it, sir"—and William's own voice sounded to his ear painfully clear.

"Forgot to post it! That was unpardonably careless. Where is the letter?"

"I forgot it, sir, until night, and then I ran to the post-office and put it in. Afterwards I heard the clerk say that the Bristol bags were made up, so of course it would not go. I am very sorry, sir," he repeated, after a pause.

"How came you to forget it? You ought to have gone direct from here, and posted it."

"So I did go, sir. That is, I was going, but—"

"But what?" returned Mr. Ashley, for William had made a dead standstill.

"The college boys set on me, sir. They were ill-using my brother, and I interfered; and then they turned upon me. It made me forget the letter."

"It was you who got into an affray with the college boys, was it?" cried Mr. Ashley. He had heard his son's version of the affair, without suspecting that it related to William.

William waited by the desk. "If you please, sir, was it of great consequence?"

"It might have been. Do not you be guilty of such carelessness again."

"I will try not, sir."

Mr. Ashley looked down at his writing. William waited. He did not suppose it was over, and he wanted to know the worst. "Why do you stay?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"I hope you will not turn me away for it, sir," he said, his colour changing again.

"Well—not this time," replied Mr. Ashley, smiling to himself. "But I'll tell you what I should have felt inclined to turn you away for," he added—"concealing the fact from me. Whatever fault, omission, or accident you may commit, always acknowledge it at once; it is the best plan, and the easiest one. You may go back to your work now."

William left the room with a lighter step. Mr. Ashley looked after him. "That's an honest lad," thought he. "He might just as well have kept it from me; calculating on the chances of it's not coming out: many boys would have done so. He has been brought up in a good school."

Before the day was over, William came again into contact with Mr. Ashley. That gentleman sometimes made his appearance in the manufactory in an evening—not always. He did not on this one. When Samuel Lynn and William entered it on their return from tea, a gentleman was waiting in the counting-house on busi-

ness, Samuel Lynn, who was, on such occasions, Mr. Ashley's *alter ego*, came out of the counting-house presently, with a note in his hand.

"Thee put on thy cap, and take this to the master's house. Ask to see him, and say that I wait for an answer."

William ran off with the note; no fear of his forgetting, this time. It was addressed in the plain form pertaining to the Quakers, "Thomas Ashley," and could William have looked inside, he would have seen, instead of the complimentary "sir," that the commencement was "Respected Friend." He observed his mother sitting close at her window, to catch what remained of the declining light, and nodded to her as he passed.

"Can I see Mr. Ashley?" he inquired, when he reached the house.

The servant replied that he could. He left William in the hall, and opened the door of the dining-room; a handsome room, of lofty proportions. Mr. Ashley was slowly pacing it to and fro, while Henry sat at a table, preparing his Latin exercise for his tutor. It was Mr. Ashley's custom to help Henry with his Latin, easing difficulties to him by explanation. Henry was very backward with his classics; he had not yet begun Greek: his own private hope was that he never should begin it. His sufferings rendered learning always irksome, sometimes unbearable. The same cause frequently made him irritable—an irritation that could not be checked, as it would have been in a more healthy boy. The man told his master he was wanted, and Mr. Ashley looked into the hall.

"Oh, is it you, William?" he said. "Come in."

William advanced. "Mr. Lynn said I was to see yourself, sir, and to say that he waited for an answer."

Mr. Ashley opened the note, and read it by the lamp on Henry's table. It was not dark outside, and the chandelier was not lighted, but Henry's lamp was. "Sit down," said Mr. Ashley to William, and quitted the room, note in hand.

William felt that it was something, Mr. Ashley's recognising a difference between him and those black boys in the manufactory: they would scarcely have been told to sit in the hall. William sat down on the first chair at hand. Henry Ashley looked at him. He recognised him as the boy who had been mal-treated by the college boys on the previous day; but Henry was in no mood to be sociable, or even condescending—he never was when over his lessons. His hip was giving him pain, and his exercise was making him fractious.

"There! it's always the case! Another five minutes, and I should have finished this horrid exercise. Papa is sure to go away, or be called away, when he's helping me! It's a shame!"

Mrs. Ashley opened the door at this juncture, and looked into the room. "I thought your papa was here, Henry."

"No, he is not here. He is gone to his study, and I am stuck. Some blessed note has come, which he has to attend to; and I don't know whether this word should be put in the ablative or the dative! I'll job the pen through it!"

"Oh, Henry, Henry! Do not be so impatient."

Mrs. Ashley shut the door again; and Henry continued to worry himself, making no progress, except in fretfulness. At length William approached him. "Will you let me help you?"

Surprise brought Henry's grumbling to a standstill. "You!" he exclaimed. "Do you know anything of Latin?"

"I am very much farther in it than what you are doing. My brother Frank is as far as that. Shall I help you? You have put that wrong; it ought to be in the accusative."

"Well, if you can help me, you may, for I want to

get it over," said Henry, with a doubting stress upon the "can." "You can sit down, if you wish to," he patronisingly added.

"Thank you, I don't care about sitting down," replied William, beginning at once upon his task.

The two boys were soon deep in the exercise, William not doing it, but rendering it easy to Henry; in the same manner that Mr. Halliburton, when he was at that stage, used to make it clear to him.

"I say," cried Henry, "who taught you?"

"Papa. He bestowed a great deal of time upon me, and that got me on. I can see a wrong word there," added William, casting his eyes at the top of the page. "It ought to be in the vocative, and you have got it in the dative."

"You are mistaken, then. Papa told me that; and he is not likely to be wrong. Papa is one of the best classical scholars of the day—although he is a manufacturer," added Henry, who, through his relatives, the Dares, had been infected with a contempt for business.

"It should be in the vocative," repeated William.

"I shan't alter it. The idea of your finding fault with papa's Latin! Let us get on. What case is this?"

The last word of the exercise was being written, when Mr. Ashley opened the door and called to William. He gave him a note for Mr. Lynn, and William departed. Mr. Ashley returned to complete the interrupted exercise.

"I say, papa, that fellow knows Latin," began Henry. "What fellow?" returned Mr. Ashley.

"Why, that chap of yours, who has been here. He has helped me through my exercise. Not doing it for me: you need not be afraid: but explaining to me how to do it. He made it easier to me than you do, papa."

Mr. Ashley took the book in his hand, and saw that it was correct. He knew Henry could not, or would not have made it so himself. Henry continued:—

"He said his papa used to explain it to him. Fancy one of your manufactory's errand boys saying 'papa.'"

"You must not class him with the usual common errand boys, Henry. The boy has been as well brought up as you have."

"I thought so; for he has got his impudence about him," was Master Henry's retort.

"Was he impudent to you?"

"To me? oh no. He is as civil a fellow as ever I spoke with. Indeed, but for remembering who he was, I should call him a gentlemanly fellow. While he was telling me, I forgot who he was, and talked to him as an equal, and he talked to me as one. I call him impudent, because he found fault with your Latin."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Ashley, an amused smile parting his lips.

"He says this word's wrong. That it ought to be in the vocative case."

"So it ought to be," assented Mr. Ashley, casting his eyes on the word to which Henry pointed.

"You told me the dative, papa."

"That I certainly did not, Henry. The mistake must have been your own."

"He persisted that it was wrong, although I told him it was your Latin. Papa, it is the same boy who had the row yesterday with Cyril Dare. What a pity it is, though, that a chap so well up in his Latin should be shut up in a manufactory!"

"The only 'pity' is, that he is in it too early," was the response of Mr. Ashley. "His Latin would not be any detriment to his being in a manufactory, or the manufactory to his Latin. I am a manufacturer myself, Henry. You appear to ignore that sometimes."

"The Dares go on so. They din it in my ears, that a manufacturer cannot be a gentleman."

"I shall cause you to drop the acquaintance of the Dares, if you allow yourself to listen to all the false and

foolish notions they may give utterance to. Cyril Dare will probably go into a manufactory himself."

Henry looked up curiously. "I don't think so, papa."

"I do," returned Mr. Ashley, in a significant tone. Henry was surprised at the news. He knew his father never advanced a decided opinion unless he had good grounds for it. He burst into a laugh. The notion of Cyril Dare's going into a manufactory tickled his fancy amazingly.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUGGESTED FEAR.

ONE morning in April, towards the middle of it, Mrs. Halliburton went up to Mr. Ashley's. She had brought the quarter's rent.

"Will you allow me to pay it to yourself, sir—now, and in future?" she asked. "I feel an unconquerable aversion to have further dealings with Mr. Dare."

"I can understand that you should have," said Mr. Ashley. "Yes, you can pay it to me, Mrs. Halliburton. Always remembering, you know, that I am in no hurry for it," he added, with a smile.

"Thank you. You are very kind. But I must pay as I go on."

He wrote the receipt, and handed it to her. "I hope you are satisfied with William," she said, as she folded it up.

"Quite so. I believe he gives satisfaction to Mr. Lynn. I have little to do with him myself. Mr. Lynn tells me that he finds him a remarkably truthful, open-natured boy."

"You will always find him that," said Jane. "He is getting more reconciled to the manufactory than he was at first."

"Did he not like it at first?"

"No, he did not. He was disappointed altogether. He had hoped to find some employment more suitable to the way in which he had been brought up. He cannot divest himself of the idea that he is looked upon as on a level with the poor errand boys of your establishment, and therefore has lost caste. He had wished also to be in some office—a lawyer's, for instance—where the hours of leaving are early, so that he might have had the evening for his studies. But he is growing more reconciled."

"I suppose he wished to continue his studies?"

"He did so, naturally. The foundation of a superior education has been laid, and he expected it was to go on to completion. His brothers are now in the college school, occupied all day long with their studies, and of course William feels the difference. He gets to his books for an hour when he returns home in an evening, but he is weary, and does not do much good."

"He appears to be a more persevering, thoughtful boy than are some," remarked Mr. Ashley.

"Very thoughtful—very persevering. It has been the labour of my life, Mr. Ashley, to implant good seed in my children; to reason with them, to make them my companions. They have been endowed, I am thankful to say, with admirable qualities of head and heart, and I have striven unweariedly to foster the good in them. It is not often that boys are brought into contact with sorrow so early as they. Their papa's death and my adverse circumstances have been real trials. While others of their age think only of play, my boys have been obliged to learn the sad experiences of life; and it has given them a thought, a care, beyond their years. There is no necessity to make Frank and Edgar apply to their lessons unremittingly; they do it of themselves, with all their whole abilities, knowing that education is the only advantage they can possess—the one chance of their getting forward in the world. Had William been a boy

of a different disposition, less tractable, less reflective, less conscientious, I might have found some difficulty in inducing him to work as he is doing."

"Does he complain?" inquired Mr. Ashley.

"Oh, no, sir! He feels that it is his duty to work, to help so far as he can, and he does it without complaining. I see that he cannot help feeling it; he would like to be in the college with his brothers. But I cheer him up, and tell him it may all turn out for the best. Perhaps it will."

She rose as she spoke. Mr. Ashley shook hands with her, and attended her through the hall. "Your sons deserve to get on, Mrs. Halliburton, and I hope they will do so. It is an admirable promise of the future man, when a boy displays self-thought and self-reliance."

On the day following that interview, Samuel Lynn came to Mrs. Halliburton's. Not by way of the familiar, open back door, as Patience did, but by knocking at the front. Dobbs happened to open it. The double knocks were nearly sure to be for Mrs. Reece.

"Is Jane Halliburton within?"

"You can go and see," said crusty, disappointed Dobbs, flourishing her hand towards the study door. "It's not often that she's out."

Jane rose at his entrance; but he declined to sit, standing while he delivered the message with which he had been charged.

"Friend, thee need not send thy son to the manufactory again in an evening, except on Saturdays. On the other evenings he may remain at home from tea-time, and pursue his studies. His wages will not be lessened."

And Jane knew that the considerate kindness emanated from Thomas Ashley.

She got on better with her work as the months went on. By summer she could do it quickly; the days were long then, and, by dint of sitting closely to it, she could earn twelve shillings per week. With William's earnings, and the six shillings taken from Mrs. Reece's payments, that made twenty-two. It was quite a fortune, compared to what had been. But, like most great fortunes, it had its taxes and its drawbacks. In the first place, she could not always earn it; she was compelled to steal unwilling time to mend her own and the children's clothes. In the second place, a good portion of it had to be devoted to buying their clothes, besides other incidental expenses; so that in the matter of housekeeping they did not thrive much better. Still, Jane did begin to think that she should see her way clearer. But there was sorrow of a different nature looming in the distance.

One afternoon, which Jane was obliged to devote to plain sewing, she was sitting alone in the study, when there came a hard, short thump at it, which was Dobbs's way of making known her presence there.

"Come in!"

Dobbs came in, and sat herself down opposite Jane. It was summer weather, and the August dust blew in at the open window. "I want to know what's the matter with Janey," began she, without circumlocution.

"With Janey?" repeated Mrs. Halliburton. "What should be the matter with her? I know of nothing."

"Of course not," sarcastically answered Dobbs. "Eyes appear to be given to some folks only to blind 'em—more's the pity! You can't see it; my missis can't see it; but I say that the child is ill."

"Oh, Dobbs! I think you must be mistaken."

"Now, I'd thank you to be civil, if you please, Mrs. Halliburton," retorted Dobbs. "You don't take me for a common servant, I hope. Who's Dobbs?"

"I had no thought to be uncivil," said Jane. "I am so much accustomed to hear Mrs. Reece call you Dobbs, that—"

"My missis is one case, and other folks is another,"

burst forth Dobbs, by way of interruption. "I have got a handle to my name, I hope, which is Mrs. Dobbs, and I'd be obliged to you not to forget it again. What's the reason that Janey's always tired now, I ask?—don't want to stir—gets a bright pink in the cheeks and inside the hands?"

"It is only the effect of the heat of the weather."

The opinion did not please Dobbs. "There's not a earthly thing happens, but it's laid to the weather," she angrily cried. "The weather, indeed! If Janey is not going off after her pa, it's a odd thing to me."

Janey's heart-pulse stood still.

"Does she have night perspirations, or does she not?" demanded Dobbs. "She tells me she's hot and damp; so I conclude it is so."

"Only from the heat—only from the heat," panted Jane, eagerly. She dared not admit the fear.

"Well, the first time I go down to the town, I shall take her to Parry. It won't be at your cost," she hastened to add in an ungracious tone, for Jane was about to interrupt. "If she wants to know what she's took to the doctor's for, I shall tell her it is to have her teeth looked at. She has got a nasty cough upon her: perhaps you haven't noticed that! Some can't see a child decaying under their very nose, while strangers can see it palpable."

"She has coughed since last week, the day of the rain, when she went with Anna Lynn into the field at the back, and they got their feet wet. Oh, I am sure there is nothing serious the matter with her," added Jane, resolutely endeavouring to put the suggested fear from her. "I want her in: she must help me with my sewing."

"Then she's not a-going to help," resolutely returned Dobbs. "She has had a good dinner of roast lamb and sparrow-grass and kidney pertatoes, and she's a-sitting back in my easy chair, opposite to my missis in hers. Her wanting always to rest might have told some folks that she was ailing. When children are in health, their legs and wings and tongue are on the go from morning till night. You never need pervide 'em with a seat, but for their meals; and, give 'em their way, they'd eat *them* standing. Janey's always wanting to rest now, and she shall rest."

"But, indeed, she must help me to-day," urged Jane. "She can sew strait seams, and hem. Look at this heap of mending! and it must be finished to-day. I cannot afford to be about it to-morrow."

"What sewing is it you want done?" questioned Dobbs, lifting up the work with a jerk. "I'll do it myself, sooner than the child shall be bothered."

"Oh, no, thank you. I should not like to trouble you with it."

"Now, I make the offer to do the work," crossly responded Dobbs; "and if I didn't mean to do it, I shouldn't make it. You'd do well to give it me, if you want it done. Janey shan't work this afternoon."

Taking her at her word, and, indeed, glad to do so, Jane showed Dobbs a job, and Dobbs swung off with it. Jane called after her that she had not taken a needle and cotton. Dobbs retorted that she had got needles and cotton of her own, she hoped, and needn't be beholden to anybody else for 'em.

Janey sat on, anxious, all the afternoon. Janey remained in Mrs. Reece's parlour, and revelled in an early tea and pikelets. Jane was disturbed from her thoughts by the boisterous entrance of Frank and Gar, more boisterous than usual. Frank was a most excitable boy, and he had been told that evening by the head master of the college school, the Reverend Mr. Keating, that he might be one of the candidates for the vacant place in the choir. This was enough to set Frank off for a week. "You know what a nice voice you say I have, mamma; what a good ear for music!" he reiterated. "I shall be sure to gain the place, if you will

let me try. We have to be at college for an hour morning and afternoon daily, but we can easily get that up if we are industrious. Some of the best Helstonleigh scholars, who have shone at Oxford and Cambridge, were choristers. And I should have about ten pounds a-year paid to me."

Ten pounds a-year! Jane listened with a beating heart. It would more than keep him in clothes. She inquired more fully into particulars.

The result was that Frank had leave to try for the vacant choristership, and gained it. His voice was the best of those tried. He went home in a glow. "Now, mamma, the sooner you set about a new surplice for me the better."

"A new surplice, Frank!" Ah, it was not all profit.

"A chorister must have two surplices, mamma. King's scholars can do with one, having them washed between the Sundays; choristers can't. We must have them always in wear, you know, except in Lent, and on the day of King Charles the Martyr."

Janey smiled; he talked so fast. "What is it that you are running on about?"

"Goodness, mamma, don't you understand? All the six weeks of Lent, and on the 30th of January, the cathedral is hung with black, and the choristers have to wear black cloth surplices. They don't find the black ones: the college does that."

Frank's success in gaining the place did not give universal pleasure to the college school. Since the day of the disturbance in the spring, in which William was mixed up, the two young Halliburtons had been at a discount with the desk at which Cyril Dare sat; and this desk pretty well ruled the school.

"It's coming to a fine pass!" exclaimed Cyril Dare, when the result of the trial was carried into the school. "Here's the townclerk's own son passed over as nobody, and that snob of a Halliburton put in! Somebody ought to have told the dean what snobs they are."

"What would the dean have cared?" grumbled another, whose young brother had been among the rejected ones. "To get good voices in the choir is all he cares for in the matter."

"I say, where do they live—that set?"

"In a house of Ashley's, in the London Road," answered Cyril Dare. "They couldn't pay the rent, and my father put a bum in."

"Bosh, Dare!"

"It's true," said Cyril Dare. "My father manages Ashley's rents, you know. They'd have had every stick and stone sold, only Ashley—he is a regular soft over some things—took and gave them time. Oh, they are a horrid set! They don't keep a servant!"

The blank astonishment that this last item of intelligence caused at the desk, can't be described. Again Cyril's word was disputed.

"They don't, I tell you," he repeated. "I taxed Halliburton senior with it one day, and he told me to my face that they could not afford one. He possesses brass enough to set up a foundry, does that fellow. The eldest one is an Ashley's manufactory, errand boy. Errand boy! And here's this one promoted to the choir, over gentlemen's heads! He ought to be pitched into, ought Halliburton senior."

In the school Frank was Halliburton senior; Gar, Halliburton junior. "How is it that he says he was at King's College before he came here? I heard him tell Keating so."

At this moment Mr. Keating's voice was heard. "Silence!" Cyril Dare let a minute elapse, and then began again.

"Such a low thing, you know, not to keep servants! We couldn't do at all without five or six. I'll tell you what: the school may do as it likes, but our desk shall cut the two fellows here."

And the deak did; and Frank and Gar had to put up with many mortifications. There was no help for it. Frank was brave as a young lion; but against some sorts of oppression there is no standing up. More than once was the boy in tears, telling his griefs to his mother. It fell more on Frank than it did on Gar.

Jane could only strive to console him, as she did William. "Patience and forbearance, my darling Frank! You will outlive it in time."

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

BRITTANY.—The work of our Baptist friends in this province is thus summed up for the past year:—"Towards the close of the year, Mr. Jenkins received a fellow-helper in Mr. A. W. Monod, son of the late eminent Adolphe Monod, of Paris. This has led to the extension of itinerating labour, while the regular ministrations of the Gospel in Morlaix and the three sub-stations have not been interrupted. Seven persons have been baptised during the year, and the little church of thirty-four members has enjoyed peace and the blessing of the Most High. The work of colportage has vigorously been carried on, and upwards of 800 volumes of the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, have been sold, besides 127 volumes of other religious works. Notwithstanding priestly opposition, the itinerant teaching continues to prosper. It never was so firmly established, nor so extensive and efficient as now. At Tremel, where a chapel is in course of erection, the number of learners has risen from 44 to 92, chiefly through the zeal and faithfulness of a pious mother and her son. 'The dawn of the Gospel,' says Mr. Jenkins, 'sheds its precious light on Brittany. The different parts of the evangelising labour are active, blessed, and prosperous. People are awaking; gladness is expressed at the place of worship; at Tremel, individuals come for the New Testament; Romish priestcraft loses its prestige and influence; while our means and hopes of doing good are increasing. The Lord blesses his gospel of salvation, and he will not abandon those who put their trust in him.'"

ALEPPO.

We extract the following from a letter by the Rev. E. G. Brown (United Presbyterian), on the state of the Jews in Aleppo:—"There is no visible movement among the mass of the Jews of this city. The flood of new ideas which has shaken the Judaism of many of the cities of Europe, and swept away a belief in Talmudical traditions from thousands of minds, and prepared many for the reception of the good seed, has scarcely stirred the stagnant Oriental intellect. Early in the morning, and half an hour before sunset, all the men repair to the synagogue, while the women are universally untaught, and practically excluded from the forms of worship. The teachings of the ancient hachams (rabbis) are revered as oracles of God, even when their ludicrous absurdity belies the title of 'wise men'; and the jurisdiction of living hachams is submitted to with unquestioning obedience. Yet even here the bondage of mind is not so perfect as it appears. I was assured a few days ago by an intelligent Jew, that there are three or four hundred who have ceased to render this implicit obedience, and wish to discover truth for themselves. Very often, when I state the Gospel to a Jew, he replies, 'I have read the New Testament.' And though it is read with that veil on their hearts which makes them blind to all that the Old Testament reveals of Christ, yet this increasing knowledge of truth is surely a preparation for the day when the Spirit of grace and supplications

shall cause them to look upon Him whom their fathers pierced. It is something to be thankful for, that the Jews of Aleppo are beginning to know that there are Christians who have no pictures in their churches, and who abhor the worship of saints and angels as much as themselves, and to perceive that these things are as contrary to the Gospel as to the law. 'Your religion and ours,' they say to me every day, 'are exactly alike, only this matter of the Messiah.' Alas for the awful greatness of the exception! A number of young men irregularly and stealthily attend our services, and visit us in private, who freely acknowledge their belief that Jesus is the Son of God; but being destitute of the faith that works by love, they continue afraid or ashamed to confess him before men. One young man, long an inquirer, is now on probation for baptism. During the past year there has been a decided increase of friendliness in my intercourse with the Jews. Some invite us to their houses, and receive us with apparent pleasure, though we take every opportunity of assuring them that Jesus, whom their fathers crucified, is their Messiah, Priest, and Sacrifice."

INDIA.

SEALKOTE.—This is the principal Indian station of the Scotch Church. Recently the foundation of the "Hunter Memorial Church" was laid by the Rev. W. Ferguson, who, in his address, as reported in the *Delhi Gazette*, briefly recounted the origin and early history of the Mission of the Church of Scotland at Sealkote. "Many years ago a Christian gentleman, whose name he could not give, had placed at the disposal of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church a small sum of money to assist in opening a Mission in the Punjab. The first missionary was the Rev. Thomas Hunter, who, with his wife and child, were cruelly murdered by the rebels in the mutiny of 1857. They thought they had 'swallowed us up quick.' But 'the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous.' Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped." In accordance with that spirit of love which distinguishes the religion of Jesus from all false creeds—in accordance with the mandate, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head'—the Church of Scotland resolved to double their efforts for the spiritual good of the natives of Sealkote. And instead of one, as formerly, there are now two missionaries earnestly at work. In the same spirit of Christian retaliation, the Scottish ladies conceived the design of teaching the daughters of such rebels as might have fallen, leaving orphan children, to know the love of Christ. And a 'Thank-Offering Fund' subscription was set a-going, the result of which was the Sealkote Scottish Orphanage, which we could all see only a few yards off, and whose inmates were now present to witness the commencement of the edifice which was hereafter to be the place of their public worship. An orphanage for boys also has been begun by the missionaries, and a number of boys have already been obtained. A portion of land surrounding the Mission House and the Orphanage has been secured, on which is being built a Christian village—the villagers to have each his little farm. Here, then, is a promising Mission; missionaries able now to preach in the vernacular, a small flock of native Christians already around them, a boys' orphanage, a girls' orphanage, their schools, their village, and their host of little farms. And may we not hope that very many of the millions of surrounding heathen may be led to seek and find the saving truths of the Gospel through this Mission? Only one thing is wanted to complete the establishment—a place for public worship—a church. And here it is, in the good providence of God, now in course of erection."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JUNE 22.

BANISHMENT OF BISHOP NESTORIUS FOR HERESY.—On this day, A.D. 431, the third Ecumenical Council assembled at Ephesus to execute the decree of Pope Celestine as to the heresy of Nestorius. There were present at the first session one hundred and thirty-eight bishops, and by their desire he was deposed from his see and banished.

JUNE 23.

ORGANISATION OF A NEW CHURCH IN SYRIA.—Not the least among the many difficulties which beset the missionaries in the East is the persecution of the Mohammedans. A very short time ago the town of Hasbeiya was prosperous, and the missionaries had a fine church there, and many Christian followers; but their cruel persecutors desecrated their church, and massacred the members of the congregation. "This unhappy town," says Mr. Ford, "still remains desolate, so far as its Christian inhabitants are concerned, and they are preparing to spend another winter of exile and privation in the towns of the coast." "We were permitted," he adds, "on June 23, 1860, to organise a new Evangelical Church at Merj Ayun, and, at the same time, to dedicate the commodious chapel, nearly finished, at Kheiyam. It was a most interesting season to us, and to the community of Protestants in the Merj; but especially so to the little band of disciples who were then separated from their former church relations, and assumed the responsibilities of a distinct church. Three new members were added to them on profession of faith, making the whole number seventeen. These three are from Deir Mimas, and are the firstfruits to God from that village. They are to human view spiritually-minded and consistent Christians. One of them is a young man of active mind and studious habits, and promises to become useful as a teacher or preacher of the truth. You will see how much there is on this occasion to inspire hopefulness in us all." The report concludes by saying, that at present there is no shutting of the doors against the missionaries in Syria; but they observe that the enemies of the truth are putting forth redoubled efforts, and lavishing money like water, to draw the people, and especially the young, into their net. That the missionaries are increasing their exertions likewise, but their means being so limited, and being further called upon by the prudential committee to retrench, they feel that they are placed in a dangerous position, for in a very short period the fate of Christianity in Syria may be decided. "This field," observes Mr. Ford, "is one where forces of no ordinary strength meet and struggle for the mastery, and where half-way efforts will only mock the hopes of those who make them. True, indeed, 'the battle is not to the strong'; but the victory, with God's blessing, awaits those who, whether strong or weak, shall have done what they could for the cause of God and truth."

JUNE 24.

NATIVITY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—The 24th of June was always observed by the early church as the nativity of John the Baptist. St. Austin observes that the Church usually celebrates the festivals of saints on the day of their death, which is in the true estimate of things their great birthday—their birthday to eternal life, but adds that the nativity of John the Baptist is excepted from this rule because he was sanctified "from the womb." But the birth of the precursor of our gracious Redeemer was a mystery which brought great joy into the world, announcing that its re-

demption was at hand. It was in itself miraculous, and no doubt the day was kept because the birth of John the Baptist was the first visible token of grace and salvation through Jesus Christ. It will be remembered, too, that this child was ordered to be consecrated to God from his very birth as an exterior mark of his holy destination; and for an emblem of the necessity of leading a temperate life the heavenly messenger enjoined that he should neither taste wine nor strong drink. This day was formerly much observed in England. Upon the vigil of St. John the Baptist (or Mid-summer's Eve) at night, in the olden time, the London watch was accustomed "to be set with great parade marches and counter-marches, from the little conduit by Paul's Gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then back down to Fenchurch Street by Grass Church, about Grass Church conduit, and up Grass Church Street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheap again, and so broke up," says Strype. It is said to have been a very imposing spectacle, and the origin is supposed to have sprung from some of the religious forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. But others assert that it originated in a ceremony that the early Christians used at this period, of assembling in prayer, intimating that they were expecting the second coming of the Messiah, and the marching and re-marching was to show that they were ready to do his will.

JUNE 25.

"OCCASIONAL CONFORMITY" AND "SCHISM" ACTS CONSIDERED.—It will be remembered that when George I. ascended the throne of England it was in peaceable times; but the happy tranquillity in which he commenced his reign was soon disturbed by jealous commotions both in politics and religion. The Catholics took umbrage at the address to the people by the ministers of the crown, in which they desired them, in their choice of representatives, to have "a particular regard to such as showed a firmness to the Protestant succession when it was in danger." As it had not been proved that the Protestant succession was in any degree exposed to danger, it was viewed as an avowal that the ministry would maintain party distinctions, and to act as an encouragement to their partisans to exert their influence to the fullest extent in the approaching contest. Occasional outbreaks followed, but there was at this time such a dread throughout England of a return to Popery, that measures were passed so strictly favouring the Church of England, that Nonconformists generally began to feel their privileges interfered with, and they petitioned for protection. In the session of 1718 the ministry turned their attention to these ecclesiastical matters, and being desirous to strengthen their interests with the great body of the Dissenters, they resolved to repeal certain acts of parliament which bore an unfriendly aspect towards their several communions. Among these was the "Bill against Occasional Conformity," that for the "Prevention of Schism," and also the one for "Imposing the Sacramental Test." Now, these had all been passed for the purpose of putting a stop to Popery, but they became as oppressive to all denominations of Christians that did not conform to the Church of England as to Roman Catholics. Accordingly, on this day, Lord Stanhope, who was taxed with having a lingering regard for Popery, brought a motion before the house, that all these acts should be repealed; whereupon Sunderland, though he had allied himself with the Dissenters, said "it would be difficult enough to repeal the Schism and Occasional Conformity Acts, but any attack upon the Test Act also would ruin all." These more limited views prevailed in the cabinet, and were made the basis of the measure actually introduced by Stanhope. The Dissenters, however, desiring only freedom, declined to press for the full bill, and declared

themselves ready to forego for a time a part of their pretensions, being assured that the Government would, at a more favourable opportunity, make an effort to remove all their grievances, and would, as early as possible, divest the Test Act of its worst features. The bill in its new form, however, was not introduced until the 13th of December following, when it bore for its title "An Act for Strengthening the Protestant Interest;" and it was recommended by its promoter on this ground: that, by promoting union among all who had abjured Popery, it would place the Anglican Church at the head of Protestantism, both at home and abroad. The bill was earnestly opposed by both the archbishops; but four of the bishops—Hoadley, Willis, Kennett, and Gibson—supported the measure, though in direct opposition to the higher prelates. The bill, however, passed by a small majority in the Lords. Stanhope considered it necessary to withdraw all clauses referring to the Test Act, and in this modified sense it was sent down to the Commons, where, on the 7th of January, 1719, an animated discussion took place, which was chiefly remarkable for the part borne in it by Walpole, who warmly opposed the repeal of an enactment that he had formerly characterised as worthy of the Dey of Algiers. On the division there appeared 243 votes for the bill, and 202 against it—a result which was ascribed to the Scottish members, the greater part of whom gave their voice in its favour. But these discussions had produced a better effect than even the passing of the Act. It caused a more general inquiry into the principles of religion. Dissensions repeatedly disturbed the meetings at convocation. Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, gave great offence to the clergy of the Church of England by publishing some sermons which they characterised as having a most dangerous tendency towards the interests of religion; but he was only seeking for more freedom. And he gained his point at last; for we are told that, after a very long controversy in their Convocational Assembly, it was judged expedient to intermit the assembling of the great ecclesiastical council for the discussion of abstract principle.

JUNE 26.

A POPE'S BULL.—On the 26th of June, 1816, Pope Pius VII. issued his bull against Bible Societies, and prohibited the circulation of Bibles published by heretics and denouncing such bibles as eminently dangerous to men's souls.

JUNE 27.

THEODORE BEZA BORN.—Next to Calvin, Beza is esteemed by the Calvinists the apostle of their creed. He was deputed by the Calvinists of Switzerland to obtain the intercession of the Protestant princes of Germany in behalf of the Huguenot prisoners at Paris, and his mission to Anthony, King of Navarre, was on the same errand. In the religious conferences at Poissy, in 1561, he advocated the rights of his party with an energy, presence of mind, and talent, which won the admiration of his opponents. In the following year he denounced image worship at the St. Germain conference.

JUNE 28.

IRENEUS, BISHOP OF LYONS, DIED.—The great commerce between Marseilles and the ports of Lesser Asia, especially Smyrna, made great intercourse between these places in the early Christian era. The Gospel truths are said to have been propagated in that part of Gaul in the time of the apostles, and thence soon reached Vienna and Lyons. While the desire for wealth encouraged many to hazard their lives amidst the dangers of the seas in the way of trade, pious men were found willing to face every danger and battle with every difficulty, that they might extend "the good tidings of great joy" that had come on the earth, deeming the salvation of souls a

greater blessing than their own lives. The first of these early fathers of whom mention is made is Irenæus. He was a Grecian, and supposed to be a native of Lesser Asia; but his parents were Christians, and they placed him under the care of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. He was a boy of quick abilities, and was soon inspired with a holy zeal for religion. He and another priest are supposed to have been sent to Gaul by the Bishop of Smyrna A.D. 177. Here he laboured hard, and brought numbers to the knowledge of the Gospel. After he had preached there for some years, Pothinus, the first Bishop of Lyons, died, and Irenæus was appointed his successor, and by his preaching, says Eusebius, "in a short time he converted almost that whole country to the faith." At this time there was peace in the land, and the Christians were allowed to preach as they would. Commodus was then on the Roman throne, and though sunk deep in debauchery and cruelty, he never persecuted the Christians. He was poisoned. After him came an old man, Pertinax, who was made emperor by compulsion; he was always trembling for his safety, and reigned only eighty-seven days, when he was slain. Then came a squabble for the throne, which was eventually gained by Severus, after defeating his two rivals, Niger and Albinus. The Christians took no share in these public disturbances. Tertullian, indeed, much extols the fidelity of the Christians to their princes, and says none of them were ever found in the armies of rebels; thus they everywhere acknowledged and faithfully obeyed Severus. He professed to be under other obligations to them also. Tertullian tells us that a Christian, named Proculus, cured him of a painful disease, and for which benefit the emperor was for some time favourable to the Christians, and kept Proculus as long as he lived in his palace. Yet the clamours of the heathen at length moved the emperor, who was naturally inclined to severity, to raise a persecution against the Church, and he published his edicts to that effect about the tenth year of his reign, and 202 of the Christian era. Having formerly been governor of Lyons, and eye-witness to the flourishing state of that Church, he seems to have given particular instructions that the Christians there should be proceeded against with extraordinary severity. This persecution appears to have been stirred up because the Christians refused to join the idolaters in their sacrifices, for at this time the pagans were celebrating the decennial games in honour of Severus. "Whence," Tertullian says, in his "Apology," "is it thus that your public rejoicings are consecrated by public infamy." Ado, in his "Chronicle," says that St. Irenæus suffered martyrdom on this day, with an exceeding great multitude. An ancient epitaph, inscribed on a curious mosaic pavement in the great church of St. Irenæus, at Lyons, says the martyrs who died with him amounted to the number of nineteen thousand. St. Gregory of Tours writes, that Irenæus had in a very short time converted to the faith almost the whole city of Lyons; and that with him were butchered almost all the Christians of that populous town, inasmuch that streams of blood flowed down the streets. Irenæus and two other martyrs were buried with great care in the subterranean chapel under the church of St. John, till 1562, when their remains were scattered by the Calvinists, and a great part thrown into the river. These indignities were by no means heaped on the memory of the man; but the Roman Catholics had such faith in the miraculous power of this poor frail body, that the Calvinists resorted to this mode of procedure in order that they might convince the Romanists of the utter absurdity of their undue reverence and faith. The Latin Church honours Irenæus's memory on this the 28th of June, being the day of his martyrdom; but the Greek Church dedicates the 23rd of August to his memory.

AFFLICTIONS OFTEN RETRIBUTIVE.

THE trials and sufferings of Christians, personally and socially, are not unfrequently the retributions of Divine Providence. When, by the grace of God, a man becomes converted, it does not follow as a sequence that the evils previously introduced as the result of the general tenor of former life are countermanded or even counteracted, and that the punishment due to social and domestic demerit and remissness is to be rescinded. Such a sequence would involve the abnegation of God's providential government, and dissolve the affinity existing between moral criminality and physical and social suffering. God is righteous in awarding due and proportionate punishment to moral remissness and delinquency as it affects the constitution of social life, in connection with the present human dynasty. On the embracement and experience of religion, it is not promised, nor is it ever intended, that the social and physical evils propagated during a course of sin, and introduced or entailed upon ourselves, or our families, or upon society, should be immediately cancelled. When, by the converting grace of God, we become exonerated from liability to Divine wrath and future punishment, we are not at the same time, and by the same gracious act, exempted from the liabilities and consequences necessarily attaching to our former conduct, as it may affect our separate and distinct homesteads. Were such to be the case, the harmony of the Divine government would be frustrated, and the economy upon which his jurisprudence is based entirely annulled. If the intelligent reader will carefully study the biographies of Scripture, he will easily perceive the truthfulness of our remarks. David was forgiven; but the sword was not permitted to depart from his house during the whole of his after life, as the retributive consequence of former transgression. Jacob obtained mercy; but a train of evils, as the righteous awardment for his former perfidy, deceit, and fraud, were entailed upon his subsequent life and experience, which embittered the remainder of his pilgrimage, and from which he only found relief by death.

The prophet Eli, for not restraining his sons from open profligacy and vice, by the exercise of the parental authority delegated to him, had to suffer the severest penalty. Moses, the meekest man that ever lived, and who enjoyed, for the space of forty years, daily and uninterrupted intercourse and communion with God, was debarred from entering the Promised Land, for the dishonour he had brought upon the Lord at the waters of Meribah. Yea, even St. Paul entailed upon himself, during the whole of his subsequent Christian life, merited persecution and suffering, as the just and equitable awardment of Providence, for his former cruel and ungodly persecution of the primitive Church, and for his connivance at the murder of the proto-martyr Stephen. And if such pre-eminently distinguished men had to sustain

suffering and sorrow as a just punishment for previous misconduct, let no Christian of the present day affect to claim exemption from the general and unchangeable law of Providence, but try to bear with resignation, fortitude, and patience the righteous retribution for former delinquency, happy in the conscious fact that God is just, and true, and good; and that although entailed evils are inseparable from this life, yet at death they will for ever terminate in the enjoyment of eternal blessedness. Such considerations as these have—or ought to have—the effect of humbling us in the dust, and causing us to bear without a murmur the ills and evils consequent upon human demerit. How necessary for us, when sustaining these afflictions, to take a retrospect of the past in our individual histories, and examine minutely the general tenor of our earlier and unconverted life. Have we children who are refractory and disobedient? What were we in our juvenile years? The lips of Infinite Wisdom have said, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." Was our conduct towards our parents everything that was kind, and filial, and noble? Ah! such consoling reflections cheer the memories of but few, for the reverse of this is the general testimony of most Christians. And can we expect—such having been the case—that our offspring shall act in contradistinction and opposition to the natural course and affinity of things, and that the providence of God will mark out for us a smooth and blissful pathway in our domestic and religious circles, and exonerate us from the retributive consequences of our youthful but erring life? Such expectations are presumptuous, and, we fear, will be doomed in most cases to disappointment. It may be, that we cost our now "grave-sleeping parents" many a pang, and rent from their once bleeding hearts many a bitter groan, and chased down their wrinkled cheeks many a scalding tear. And do we expect to escape unhurt, now that we have become, in the order of nature, the parents of children and the heads of families? Such an issue, were it to become common, would reverse the very order of things, and subvert the economy of all moral government.

Perhaps in our earlier wedded life, when the moral instincts of our children were plastic, and capable of being moulded to any defined moral shape; or, when pliant, they might have been disciplined by Scripture precept and parental culture to the formation of virtuous character and the occupancy of positions highly honourable and dignified, we were relax in our disciplinary jurisprudence, or, what is worse, awfully remiss in our exemplary conduct and behaviour. Those of our readers who were happily converted in early life, and entered upon matrimony in the fear of God, and as Christians had formed fixed resolutions of training their children "in the way in which they should go," have probably escaped not a

few sufferings and sorrows; but all pious parents were not converted in early life. Many have undergone that happy change when their families were grown up, and their children's characters in a great measure formed from early youth. How, then, can they expect exemption from domestic turmoil, strife, and misery? It is true, a change has been wrought in the parents of the domestic establishment, but the change thus wrought does not always lead to the conversion of the remainder of the family, nor, perhaps, has the change in the parent gained their approbation, nor does it command the respect and deference which such a change ought and would command in considerate persons. It is written, when a man embraces Christ and becomes decidedly religious, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household;" and when the circumstances of the case are properly considered, it is no wonder that such should be the result. The polity of such a homestead has undergone a great and important change. Restrictions are imposed, and restraints inculcated, opposed to former liberties and indulgences. A system of religious discipline is introduced, which puts the shackles upon indiscreet and undue behaviour, at which the unregenerated heart sinks and recoils, and hence it sometimes occurs that the impetuosity of youth—of both sexes—finding the change and transition from comparative libertinism to that of order and submission to be anything but congenial to its taste, opposes their introduction and exaction, and to avoid their application escapes from the paternal roof—as did the prodigal of olden time—and seeks in another atmosphere the enjoyment of freedom and folly.

Now, such a catastrophe would not, most probably, have taken place, had it not been for previous parental remissness. But the past in this case is irremediable, and all such unfortunate parents are called upon, in the providence of God, to bear the evil which they themselves have incipiently and unpremeditatedly caused. Comfort and consolation to such it is difficult to give. They are surrounded by circumstances and sorrows in a great measure creations of their own, and their only resource is earnest prayer to God, and an heroic determination to bear with fortitude what is by them irremediable. Comfortless as are the sentiments we are inditing, yet let not those who thus suffer "charge God foolishly," but rather let them bless the hand that chastises, and bear in grateful remembrance the consoling assurance that, to the children of God, "afflictions sanctified are blessings in disguise."

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

JERUSALEM TO THE DEAD SEA.

THE northern extremity of the Dead Sea lies almost to the east of Jerusalem; but the usual route to the famous waters is by way of Jericho. Travellers find it necessary to pay a certain sum to the sheikhs, who are authorised to guide and protect them. The amount paid by each traveller is a fixed one, and is recognised by the British consulate. It is necessary to make provision for sleeping in the open air, as there is no accommodation of any kind in the desolate region we have to visit. We set out from Jerusalem by the gate of St. Stephen, and pass over the brook Kedron, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, not far from the chapel where the tomb of the Virgin Mary is said

to be. The brook Kedron is now without water. From the valley of Jehoshaphat we ascend and cross over the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, upon the summit of which we obtain the finest view of Jerusalem. In a little while we arrive at Bethany, now a poor little place, low down upon the slope of the hill. It must once have been larger; and broken columns and other ruins still appear by the side of our path as we descend to it. The people now call it El Azariyah, or "the Village of Lazarus;" and they profess to show there the house of Lazarus and his grave. Though now consisting of only a few low, mud-roofed huts, the place is one of intense interest from its connection with our Lord's earthly life and labours. The supposed grave of Lazarus is considered holy, even by the Turks; but, of course, no one can say positively whether it is the actual place of burial. It is a kind of cave in the side of the hill; and some, as Lord Nugent, have stated their belief that it was the grave of Lazarus.

From Bethany the road lies eastward, among wild and desolate hills, among which they point out the ancient Bahurim, where Shimei cursed David and pelted him with stones. As we advance there is little or no vegetation; and about an hour after leaving Jerusalem, we descend by a very rugged and precipitous path into a deep valley, or ravine. In this valley there is a stream of water, and the steep cliffs are hollowed out into numerous caves where men are said to have once dwelt. The road to Jericho rapidly descends in this gloomy valley, where we are forcibly reminded of the Lord's parable of the man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. Not only so, it is well known that the road to Jericho still retains its ancient reputation for insecurity, and hence it is that travellers often pass along it well armed.

Where the valley becomes wider, we can see the valley of the Jordan far lower down than we are; and beyond it, in the distance, the rocky mountains of Moab and Abarim. To our left is the brook Cherith, famous in the history of Elijah; and between the Jordan and the mountains is the place where Balaam is believed to have pronounced the blessing upon Israel. From one point we obtain a fine view of the Dead Sea, which Dr. Stewart aptly compares to a large Highland loch on a calm, hot summer day, reflecting on its surface the high mountains which rise from its very edge. Pursuing our way along the downward road, and passing various ruins which remind us of former times, we reach the fountain of Ain es Sultan, and the miserable village of Er Riha, the modern representative of the once populous Jericho. The ruins of Jericho are believed to prove that the town has occupied three different sites: one in the time of Moses, one in the time of our Lord, and another now. One traveller says, that Er Riha was, without exception, the most miserable village he had seen in the country. "It consists of about a score of huts built of loose stones, and covered with bushes and mud. One poor stunted palm alone remains, in what was once the city of palm trees!"

Between Jericho and the Jordan the country is desolate; but a little before reaching the river we come upon a kind of jungle not very easy to penetrate. Crowds of pilgrims come to the venerable stream and bathe in its waters. Many cut walking sticks from the trees upon the banks, and fill bottles with the

water, as mementoes of their visit. The water is sweet, but not very pleasant, and is yellow, like that of the Tiber. The river is from fifty to sixty yards wide, and its banks are in many places about ten feet high.

From the point where the Jordan is reached, the way to the Dead Sea leads towards the south. It is difficult and almost impossible to follow the windings of the river, and, therefore, a path is followed at some distance from it. The trees which fringe the stream become fewer in number as we approach the sea, where all is desolate and wild. It is often said that no signs of life are visible; but this is a mistake, as flocks of ducks may be seen, and they sometimes take to the water. This water is known to be exceedingly buoyant; so much so, that it is difficult to swim in it, but very easy to float upon it. The water is also remarkably salt, and persons who taste it do not get rid of the nauseous flavour for a long time. It also leaves upon the body a greasy, unctuous moisture, hard to remove, and very disagreeable. Fish cannot live in the water, and, therefore, if any enter it from the river they die. Drift wood brought down by the Jordan becomes as black as if it had been charred. In some places bitumen is found. A considerable mist rises from the surface of the lake, and probably it is this mist which some have mistaken for smoke. It seems to be really owing to the high temperature of the water, and its vicinity; and no one will wonder at this higher temperature when we state that the level of the Dead Sea is more than 1,300 feet below that of the Mediterranean; while the Dead Sea itself is more than 1,300 feet deep in its deepest part. Captain Allen says, "The mountains on both shores, as far as the eye could reach, were rugged and precipitous in the extreme; rising with forms never seen on the ordinary borders of lakes, as if the depths of this strange sea had been prematurely laid bare before they had been prepared to assume their new character of dry land. The cliffs seemed to be rent into ravines on leaving the water's edge; in receding, they rose into innumerable peaks, but with a tendency to group themselves into successive plateaus."

Dr. Stewart, whom we have already quoted, makes the following judicious observations: "The Scriptures tell us that there was a well-watered plain there in the days of Lot, resembling the land of Egypt for fertility, in which there were bituminous pits; but there is no plain now, nor anything which man's imagination can twist into one. There are bays, or indentations, in the hills between projecting headlands, each of which, if one is inclined to speak magniloquently, may be dubbed a plain; but there is nothing resembling a flat expanse of country, such as the districts called the Ghor, which occur at the northern and southern extremities of the sea. From all this, I was led to the conclusion, either that the lake owes its origin to that fearful catastrophe whereby the cities of the plain were destroyed, or, if a small fresh water lake previously existed there, that the quality of its waters was changed, and its dimensions enlarged, so as to overspread the whole fruitful plain, by the judgment which God executed against its wicked inhabitants. . . . I am not ashamed to avow my firm belief that Sodom and Gomorrah, and the other cities of the plain, are buried under the waters of that lake."

The Dead Sea is about forty miles long, and from

six to eight miles wide. At its southern extremity the water is shallow, and about Midsummer it becomes a mere marsh. The waters have no outlet; and all that flows in from the Jordan, and other channels, escapes by evaporation. The American traveller, Lieut. Lynch, is one of our best authorities for this famous lake; his explorations, in 1848, were more complete and able than those of any who had preceded him. He found it very difficult to navigate the waters, and says, "At times it seemed as if the dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of his wrath. There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one can venture upon this sea and live." Two in recent times have perished in this attempt. The first, Costigan, in 1835, spent a few days; the last, Molyneux, in 1847, about twenty-four hours, and returned to the place where he had embarked, without landing upon its shores. One was found dying upon the shore; and the other never recovered from the effects of a fever caught upon its waters.

Some travellers have affirmed that the ruins of Sodom, and the other cities of the plain, may still be seen; but others as positively assert the contrary. There is, however, one object mentioned by Lynch, which will not fail to recall to mind the remarkable account of Lot's wife in the book of Genesis. "It was indeed a scene of unmitigated desolation. On one side, rugged and worn, was the salt mountain of Usdum (Sodom), with its conspicuous pillar, which reminded us, at least, of the catastrophe of the plain; on the other, were the lofty and barren cliffs of Moab, in one of the caves of which the fugitive Lot found shelter." The pillar of salt alluded to in this passage is one of Lynch's most interesting discoveries in this unexplored region of the sea. Josephus appears to have known of this pillar; but in modern times it had been lost sight of. The more minute account of it by Lieut. Lynch is as follows:—"To our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty, round pillar, standing, apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallisation. A proper buttress connects it with the mountain behind; and the whole is covered with *débris* of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory that we could place no reliance upon them."

The bottom of the Dead Sea has been found to consist of two submerged plains, one of which lies at an average of thirteen feet below the surface, and the other thirteen hundred feet. In the northern and deeper portion, there is a ravine corresponding in

direction with the bed of the Jordan, and naturally suggesting the idea that the whole bed of the sea, and the valley of the Ghor, has sunk down through some great convulsion.

We will close with an extract from Mr. Rae Wilson, who says, "No language of the most eloquent writer can give a proper description of the mournful devastation which reigns in this devoted region, from the curses denounced against it, or express the solemn horror which the scene is so much calculated to inspire. This particular country must be visited in order to be believed; which may be said as strikingly monumental of the tremendous wrath of Almighty God, and held up as an everlasting warning to mankind."

RELIGIOUS APHORISMS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF QUESNEL.—1723.

GODLY sorrow results from losing the light of God's countenance, or having gone astray from him. The sorrow of the world arises from an insatiable desire for the good things of this life, and their non-attainment.

When we can open our hearts to others, the hearts of others are opened to us.

The obedience and simplicity of the true Christian makes him regardless of the risk that may be incurred by following the voice of the Lord; but God watches over and protects all such as think only of him without being troubled by a consideration of consequences.

Events which lead some men to God have no effect on the men who have the spirit of this world.

All our lights should tend to Christ and rest in him. The light that does not guide us to his footstool is vain and illusory.

Unquestioning obedience to God is his due because he is God, and he can never deceive nor be deceived.

It is the Lord who hedges up the way, when invincible difficulties intercept the path.

The world is more to be feared when it flatters than when it persecutes.

The power and malice of men terminate with their lives. God alone is at all times terrible in his anger.

The future that God clearly makes known to us, and which we are to foresee, is the day of judgment and eternity, and these are the certainties we desire not to contemplate.

One gift from God prepares the heart for another.

Blindness is one of the consequences of sin, and it is the cause of many other miseries.

God forewarns us of his judgments, so that they may be avoided; but this knowledge becomes a reason of our condemnation, if it tend not to our profit.

Occasion does not render men wicked, but it makes them known to be what in fact they are.

We need not regard those who teach truth, but the truths they teach.

The hardened sinner has always his sin for an executioner.

When human motives only combat sin within us, we do not long defend ourselves.

Truth is the foundation of Christian edification and upbuilding; but the foundation as well as the edifice is the work of God.

When human means fail, then the Lord makes known his power.

The atheist each day tramples upon the miracles of God.

Everything is nothing to those to whom God is all.

THE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

MARTYRS AT LYONS AND VIENNE.

ON the present occasion we have to record an outbreak of persecution in which many martyrs suffered. There are on the banks of the Rhone, in France, two cities, now called Lyons and Vienne. At the time when the events which we are about to narrate occurred, these cities were called Lugdunum and Vienna. They were important at a very early period for their commerce, and in the first half of the second century the Gospel was preached in them. Many received the glad tidings, and the churches were regularly organised, and grew apace. Probably the first missionaries reached them from Asia Minor, and when persecution raged they wrote an account of their sufferings to their Asiatic brethren. The epistle thus written was circulated among the churches in different languages, and from it we gather the details we are about to give. It is addressed by "the servants of Christ sojourning at Vienne and Lyons to the brethren in Asia Proper, and in Phrygia." The writers tell their story in the following manner:—

It is not possible for us either to describe the evils which the blind rage of Pagans inflict upon the saints, or the many sufferings of our blessed martyrs and friends. The common enemy has ranged against us all his forces, and has proved from the outset that he aims at nothing less than our complete extinction. He has employed all the means which he has found fitted to qualify his agents for their work of cruelty, and has gone on step by step to the most violent excesses. In the first place, Christians were commanded not to show themselves in any houses except their own, and were shut out of baths, markets, and all public places. Nevertheless, we have received help from God's grace, and the weak have found protection, while the strong have been exposed, and like brave men have endured all the assaults of the enemy, bearing patiently every form of pain and insult. That which was grievous to others was light to them, because they reckoned the sufferings of this present time not worthy to be compared with the glory to come. They received with meekness from the furious people shouts of mockery, violence, and blows. They were robbed; stones were cast at them; they were shut up in their houses, and exposed to all kinds of insult, but right nobly they bore it all.

After this they were carried away to the Forum, before the tribune and magistrates. When there, they were asked if they were Christians. They confessed that they were, and were thereupon committed to prison, to wait till the governor arrived. As soon as he came they were brought forth from their noisome cells and placed before him, only to be subjected to all kinds of severity. There was among them an exalted Christian, of the name of Epagathus. His spirit within him was moved, and he asked to be heard on behalf of his brethren, who, he said, had been guilty neither of impiety nor atheism. The voices of the crowd were lifted up against him, and the governor said to him, "Art thou a Christian?"

He promptly replied, "I am a Christian."

Without further delay he was at once carried off, to suffer as a martyr for the faith.

Such were the zeal and boldness of this young man, that our enemies gave him the name of the Christian advocate, or pleader.

At the same time, others were encouraged by his example, and almost all who were seized suffered with joy. There were ten, however, who renounced their faith, to the great sorrow of the brethren.

The most prominent among those who professed the Gospel were now daily apprehended. Along with them some of their Pagan servants were apprehended; and they, when they saw what torments our brethren endured, were afraid, and tempted to accuse us of eating human flesh, and of all kinds of abominable wickedness.

Our enemies readily believed them, their fury grew ungovernable, and they trampled on all the ties of nature and of friendship. The word of the Lord was fulfilled, "Whoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." The martyrs had to suffer tortures which cannot be described, and which were designed to force them to confess crimes they had never committed.

The rage of the mob, the soldiers, and the governor fell very heavily upon Sanctus of Vienne, a deacon of the church at Lyons. The same happened to Maturus, a recent convert, but a good soldier of the Cross; to Attalus, of Pergamus, one of the pillars of the Church; and to Blandina—for they considered neither sex, age, nor condition. We had our fears that Blandina might faint under her trial; but her constancy was such, that her tormentors, who had laboured from morning till night, at last gave up from weariness, and confessed that they had been defeated by her—that their tortures had not been successful, and that it was a marvel that she yet lived. To all they said and did she had but one reply, "I am a Christian, and nothing evil is perpetrated by us."

With regard to Sanctus, he also bore the most cruel tortures which ingenious wickedness could invent or inflict. It was hoped that he would forget himself, at least for an instant, and say something of which advantage might be taken.

"What is your name?" they demanded.

"I am a Christian," he answered.

"What station do you fill?"

"I am a Christian."

"To what nation do you belong?"

"I am a Christian."

"Are you free or bond?"

"I am a Christian."

They tried in vain to extort from him any other reply.

"I am a Christian," said he, "and to me this is both name and nation, calling and condition."

The superintendent was furious, and ordered the tormentors to use all their unholy machinery against this good man. When, therefore, they had used all their ordinary methods of torture, they resorted to plates of copper, which they made red-hot, and then applied to the tenderest parts of the body. As its nature is, the fire burned his body, but his heart remained untouched and constant in the faith. The dews of divine grace refreshed his soul, and he was joyful even in his agonies. He scarcely retained the human form, but looked like a shapeless mass, all

pierced and torn, wounded, bleeding, and scarred; yet the sight of a crucified Saviour bore him up, and he did not faint.

He was permitted to linger in this melancholy condition for some days, after which he was again subjected to torture by his pitiless tormentors, who hoped that in so sad a state he would yield to them, or expire. By his death they imagined others would be awed, or by his apostacy be discouraged. They were disappointed. The rack restored his dislocated limbs to their proper position, and the renewal of torture restored his energy and revived his courage.

Among the apostates there was one named Biblias, whose resolution failed almost as soon as she was taken. The persecutors were not content with her denial of Christ, they required that she should blaspheme his name; but this she refused to do. She was, therefore, conveyed to the place of torture, in the hope that there she would consent to speak evil of Christ. When she saw the varied cruelties which the innocent victims suffered, she was reminded of her peril, and came to herself like one waking from sleep.

"Wicked men!" she exclaimed, "why do you charge us with eating the flesh of children?"

She again declared herself a Christian, and was added to the noble army of martyrs.

It is impossible to tell how strange and violent were the measures resorted to by the Pagans. When ordinary tortures failed, new ones were invented, and the faithful endured all that Satan's malice could prompt or desire. Not a few among them sank under the severity of their sufferings, and so passed into glory. The remainder expected every moment to die, and it is, indeed, a wonder how they lived. Though forsaken of men, the Lord whom they confessed stood by them, preserved them, restored their bodies, and revived their hearts. Their example animated and consoled all who saw them. A few youthful confessors, whose frames were delicate, died in consequence of the sufferings to which they were exposed.

The venerable Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, was an excellent man, almost a hundred years old; weakness and long life had bowed down his body, but his soul was active and strong, and panting for martyrdom. The soldiers carried him and set him before the judgment-seat. His countenance brightened up at the prospect of impending suffering, and it seemed as if he had lived so long only to witness a good confession. The crowd and the magistrates alike reviled him, as though he had been Christ himself. As soon as order was secured, the one who presided asked him—

"Who is the God of the Christians?"

"If you show yourselves worthy, you shall hear," answered Pothinus.

This reply provoked those who were present, and they fell upon him like wild beasts; without regarding his great age, they hit and kicked him if they were near enough, and the rest threw at him whatever they could lay hands upon. They all seemed to suppose it would be a sin to treat him kindly, and praiseworthy to treat him in an unnatural and brutal manner. Scarcely able to breathe, they thrust him into a dungeon, where, only two days later, death gave him his release.

Just then some of the apostates were imprisoned with the rest, and, if possible, were treated worse than the faithful. Their shame and misery were intense,

while the others were sustained by Divine grace, and rejoiced in the testimony of a good conscience.

Different forms of death were selected for the martyrs. Sanctus, Attalus, Maturus, and Blandina were selected for the amphitheatre, and a day appointed for the inhuman spectacle. The tortures of Maturus and Sanctus were renewed, and were too dreadful for description. From the lips of Sanctus, nothing could be exhorted but the words, "I am a Christian;" and when the tormentors were wearied, he and Maturus were slain with the sword.

Blandina was tied to a stake and exposed to the lions, but she spread out her hands in prayer, and the beasts would not touch her. She was sent away again to prison, to wait for another opportunity.

Attalus was next led into the amphitheatre, and around it. Before him they carried a banner, inscribed in red letters, "This is Attalus, a Christian." The crowd demanded his death, but it was found that he and some others were Roman citizens, and they were sent back till orders had been received from the Emperor. The interval was profitably employed by them in animating their brethren; but at length Cæsar's answer came, to say that those who confessed Christ must die, but that apostates might live.

There was an annual fair at Lyons, at which great numbers assembled. The cry was raised, "Let the Christians be brought forth to the people." They were brought: such as confessed Christ were beheaded, if they were Romans, and thrown to the wild beasts if they were not, while such as renounced him were set free. One of the most brave among the martyrs that day was Alexander, a Phrygian, who was seen encouraging the faithful, and in consequence was seized.

"Who and what are you?" asked the governor.

"I am a Christian," said Alexander.

He was at once sentenced to the lions, and the next day was brought forth with Attalus. They were first tortured, and then devoured, not accepting deliverance.

On the last day of the solemnities, Blandina and Ponticus, a youth of fifteen, were brought out. They were tempted to apostacy, and urged to swear by the idols, and miserably tortured, but all in vain. First Ponticus and then Blandina perished; but, faithful unto death, they received the crown of life. The very remains of our martyrs were reduced to ashes and cast into the river, in the vain hope of preventing their resurrection from the dead!

Such is a summary of the ancient record of Pagan cruelty, and the power and triumphs of grace, which the primitive churches of France have left us.

Correspondence.

[When our opinion is desired upon any portion of Scripture, will our correspondents be good enough to write the passage at the top of the letter, naming the chapter and verse, and adding the signatures by which we are to address them? Then let the difficulty be stated, or the question be asked. This will guard against erroneous quotations, and save much time. The verse we are about to explain is in the required form.]

No. 143.—A. Z.—"Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, till I

make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?"—Matt. xxii. 41—45.

This argument is taken, says a learned divine, from the custom of the Hebrews, who addressed the title "lord" only to *superiors*, out of courtesy sometimes to *equals*, but never to *inferiors*. An independent monarch, such as David, acknowledged no "lord" but God; and by addressing this title to the Messiah (and the Jews all admitted that Psalm cx., from which the words are taken, has reference to the Messiah), David admitted that the Messiah was his superior; but as neither his son nor any mere man could be his superior, Christ, the Messiah, must be superhuman; in other words, he must be Divine. Therefore the inference is clear, that though Jesus was David's son in his human nature, he was David's Lord in his Divine nature. The Pharisees, by their silence, showed that they felt the force of this reasoning. The term "*son*" is used in Scripture not only to denote the *immediate offspring*, and also the *grandson*, but it is at times applied to *remote descendants*, as in the case of the monarch David and of his descendant, the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

No. 144.—T. P.—"That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Romans xii. 1. HOW ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THESE WORDS?

The sacrifices under the Old Testament are at an end. You are no longer to offer up to God *dead* animals, such as have neither *reason*, nor real *holiness*, nor anything which can make the offering *acceptable* to God; but you are to offer your own *living* and *rational* selves, who are made *holy* by his Spirit, and made *acceptable* through Christ, which is the proper service for you as Christians. Thus the Law of Moses and the Gospel of Jesus Christ are forcibly contrasted. The Jew gave the *bodies* of animals; the Christian is to give his own *body*. The Jew offered a *dead* sacrifice; the Christian is to offer a *living* sacrifice. The offering made by the Jew was wanting in *reason*, in *holiness*, and in that which could make it *acceptable*; but the Christian's offering must be *rational*, *holy*, and *acceptable* unto God, by the mode pointed out in the Gospel.

No. 145.—LECTOR.—THE WITCH OF ENDOR.—1 Sam. xxviii. WAS IT SAMUEL AT ALL?

Divines are divided upon this point. Justin Martyr says it was Samuel himself; Dr. A. Clarke says, "I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul, and that he was sent by the special mercy of God to warn him."

"The witch of Endor," says Hartwell Horne, in his valuable work, "neither wrought nor expected to work any miracle. This is clearly evident from her astonishment and alarm at the appearance of Samuel. Saul, who *expected* a miracle, beheld Samuel without any peculiar surprise; she, who *expected none*, beheld him with amazement and terror. Indeed, it does not appear from the narrative, neither is it to be supposed, that this woman had power to call up Samuel, whom Saul wished to consult; but before the sorceress could prepare her enchantments, for the purpose of soothing and flattering Saul, the prophet Samuel, commissioned by God, appeared, to her astonishment and consternation, and announced the judgment of death upon Saul. We are certain that in this case Samuel was sent by God himself, because the message he delivered respected a future event, and it is the prerogative of God alone to declare what shall happen."

As there were seven events foretold by Samuel, all of which were fulfilled, we must consider that it was Samuel speaking by Divine appointment. Sir John Marsham, Calvin, Saurin, Hales, Farmer, Bishop Horne, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Watson, Dr. Gray, Scott, Greenfield, Hussey, and many others, hold this opinion; and Dr.

Delaney observes, "The son of Sirach, who seems to have had as much wisdom, penetration, and piety as any critic that came after him, is clearly of opinion with the sacred historian that it was Samuel himself who foretold the fate of Saul and his house in this interview, and it is no unfair presumption that such was the judgment of the Jewish Church in his time."

No. 146.—J. G.—"Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptised for the dead?"—1 Cor. xv. 29.

The words are an appeal to the Corinthians (respecting the resurrection), founded on the symbolical sense of the rite of Christian baptism, which is an emblem of a death, and a burial, and a resurrection. Baptism was originally performed by immersion, and the sinking into the water denoted the death and burial, and the rising again from the water typified the resurrection.

Why do ye in baptism profess a confident expectation of a resurrection from the dead, if you question a future state of existence? If there be no resurrection, why express such a belief in the use of the ordinance of baptism? Therefore, we argue, What shall they do who have made this solemn profession of their faith and hope, if there be no corresponding reality?

No. 147.—A. C. D.—"Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig-tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done."—Matt. xxi. 21. WHAT IS FAITH, AND WHAT IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD BY MOUNTAINS REMOVED BY FAITH?

Faith in God is taking God at his word. Faith in Christ implies a *knowledge* of Christ in his person and in his work, a *confidence* in his power and willingness, and an *assent* to the mode in which the blessings of redemption are to be made ours.

The words were addressed to the disciples of our Lord, to animate them for their arduous and dangerous duties. "To remove mountains" was a Hebrew proverb. When a man illustrated any science, or surmounted great difficulties, he was said to remove mountains.

No. 148.—M. W. (Blackburn).—IF THE SIN OF BLASPHEMY BE NOT FORGIVEN, HOW THEN CAN A PENITENT BLASPHEMER BE SAVED?

The Scripture nowhere asserts that blasphemy shall not be forgiven, and it does not warrant the belief that any man guilty of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost will ever be a *penitent*. The words refer to two separate offences, and to these separate offences God has assigned different results. Mark our Lord's words: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

No. 149.—ANNE.—"He that believeth shall not make haste."—Isa. xxviii. 16.

The entire verse may be thus paraphrased: "God offers Christ as the only foundation of a solid hope, and the only sure refuge in the time of trouble; and whosoever believeth on him need take no unlawful means to escape from either present cares or from approaching troubles."

No. 150.—A. W. R.—IN WHAT PART OF SCRIPTURE SHALL I FIND AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY?

It is nowhere recorded.

No. 151.—MARY B.—"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and chil-

dren, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv. 26.

To hate, in Scripture, has a double meaning—first, to dislike greatly, to abhor, to regard with a feeling contrary to love; secondly, a lesser degree of love. In the Old Testament we read, "If a man have two wives, one beloved and another hated"—that is, *less beloved*.

"Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated"—that is, *loved less*.

The sense, therefore, is, He who does not prefer my friendship to that of father or mother, and all earthly kindred, and who will not part with all his worldly comforts rather than renounce my religion, cannot be my disciple.

No. 152.—H. C.—DAVID PLAYING BEFORE SAUL.—1 Sam. xvi. 16.

Insanity, and other mental afflictions, were thought to be cured or alleviated by music, an opinion that still prevails among the inhabitants of the East.

No. 153.—H. C.—"Whose son is this youth?"—1 Sam. xvii. 58.

We are told by persons familiar with the habits of men of Eastern countries, that it is a favourite way of addressing another, "You are the son of such a person." And when a superior has to ask a number of questions, though he know well the name of the individual he has to address, he often begins by asking, "Whose son are you?"

No. 154.—D. W. A.—"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."—Ezek. xxviii. 15.

Nothing was wanting to thy prosperity, till riches (accumulated by extensive commerce) corrupted thee.

No. 155.—DARLINGTON.—THE LAW OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

God has not lost his right to command because we, through sin, have lost our power to obey; and our inability is designed to teach us the absolute need of the Divine aid, which is freely promised. It does not appear to us that men are condemned for the violation of the law, but for a much greater offence, namely, the impious rejection of the pardon which Divine mercy proffers. It is not the disease that kills, but the rejection of the remedy; and we would remind our correspondent that it is not the part of a wise man to call into question the wisdom of God, nor is it fitting for an erring man to doubt the justice of God. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? and can the Source of all Wisdom act unwisely?

No. 156.—E. D.—WHAT IS MEANT BY MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL CONTENDING WITH THE DEVIL ABOUT THE BODY OF MOSES?—Jude 9.

This probably refers to some Jewish tradition; and it is supposed that Satan desired to obtain possession of the body of Moses, or to find out the place of its interment, that he might render the body or the place an object of worship, and thus draw the Israelites into idolatry. In this device the chief of the evil angels was thwarted by the agency of Michael, the chief of the good angels.

No. 157.—A. J.—WAS THE ATONEMENT FINISHED BY THE DEATH OF CHRIST, OR IS IT STILL CARRIED ON?

We consider the atonement as completed when our Lord said, "It is finished;" and Christ, having made the atonement for sin by the sacrifice of himself, is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, as Intercessor or Advocate on behalf of those who have

faith in his promises and in the efficacy of his stone-ment, and desire a participation in the blessings which he died to purchase.

No. 158.—A YOUNG INQUIRER is advised not to disturb his mind about what Mohammedans may do with their Koran, but rather to direct his thoughts to what a young Christian ought to do with his Bible. If he will search the Scriptures daily and reverentially, and at the same time pray for Divine light, and read to learn, and not to cavil, he will soon find from the holy contents of the Sacred Volume, from its influence upon his mind, and from its knowledge of the human heart, it needs no evidence or testimony beyond itself to prove that it is from God. He will find in the Gospel the most pure and sublime motives inculcated, the noblest principles instilled, the most bold and uncompromising yet sober and rational tone of morality maintained; he will find the most animating examples proposed for imitation, and, above all, the most effectual guidance and assistance in order that he may have his "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Young men read "*Evidences*" of the truth of Scripture, and "*Apologies*" for the Bible, but the Word of God bears its own evidence of Divine authorship, and wants no "evidence" from other sources, and needs no "apologies." Its contents are the best evidence. A humble and a teachable spirit, looking to God for wisdom, will do more in one hour to win credence to the Scriptures than days and weeks spent in investigations. Let a young man, in the present day, take something on trust, and let him not suppose that all the wise, the erudite, and the pious millions of past centuries have left the truth of Holy Scripture to be proved by a youth in the nineteenth century, however inquiring or talented that youth may be.

No. 159.—A WORKING MAN.—"The mammon of unrighteousness."—See No. 87, June 7th.

No. 160.—AN INQUIRER.—We cannot enter upon controversial points.

No. 161.—B. D.—The "quotation" is not from Scripture.

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHOSEN.

To say that God cares for us, does not startle us as much as mere reason tells us it should. For there is something within our souls, beyond the reach of reason, which cries out after an overruling Power, who is wont to interpose in behalf of his creatures. It is natural to look up for aid. The very first letter of the most ancient alphabet now in existence was fashioned after the form of a man on his knees; as if to give intimation that the earliest duty of speech was to be discharged in prayer. But disturbing influences have set in, and now our faith is irresolute and unfixed.

We seem to think God is so remote, he cannot care for us. We imagine the world is on the outermost confines of his dominions, and he himself, in all the unapproachable reserve of his majesty, abides in the palace, far away at the celestial capital.

But he tells us he is "with us always." In all the strange vicissitudes through which he has suffered his people to pass, he has taken great pains to let them know he shared the lot with them. A minister preached once upon those touching words of the Psalmist, "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were," without directing attention to the expression, really one of the tenderest in the Bible,

"with thee;" as if he had forgotten that God loved his people so much that he was willing to become himself a stranger and a sojourner to be with them. The hardest lesson for us to learn is that which, if we were only quick in intelligence, and docile in spirit, we should see our Almighty Friend was endeavouring most patiently to teach: that he is not remote, but even while he fills the heavens he fills the earth also; he is constantly near us, present and efficient in the innermost circle of our every-day life.

And then we think also that God is so great he does not care for us. We conceive of him as the Monarch on the throne of the universe. He cannot have audience with every needy petitioner. It would do in the case of a kingdom going to wreck, or a dynasty breaking, but it would not do for us. We are abashed at the thought of obtruding our cares and disquiets upon him; we think we must be modest.

We ought to remember that we have very loose ideas of what constitutes littleness, and what constitutes greatness.

Think of it; the most necessary life in all Egypt was that of a poor babe drifting out in an ark of bulrushes on the Nile. And if God had not cared for that little life, there would have been worse trial to the world than if all the Pharaohs had perished.

Think again; what is so common as a tossing night of restlessness to us all? May we ask God to interpose in such a common-place matter as that? Now, let us remember that the most important event in Medo-Persian history was the sleepless night which made Ahasuerus send for those dull old chronicles, to read himself to slumber. If God had let that pass unnoticed, Mordecai would have been forgotten, Esther could not have saved her people, the line of Judah would have been broken, prophecy would have been defeated, and Christ himself would not have come as predicted. We have no right, in our narrowness, to say anything is little.

Nor do we understand greatness any better. True greatness consists in being able to mind and manage the littles, without forgetfulness or confusion. Instead of our concluding that God is so great that he cannot care for each one of us, we ought to rise loftily enough in our ideal of him to believe he is so great that he can.

He looks down kindly and placidly upon us all, no more disturbed by our coming to him with each trouble in turn, and no more mindful of our petty and inordinate estimates of what we thus bring, than a benignant father is annoyed when his children approach him, or mindful of their varying ages. It is enough for him that each is his child, and wants help. In his providential arrangements God marks everything, from the sand-grain to the planet; from the atom we cannot see, to the systems we cannot see; from the monad that beats out its tremulous life in the narrow world of a microscopic drop, to the seraph that soars and sings in the throne-light of heaven.

Yet again, we think God is so happy that he does not care for us. In the infinite felicities of his own nature, he has all he desires. We are not needful to him. Why should we imagine he will disturb himself in our behalf? Of what interest can our trouble be to him?

God is happy, infinitely happy; but his happiness is intelligent; it has grounds, it has exercises, it has

sources, it has companions that share it. And because he desires it to continue and increase, he is ever beneficent among the worlds; ever sowing the sunlight of his joy, that he may harvest gladness from the rejoicing fields of the universe.

THE ROBBER CRIPPLE.

In a lonely village among the Taurus Mountains, in Asia, lived a poor cripple. His hands were withered, his elbows stiff, and only a few rags covered his body. More than this, he was a wicked man; blood and crime stained his memory. Friends he had none, and he had nothing to hope for in this world or the next.

Well, a Bible wound its way round the mountain passes, and strayed to that far-off village, and somebody sat by the roadside reading it to somebody else; and the old cripple, begging that way, halted, and heard the words. He listened, and listened. It was the story of the Saviour's love. He opened his ears; he opened his mind; he opened his conscience; he opened his heart; and he found out that somebody cared for him. There was One who could lift him from his sin and guilt to forgiveness and peace; and, like blind Bartimeus, who sat by the roadside when Jesus passed by, he cried mightily, "Jesus, have mercy on me!"

There was nobody in the village that would hearken to the old man's cries, nobody who pitied him. But there was somebody on high who did. The Lord Jesus, who came to save the guilty, heard his cries. He answered them, and sent—what do you suppose? He sent him pardon. Pardon came down into the wicked old man's bosom; with pardon, love and hope; and perhaps his was the only soul in all that place that had the peace arising from a sense of sins forgiven. It is wonderful that this robber cripple should have gained this blessing, but God is a King, and dispenses his blessings as he sees fit.

By-and-by one of our missionaries, following the track of his Bibles, heard about this man, and he hastened to visit him. He found him on the ground, the picture of poverty, but with such a face! The missionary instantly saw there was heaven in it. Beside him was a Bible, and that explained all. The old man never saw a missionary before. He never heard a sermon, never attended a prayer-meeting. He could not even read when he first heard the Bible read by the roadside. He could read now. He had learned by great labour to read.

The missionary came to comfort and instruct the old man, but the old man comforted the missionary, and taught him a new lesson in the wonders of God's mercy and grace. And as his case touched the missionary's heart, so it must touch other hearts; for, in fact, the Bible is such a common book among us, we forget what a wonderful book it is. It is only when we see its light shining in a dark place, that we realise the cheering fact that it contains the light of the world. Everything else is darkness, or only a reflection of this light; and we are often so much occupied with other good books, that we forget the Bible is the fountain-head of truth. The others are only rills that flow from it.

WOULD you be safe, Christ must be your refuge; would you be holy, Christ must be your pattern; would you be happy, Christ must be your portion.

Mouths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.

PART II.

"Mr father's benediction and my mother's prayers enabled me in after life to understand many a mystery. I have seen the wicked sons of pious parents transformed into holy and useful men; I have seen a young man struggling with poverty, beaten down again and again by adverse circumstances, yet rise up to honour, to wealth, and to distinction; I have seen the virtuous preserved wonderfully in virtue's ways, when stronger-minded men have gone astray; and I have asked myself in all this, Is there not a cause? Wherein lieth the secret of their strength? And I have arrived at the conclusion that it was the God of all the earth answering past prayers. With Jehovah, delays are not denials. He appoints his own time for granting his blessings; and who shall say that these men, grappling with the ills of life, and hoping against hope, and yet successful in the end, were not in the conflict supported and preserved in answer to the oft-repeated prayers of a godly father, or of a pious, believing mother? The prayer entered the ear of the Holy One of Israel, and the decree went forth—'I will bless thy sons; yea, and verily they shall be blessed.' Yes, the 'earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' It is he that lifteth up and casteth down. The gold and the silver are his, and the hearts of all men are in his hands. Confiding in the love and in the power of God, gracious, holy, and true, may I, when called to resign my sons, be empowered with sincerity to say, 'The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!'"

"On passing across the lawn to inquire about various articles which were to be stowed away in one of the pockets of the coach for the use of my aunt, I found the servants gathering some fruits and flowers, that my father wished to take to an invalid friend.

"'Why, Master Herbert,' said the old gardener, as he saw me approach, 'you have a right down beautiful day for your journey. I am glad on't for all your sakes, and I was saying here to Ned, when gathering the strawberries, that I couldn't make a better day for you myself, if I had the sun in one hand, and the water-pot in the other. I am told, sir, you have a rare fine garden where you be going, but mayhap the strawberries aint finer than ours, and I think the flowers can't be prettier. I sometimes think, when I'm about my old-fashioned work—for Adam was a gardener, you know—I think how good it is of God to give us so many pretty colours. Why shouldn't it be all black, or all red, or all white? I was saying this to the clerk t'other day, when he called, for the old clerk has read a deal, and he says, 'I think you are quite right, Mr. Gooseberry Bush.' That you know, sir, aint my name, but no matter, he always calls me so, and I don't mind a joke like, if there's no unkindness in it, and if it gives nobody pain—for I think we aint allowed to amuse ourselves at the cost of other people's feelings; and when I see folks carrying on their sport roughly, and frightening and hurting one another in what they call fun, I say to myself, Well, that aint good bringings-up, according to my notion, and I am sure and certain that's not doing to others as you would they should do to you. I think he was right, for I like, Master Herbert, to see people happy and cheerful, and so long as they don't laugh at anything good, I say to them, Laugh on, you will never do it younger, and if God is so good as to cover gardens and fields with smiles and bright colours, I'm sure he didn't intend you or me to be as dull as a dark lane on a cloudy night; so I try to be cheerful myself, and to thank God for everything; for I say, I get nothing without him. It is true people don't give me things;

what I want, I buy with my own money; but who gives me the strength to earn the money? and if I do say it, though mayhap I oughtn't to say it, I think I understand my business as well as ere a man within twenty miles; but am I not indebted to God for teaching me? certainly I am, therefore I say, Let us all be grateful to God, and not unkind to one another. That's my view of things."

"When the old man had said this, there was a hearty laugh.

"Well done," exclaimed his brother gardener. "Folks tell us, you must always let an old man have his say, when he begins to talk, for it does him good, but you have been giving us a regular downright sermon; not but what it is all right, and I wish every man in the village would preach and practise as well as you do. I own it does me good like, to hear you; for it's all right, that's as certain as our clock, and there aint many clocks like it, though Jim Anvil, the blacksmith, likes to tell the folks that he has got a clock not one quarter as big, and yet he says it goes twice as fast. I tell him the clock is like its owner, not bad in itself, but wants putting in order; it goes too fast to be good; so he had better stick to the church clock—and it will do him no harm, if he would stick to his church at the same time. Now, my old friend, you were talking about things being red, and black, and white. Why, you see, common sense tells us if everything were black, we should all grow melancholy; if they were red, why, man, we should be as mad as neighbour Wheatsheaf's bull—and that creature at times is about as mad as a March hare; and as to white, I don't know how it might be with you, a nice young man of sixty, but as I am more than that, it would put my eyes out. Indeed, I think we should all go blind.

"I was talking of this once, sir, to a missionary gentleman who had been in foreign parts, and he told me to observe how good God was in things small as well as great. Says he, "You know what a soft colour green is, and what a pretty colour blue is; well, God has clothed the earth and the sky in a blue and a green dress, and lest we should be tired even of these, he has caused the green to possess 200 shades and variations of colour. Then only think of the birds—why should their little throats be all melody, when they might have sent forth a hideous yell or a fearful scream? and I am sure I ought to know the misery of unpleasant sounds—for on board the ship when I came home, there was a passenger learning to play the flute, and he never got beyond the same tune, and that, unluckily, he gave us always out of time: the carpenters were also sometimes sharpening their saws, and this certainly made a variety, but neither of them were agreeable."

"He was a nicely spoken gentleman this, and when he took leave he said to me, "Good day, Mr. Delver; I am obliged to you for your civility, and I am glad to hear you speak like a man of sense; and be sure of this, that every day of your life, be it fair or be it clouded, you have more to thank God for than your tongue can express."

"I say, Master Gooseberry, you and I must be stirring; the young folk are pretty nigh ready to start." Then turning to me: "I can't go with you and your brother, sir, but God's blessing can; and that's a comfort to more persons than me in this house, I know. Somehow," said the old man, looking at his friend the gardener, "I don't like parting with these youngsters, but it must be. Well, well, all is for the best, and all will be right soon."

"We may well say that, Master Delver, when we find ourselves at threescore. Come; let us be moving; but before you go only look at my basket; if anybody says this isn't a good basket of strawberries, tell him he does not know what he is talking. Come along, old Honest Face."

"While the gardener and his colleague were talk-

ing, I was providing myself with some seeds for our new abode, as my brother and I were to have a portion of the garden under our own care. We were to be partners in the labour and in the produce. Each one was to be willing to help the other, and at the autumn we partners were to give a supper, and to be allowed to invite two guests, and we were to pay half the cost, and auntie was to pay the other half.

"The plans for the future, the exciting scene, and the longing to see my uncle's curious, old-fashioned house, made us forget our sorrows. The garden also claimed no small portion of our thoughts, for, although unseen, we had formed our notions from a very glowing description which had been given us by the housekeeper who had formerly resided in my uncle's family.

"When the time for our departure arrived, I could not quit the home of my youth without sorrow, and even to this hour I can say with the poet—

'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And all the loved scenes which my infancy knew!

'The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock, where the catanet fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.'

Happily, the sorrows of youth are speedily effaced, and my brother and I recovered our wonted cheerfulness before we had proceeded many miles, and towards the evening we arrived at a small road-side inn in the village. Here the horses were to rest, and the men to take refreshment. A cart was waiting to convey our luggage, and a little pony chaise for my brother. The worthy rector had walked out to meet us, and it was settled that he and I should walk together round the village, and then proceed by a walk across the fields to the rectory. I fancy my uncle adopted this plan that he might see me alone, and get an insight into my character. I was pleased to think that he took this trouble for the sake of knowing how to be kind to me, and I was delighted at being able to form my own notions of this charming old gentleman. He came up to us in a manner so cheerful and kind, that almost in a few moments we knew each other, and the warmth of our reception gave a happy promise of our future comfort. "We are to be excellent friends," said he, "and you are to be my companion, so we had better begin at once," shaking me heartily by both hands. As we walked on the villagers treated the kind-hearted rector with great respect. He spoke kindly to them, and often did not say much, but what he did say was generally so clear that all could understand, and so short that all could remember. In his pastoral visits he was not fond of the patronising style, as he afterwards told me, nor did he approve of sternness to any, but of kindness to all. An instance quickly occurred. On our way to the parsonage a farmer came up to him in great affliction. When the sufferer had poured out his grief, the rector took him by the hand, and while he held it said, "You and I, John, know where to turn for comfort in the day of affliction, and we know who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Remember, "deliver" does not always mean that God will remove the affliction, for this may be a greater affliction, but he will fulfil the promise that, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Good evening, John; and may his mercy remove the affliction, or his strength enable you to bear it."

"Shortly after this interview with the farmer we met an aged man, bowed down with infirmity. "Well, Isaac," said the pastor, "I am glad to meet you. I shall not ask you how you are, for I know that He with whom you have to do doth all things well. You are on the

right side of fourscore years, Isaac, are you not?' 'Yes, master, I am: I am eighty-seven.' 'Well, that is the right side of eighty for all good men. You may expect daily to be called home; and if to a Christian man to live is Christ, to him to die is gain, great gain, wonderful gain! for eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, and the mind of man has never been able to conceive the joy which God hath in store for them that love him. Good evening. I hope to enjoy the pleasure of meeting you when you are much older—that is to say, in thousand years hence.'

"Master Parson, may an old man's blessing abide upon you; and may the chief Shepherd, when all the sheep of his fold are gathered together, call you blessed. May the covenant God of Israel make you like the patriarch of old, both blessed and a blessing."

"Thank you, Isaac; I highly prize the prayers of God's children. Good bye, my worthy friend."

"Herbert, did you mark that old man's benevolent countenance?"

"Yes, sir; I thought there was something very fine."

"He is one of Nature's noblemen. I will tell you something about him one day. I often think if an angel were to come among us poor mortals to invite home the most devoted servant of God, it would very likely be some poor enfeebled creature like this; or perhaps, as Newton says, some bed-ridden old woman in the parish workhouse. The great piety of the truly pious poor ought to teach us a lesson of humility, and we ought to thank God that not only to the poor the Gospel is preached, but that by the poor the Gospel is so often embraced."

"By the bye, I am not sure that we do justice to that passage, 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' Our Lord, by these words, not only designed to show that the Gospel conferred upon the poor man a benefit which hitherto he had not enjoyed, but also he intended that we should be encouraged to come unto him by this proof of his condescension; for the learned Jews regarded the poor as unworthy of their instruction. It is a comfort to know that the Gospel is proclaimed alike to the rich as well as to the poor. A pious lady of high rank used to say that she was greatly indebted to the letter *m*. When asked her reason, she replied, Because it is written, 'Not many mighty, not many noble are called.'"

"While I was listening to the worthy man's divinity, we turned a corner, and there in a recess stood a low, dirty kind of ale-house, and at that moment a fine-looking young man of dissipated appearance came out, and his eyes being turned in another direction, he did not perceive us until we were close to him. I saw that he would gladly avoid us had it been possible; but as he could not do so, he walked past us, when the rector, in a kind tone, said, 'James, come to me.' The man did so. 'You are a good reader, James.'"

"Well, master, I used to be; for I was head boy in the school."

"Yes, I know it. Did you ever read the parable of the Prodigal Son?"

"Yes, sir; we often read it."

"Well, if ever, through God's mercy, you feel miserable at the thought of your wretched life, and the worse life that awaits you, James, remember this, THE PRODIGAL'S FATHER STILL LIVES."

"The man said, 'I'm obliged to you, sir, for your good advice,' and walked on."

"Presently we approached a cottage; and the woman, observing the rector, came out to make her salutations. 'Mary,' he said, 'you again disturbed the congregation last Sunday by coming to church in the middle of the service. You always bring your Prayer-book, do you not?'"

"Yes, sir," said Mary.

"Then let me tell you something out of it; if you will not come to 'Dearly beloved brethren,' I fear you will never come to 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.' Will you try and remember, Mary, that Sunday is God's day, and not yours? Did you see the old soldier that just now passed through the village, asking charity?"

"Yes, sir; he came to my door, but I told him that I was poor enough, although I did not beg."

"Well now, suppose he comes to me, and tells me he cannot get on unless I am kind to him; and suppose I feel for his wants, and wish to be as generous as I possibly can; I take out my purse, and find seven shillings there, which I count before him, and I say to him, 'I have only seven shillings, and I must keep one for my own; but I will give you the other six,' and I give him all the shillings but one. Now, imagine this man to spend his six shillings in a very improper manner, and then to overtake me, and to rob me of the one shilling which I had retained. What would you think of that man?"

"I should be ashamed of him, and say he deserves any amount of punishment."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for this is what all Sabbath-breakers do. God has given them six days, and they steal the seventh. They rob God of the day that belongs to him, and what follows? He withholds his blessing from the six days that belong to them. Think of this, Mary; and when God's people assemble and meet together to hear his most holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul, may you be there and receive his blessing."

"As we left the cottage-garden, he turned to me, and said, 'I expect you were surprised that I said so much to this cottager. She does not want ability, and I knew whatever I said to her she would repeat to her neighbours, and therefore I was in effect speaking to half a dozen. As you are fatigued, we can shorten our path home; and to-morrow you shall go with me to one or two more of my parishioners, for I wish you to study your fellow-men; and as you are young, and part of my household—for they all knew that you were expected—they will not mind my speaking to them in your presence.'"

(To be continued.)

Short Arrows.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.—Turn your thoughts to the sick man's chamber; imagine yourself present with the dying Christian. See that mortal paleness on his cheeks; but observe also that holy serenity, which even death cannot efface. The conflicts he has had to sustain are at an end. Every obstacle which flesh and blood placed in his way are removed. As he approaches the land of realities, the shadows disappear. The grave appals not, for he regards that to which it leads. He thinks not of death, but of its conqueror; not of the grave, but of its spoiler; not of the body, but of the spirit, about to soar to glory. And if the flesh doth sink a little, and, though secure of the port, still dreads the passage, he looks to that good Shepherd who has led him to green pastures, and fed and sustained him, and who is about to conduct him to the regions of a blessed security.

EARLY RISING.—I do not know a practice which I should more recommend than early rising, whether devotion, health, beauty, or improvement of mind were the objects held in view. How cheerful and how animated are the meditations of the morning! What an unspeakable cheerfulness glides into the soul from hear-

ing the devotional matins of the lark, and from beholding the new-born scenery of Nature! When people think of accounting to God for the talents they have received, they overlook the hours which are lost in unreasonable indulgence. In the spring months of April and May particularly I grudge every moment that is wasted after five. I consider it as rude neglect of all those sweets which are opened to salute me, and always find so much more deducted from the firmness of my health and the vigour of my understanding.

THE FUTURE GLORY.—As the light of truth increases, the shadows of distrust will disappear; but when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise in his glory, all the mists of prejudice will be chased away. Then the bow of promise shall be seen on the dark and retiring cloud of idolatry and superstition, of ignorance and pollution. It will be the symbol of the spirit of love, union, peace, and good will, pervading the Christian world, and presiding over all their operations. Shade will melt into shade, and colour blend with colour, in clear distinction, but in perfect harmony. Its ample arch will span the whole heavens, and touch the horizon in both extremities at the same moment. Upon the summit of its bright circumference the sapphire throne of the Son of Man shall be planted, and the shouts of adoring nations roll onward like thunder—"Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS OF PROVIDENCE.—Gibbon, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left an imperishable memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. In the course of years, this property came into the possession of a gentleman, who, out of its rents, expended a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine, not having had the courage openly to assail it. Voltaire boasted that, with one hand, he would overthrow the edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. A few years ago, the very press which he employed at Ferney to print his blasphemies was used at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the self-same engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible was engaged in disseminating its truths. It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of the Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh was held in the very room in which Hume, the atheist, died.

THE BIBLE.—What so necessary to man in time and eternity, as that revelation which informs him of all that is essential to him to know? If he be a mortal being, the offspring of corruption and the worm, the Bible acquaints him with the direful cause of his mortality—sin, which "brought death into the world and all our woe." If he be an immortal creature, the Bible draws aside the curtain which veils eternity from our view, and, enlightening the dark valley of the shadow of death, shows him in the distance scenes real, awful, and endless. If he be ignorant of the character of God, the Bible displays to him his glory and perfections; it tells him of his justice, his power, his purity, his love; it informs him of his will, his thoughts, his pleasure. If, under a sense of guilt and condemnation, he tremble at his present danger and his future prospects; if, as a polluted sinner, he dreads the hour that shall bring him before the great tribunal, and anticipates with horror the sentence which awaits him, the Bible alone reveals to him a Saviour able to save him from the wrath to come.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.—An eminent divine of the last century thus depicts the last moments of an aged Christian:—"When we last met, we were surround-

ing the death-bed of an aged disciple, listening to the exulting testimony borne to the truth of the Gospel, by one who had lived for half a century on its promises, and who added his declaration to that of millions who have gone before him (a rule to which there is no exception) that the ways of heavenly wisdom are those of pleasantness, and her paths peace. We beheld the calm, peaceful, glorious setting of a sun, which had grown brighter and brighter through its long continued day, till, without a cloud or mist to intercept its splendour, it sunk into an ocean of light. We saw with admiration what a fifty years' growth in grace and advancement in holiness could effect. Was it perfection? No: for it was not heaven! But so near was its approach; so much of the atmosphere of heaven was breathed around; so much of the glories of the invisible world glanced through the opening vista; all the concerns of this world were so far forgotten; its comparatively mightiest events reduced to their absolute insignificance; and the powers of the world to come occupied the mind with so absorbing an interest, that we almost seemed to 'hear the rush of noiseless wings' of the 'ministering spirits,' about to convey the soul they had long watched with anxiety to its eternal home, and almost appeared to 'desecrate the viewless forms' of the celestial visitants, rejoicing in the prospect of gaining another inhabitant for the New Jerusalem, and adding another voice to the heavenly choir."

TO OUR READERS.

JOHN CASSELL begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following additional contributions for the benefit of the poor Nestorian Christians in London, whose case has been referred to in Nos. 33 and 35 of THE QUIVER, and tenders his thanks to the kind donors:—G. H., 1s.; E. B., 2s.; A Friend (Scotland), 5s.; T. M., 10s.; For Jesus' Sake, 4s.; G. W., 5s.; Annie F. Betts, 10s.; J. Ritchie, 2s. 6d.; M. A. C., 1s.; Two T's, 2s.; M. A. G., 2s.; B. I., 21. Mrs. Hall, Faversham, has intimated her intention of giving £1, and Sir C. Eardley, £2. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAINING."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHADOWS IN HONEY FAIR.

AUGUST was hot in Honey Fair. The women sat at their open doors, or even outside them; the children tumbled in the gutters, to get what moisture they could; the refuse in the road did not smell any the sweeter for the month's heat.

Charlotte East sat in her kitchen one Tuesday afternoon, busy as usual. Her door was shut, but her window was open. Suddenly the latch was lifted, and Mrs. Cross came in: not with the boisterous, bold movements that were common to Honey Fair, but with creeping steps, that seemed afraid of their own echoes, and a scared face.

Mrs. Cross was in a bit of trouble. Her two daughters, Amelia and Mary Ann, to whom you have had the honour of an introduction, had purchased those lovely cross-barred saracens, green, and pink, and lilac, and worn them to the party at the Alhambra: which party went off satisfactorily, leaving nothing behind it but some headaches for the next day, and a trifle of embarrassment, on a pecuniary score, to Honey Fair in general. What with the finery for the party, and other finery, and what with articles really useful, but which perhaps might have been done without, Honey Fair was pretty deep in with the Messrs. Bankes. In Mrs. Cross's

family alone, herself and her daughters owed, conjointly, so much to these accommodating tradesmen, that it took eight shillings weekly to keep them quiet. You can readily understand how this impoverished the weekly housekeeping; and the falsehoods that had to be concocted, by way of keeping the husband, Jacob Cross, in the dark, were something alarming. This was the state of things in many of the homes of Honey Fair.

Mrs. Cross came in with timid steps and a scared face. "Charlotte, lend me five shillings, for the love of goodness!" cried she, speaking as if afraid of the sound of her own voice. "I don't know another soul to ask but you. There aint another that 'ud have it to lend, barring Dame Buffle, and she never lends."

"You owe me twelve shillings already," answered Charlotte, pausing for a moment in her sewing.

"I know that. I'll pay you off by degrees, if it's only a shilling a week. I am a'most driv mad. Bankes's folks was here yesterday, and me and the girls had got only four shillings to give 'em. I be getting in arrears frightful, and Bankes's is as cranky over it as can be. It's all smooth and fair so long as you be buying of Bankes's and paying of 'em; but just get behind, and see what short answers and sour looks you'll get!"

"But Amelia and Mary Ann took in their work on Saturday, and had their money?"

"My patience! I don't know what us should do if they hadn't! We have got to pay up everywhere. We be in debt at Buffle's, we be in debt to the baker, we be in debt for shoes, we be in debt on all sides. And there's Cross a-spending three shilling, good, of his wages at the public-house! It takes what me and the girls earns to pay a bit up, here and there, and stop things from coming to Cross's ears. Half the house is in the pawnshop, and what 'll become of us I don't know. I can't sleep nights, hardly, for thinking on't."

Charlotte felt sure that, were it her case, she should not sleep at all.

"The worst is, I have got to keep the little 'uns away from school. Pay for 'em I can't. And a fine muck they get into, a-playing in the road all day. 'What does these children do to themselves at school, to get into this dirty mess?' asks Cross, when he comes in. 'Oh, they plays a bit in the gutter, a-coming home,' says I, 'and that mucks 'em.' 'We plays a bit, father,' cries they, when they hears me, a-winking at each other to think how we does their father."

Charlotte shook her head. "I should end it all."

"End it! I wish we could end it! Them girls is a-going to slave themselves night and day this week and next. But it's not for my good: it's for their'n. They want to get their grand silks out o' pawn! Nothing but outside finery goes down with them, though they've not got a inside rag to their backs. They leaves care to me. Fools, to be sure, they was, to buy them silks! They have been in the pawnshop ever since, and Bankes's a-tearing 'em to pieces for the money!"

"I should end it by confessing to Jacob," said Charlotte, when she could get in a word. "He is not a bad husband—"

"And look at his passionate temper!" broke in Mrs. Cross. "Let it get to his ears, as we have gone on tick to Bankes's and elsewhere, and he'd rave the house out of its winders."

"He would be angry at first, there's no doubt; but when he cooled down, he would see the necessity of something being done, and help in it. If you all set on, and put your shoulders to the wheel, you might get clear soon. Live upon the very least that will satisfy hunger—the plainest food—dry bread and potatoes. No beer, no meat, no finery, no luxuries; and with the rest of the week's money begin to pay up. You'd be clear in no time."

Mrs. Cross stared in consternation! "You be a Job's

comforter, you be, Charlotte! Dry bread and taters! who could stomach that?"

"When poor people like us fall into trouble, it is the only way that I know of to get out of it. I'd rather mortify my appetite for a year, than I'd have my rest broke by care."

"Your advice is good enough for talking, Charlotte, but it don't answer for acting. Cross must have his bit o' meat, and his beer, and his butter, and his cheese, and his tea, and his sugar—and so must the rest on us. But about this five shillings—do lend it me, Charlotte? It is for the landlord: we be a'most in a fix with him."

"For the landlord!" repeated Charlotte, involuntarily.

"You must keep *him* paid, or it would be the worst of all."

"I know we must. He was took bad yesterday—more's the blessing!—and couldn't get round; but he's here to-day as burly as beef. We haven't paid him for this three weeks," she added, dropping her voice to an ominous whisper; "and I declare to you, Charlotte East, that the sight of him at our door is as good to me as a dose of physic. Just now, round he comes, a-lifting of the latch, and me a-turning sick the minute I sees him. 'Ready, Mrs. Cross?' asks he, in his short, surly way, a-putting of his brown wig up. 'I'm sorry I aint, Mr. Abbott, sir,' says I; 'but I'll have some next week for certain.' 'That won't do for me,' says he: 'I must have it this. If you can't give me some money, I shall apply to your husband.' The fright this put me into I've not overgot yet, Charlotte; for Cross, he don't know but what the rent's paid up regular. 'I know what's a-going on,' old Abbott begins again, 'and I have knowed it for some time. You women in this Honey Fair, you pays your money to them Bankes's, which is the blight o' the place, and then you can't pay me.' Only fancy his calling Bankes's a blight!"

"That's just what they are," remarked Charlotte.

"For shame, Charlotte East! When one's way is a bit eased by being able to get a few things on trust, you must put in your word again it! Some of us wouldn't never get a new gown to our backs, if it wasn't for Bankes's. Abbott's gone off to other houses, collecting; warning me as he'd call again in half-an-hour, and if some money wasn't ready for him then, he'd go straight off to Jacob, to his shop o' work. If you can let me have one week for him, Charlotte—five shillings—I'll be ever grateful."

Charlotte rose, unlocked a drawer, and gave five shillings to Mrs. Cross, thinking in her own mind that the kindest course would be for the landlord to go to Cross, as he threatened.

Mrs. Cross took them. Her mind so far relieved, she could indulge in a little gossip, for Mr. Abbott's half-hour had not yet expired.

"I say, Charlotte, what d'ye think? I'm afraid Ben Tyrrett and our Mary Ann is a-going to take up together."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Charlotte. "That's new."

"Not over new. They have been a-talking together on and off, but I never thought it was serious till last Sunday. I have set my face dead against it. He have got a nasty temper of his own; and he is nothing but a jobber, at fifteen shillings a week, and his profits of the egg-whites. Our Mary Ann might do better nor that."

"I think she might," assented Charlotte. "And she is over young to think of marrying."

"Young!" wrathfully repeated Mrs. Cross. "I should think she is young! Girls is as soft as apes. The minute a chap says a word to 'em about marrying, they be all agog to do it, whether it's fit, or whether it isn't. Our Mary Ann might look inches over Ben Tyrrett's head, if she had any sense in her. Hark ye, Charlotte! When you see her, just put in a word

again it; maybe it'll turn her. Tell her you'd not have Tyrrett at a gift."

"And that's true," replied Charlotte, with a laugh, as her guest departed.

A few minutes, and Charlotte received another visitor. This was the wife of Mark Mason—a tall, bony woman, with rough black hair and a loud voice. That voice and Mark did not get on very well together. She put her hands back upon her hips, and used it now, standing before Charlotte in a threatening attitude.

"What do you do, a-keeping our Carry out at night?"

Charlotte looked up in surprise. She was thinking of something else, or her answer might have been more cautious, for she was one of those who never willingly make mischief.

"I do not keep Caroline out. She is here of an evening now and then—not often."

Mrs. Mason laughed—a low, derisive laugh of mockery. "I knowed it was a falsehood when she told it me! There she goes out, night after night, night after night; so I set Mark on to her, for I couldn't keep her in, neither find out where she went to. Mark was in a passion—something had put him out, and Carry was frightened, for he had got hold of her arm savage. 'I am at Charlotte East's of a night, Mark,' she said. 'I shall take no harm there.'"

Charlotte did not lift her eyes from her work. Mrs. Mason stood, defiantly.

"Now, then! where is it as she gets to?"

"Why do you apply to me?" returned Charlotte. "I am not Caroline Mason's keeper."

"If you bain't her keeper, you be her adviser," retorted Mrs. Mason, "and that's worse."

"When I advise Caroline at all, I advise her for her good."

"My eyes is opened now, if they was blind afore," continued Mrs. Mason, apostrophising in no gentle terms the offending Caroline. "Who give Carry that there shawl?—who give her that there fine gownd?—who give her that there gold brooch, with a stone in it of a colour 'twixt red and yaller and a naked Cupid in white a flying on it? 'A nice brooch you've got there, miss,' says I to her. 'Yes,' says she, 'they call 'em cameons.' 'And where did you get it, pray?' says I. 'And that's my business,' answers she. Next there was a neck scarf, green and lavender, with yaller fringe at its two ends to imitate gold, as deep as my forefinger. 'You be running up a tidy score at Bankes's, my lady,' says I. 'I shan't come to you to pay for it, if I be,' says she. 'No,' thinks I to myself, 'but you be a living in our house, and you may bring Mark into trouble over it—for he's a soft-hearted gander at times. So down I goes to Bankes's place last night. 'Just turn to the debt book, young man,' says I to the gentleman behind the counter—it were the one with the dark hair—and tell me how much is owed by Caroline Mason.' 'Be you come to settle it?' asks he. 'Maybe I be, and maybe I bain't,' says I. 'I want's my question answered, whether or no.' Be you a listening to me, Charlotte East?"

Charlotte lifted her eyes from her work. "Yes."

"He lays hold of a big book," continued Mrs. Mason, who was talking her face crimson, "and draws his finger down its pages. 'Caroline Mason—Caroline Mason,' says he, 'I don't think we have got anything against her. No: it's crossed off. There was a trifle again her, but she paid it last week.' Well, I stood a-staring at the man, thinking he was deceiving of me, saying she had paid. 'When did she pay for that there shawl she had in the winter, and how much did it cost?' asks I. 'Shawl!' says he. 'Caroline Mason hasn't had no shawl of us.' 'Nor a gownd at Easter—a fancy sort of thing, with stripes?' I goes on: 'nor a cameon brooch last week? nor a scarf with yaller fringe?' 'Nothing

o' the sort,' says he, decisive. 'Caroline Mason hasn't bought any of them articles from us. She had some bonnet ribbon, and that she paid for.' Now, what was I to think?" concluded Mrs. Mason.

Charlotte did not know.

"I comes home a-pondering, and at the corner of the lane I catches sight of a certain gentleman a-loitering about in the shade. The truth flashed into my mind. 'He's after our Caroline,' I says to myself; 'and it's him that has given her the things, and we shall just have her a world's spectacle!' I accused Eliza Tyrrett of being the confidant. 'It isn't me,' says she; 'it's Charlotte East.' So I bottled up my temper till now, and now I've come to learn the rights on't."

"I cannot tell you the rights," replied Charlotte. "I do not know them. I have striven to give Caroline some good advice lately, and that is all I have had to do with it. Mrs. Mason, you know that I should never advise Caroline, or any one else, but for her good."

Mrs. Mason would have acknowledged this in a cooler moment. "Why did that Tyrrett girl laugh at me, then? and why did Carry say she spent her evenings here?" cried she. "The gentleman I see was young Anthony Dare; and Carry had better bury herself alive, than be drawn aside by his nonsense."

"Much better," acquiesced Charlotte. "Where is Caroline?"

"Under lock and key," said Mrs. Mason.

"Under lock and key!" echoed Charlotte.

"Yes; under lock and key; and there she shall stop. She was out all this blessed morning with Eliza Tyrrett, and never walked herself in till after Mark had had his dinner and was gone. So then I began upon her. My temper was up, and I didn't spare her. I vowed I'd tell Mark what I had seen and heard, and what sort of a wolf she allowed to make her presents of fine clothes. With that she turned wild, and flung up to her bed-closet in the cock-loft, and I followed and locked her in."

"You have done very wrong," said Charlotte. "It is not by harshness that any good will be done with Caroline. You know her disposition: a child might lead her by kindness, but she rises up to harshness. My opinion is, that she never would have given the least trouble at all, had you made her a better home."

This bold avowal took away Mrs. Mason's breath. "A better home!" cried she, when she could speak. "A better home! Fed her upon French rolls and lobster salad and apricot tarts, and give her a lady's maid to hook and eye her gownds for her behind! My heart! that cobs all."

"I don't speak of food, and that sort of thing," rejoined Charlotte. "If you had treated her with kind words, instead of cross ones, she'd have been as good a girl as ever lived. Instead of that, you have made your home unbearable, and so drove her out, with her dangerous good looks, to be told of them by the first idler that came across her: and that seems to have been Anthony Dare. Go home, and let her out of where you have locked her; do, Hetta Mason! Let her out, and speak kindly to her, and treat her as a sister; and you'll undo all the bad yet."

"I shan't, then!" was the passionate reply. "I'll see you and her hung first, afore I speak kind to her, to encourage her in her loose ways!"

Mrs. Mason flung out of the house as she concluded, giving the door a bang, which only had the effect of sending it open again. Charlotte sighed, as she rose to shut it: not only for any peril that Caroline Mason might be in, but for the general blindness, the distorted views of right and wrong, which seemed to obtain amidst the women of Honey Fair.

It was growing dusk that evening when Charlotte went over to Mrs. Buffle's for some butter. After she

was served, Mrs. Buffle—who was a little shrimp of a woman, with a red nose—crossed her arms upon the counter, and bent her face towards Charlotte's. "Have you heered the news?" asked she. "Mary Ann Cross is a-going to make a match of it with Ben Tyrrett."

"Is she?" said Charlotte. "They had better wait a few years, both of them, until they shall have put by something."

"They be neither of them of the putting-by sort," returned Mrs. Buffle. "Them Cross's is the worst girls to spend in all the fair: unless it's Carry Mason. She don't spare her back, she don't. The wonder is, how she gets it."

"Young girls will dress," observed Charlotte, carelessly.

Mrs. Buffle laughed. "You speak as if you were an old one."

"I feel like one sometimes, Mrs. Buffle. When children are left, as I and Robert were, with a baby brother to bring up, and hardly any means to do it, it helps them to steadiness. Tom—"

Eliza Tyrrett burst in at the door, with a jerk that made its inside bell twang and tinkle. "Half-a-pound o' dips, long-tens, Dame Buffle, and be quick about it," was her order. "There's such a flare-up, in at Mason's."

"A flare-up!" repeated Mrs. Buffle, who was always ripe and ready for a dish of scandal, whether it touched on domestic differences, or on young girls' improvidence in the shape of dress. "Is Mason and her having a noise?"

"It's not him and her. It's about Carry. Hetty Mason locked Carry up this afternoon, and Mason he never come home at all to tea, he went and had some beer instead, and a turn at skittles, and she wouldn't let Carry out. He come in just now, and his wife told him a whole heap about Carry, and Mason went up to the cock-loft and undid the door, and threatened to kick Carry down. They be having it out in the kitchen, all the three."

"What has Carry done?" asked eager Mrs. Buffle.

"Perhaps Charlotte East can tell," said Eliza Tyrrett, slyly. "She has been thick with Carry lately. I am not a-going to tell."

Charlotte took up her butter, and, bending a severe look of caution on the Tyrrett girl, left the shop. Anthony Dare's reputation was not one of lustre, and the bare fact of Caroline Mason's allowing herself to walk with him would have damaged her in the eyes of Honey Fair. As well keep it, if possible, from Mrs. Buffle and other gossips.

As Charlotte crossed to her own door, she became conscious that some one was flying towards her in the dusk of the evening: a woman, with a fleet foot and panting breath. Charlotte caught hold of her. "Caroline, where are you going?"

"Let me alone, Charlotte East"—and Caroline's nostrils were working, her eyes flashing. "I have left their house for ever, and I am going to one who will give me a better."

Charlotte held her tight. "You must not go, Caroline."

"I will," she defiantly answered. "I have chose my lot this night for better and for worse. Will I stay to be taunted without a cause? To be told I am what I am not? No! If anything should happen to me, let 'em reproach themselves, for they have drove me on to it."

Charlotte put her plate of butter down in the dusty road. It impeded her hands, and she wanted all their strength for the wild girl. "Caroline," she urged, "this is the turning point in your life. A step forward, and you may have passed it beyond recall; a step backwards, and you may be saved for ever. Come home with me."

Caroline, in her madness—it was little else—turned her ghastly face upon Charlotte. "You shan't stop me,

Charlotte East! You go your way, and I'll go mine. Shall Mark and she go on at me without cause, calling me false names?"

"Come home with me, Caroline. You shall stop with me to-night; you shan't go back to Hetta. My bed's not large, but it will hold us."

"I won't, I won't!" she uttered, struggling to be free.

"Only for a minute," implored Charlotte. "Come in for a minute, until you are calm. You are mad just now."

"I am drove to it. There!"

With a jerk she wrenched herself from Charlotte's grasp, passion giving her fierce strength. And she flew onwards, and was lost in the dusky night.

Charlotte East picked up her butter, and ran home. Her brothers were there. "Tom," said she, "put this in the cupboard for me;" and out she went again. At the end of Honey Fair, a road lay each way. Which should she take? Which had Caroline taken?

She chose the one to the right—it was the most retired, and went groping about it for twenty minutes. As it happened, as such things do generally happen, Caroline had taken the other.

In a sheltered part of that, which lay back, away from the glare of gas-lamps, Caroline had taken refuge. She had expected somebody would be there to meet her; but she found herself mistaken. Down she sat on a stone, and her wild passion began to cool.

Nearly half an hour afterwards, Charlotte found her there. Caroline was talking to Anthony Dare, who had just come up. Mr. Anthony had intended to be there earlier, but was detained. Charlotte grasped hold of Caroline.

"You must come with me, Caroline."

"Who on earth are you, and what do you want, intruding here?" demanded Anthony Dare, turning round with a fierce stare on Charlotte.

"I am Charlotte East, sir, if it is any matter to you to know my name, and I am a friend of Caroline Mason's. I am come here to take her out of harm's way."

"There's nothing to harm her here," haughtily answered young Anthony. "Mind your own business."

"I am afraid there is one thing to harm her, sir, and that's you," said brave Charlotte. "You can't come among us poor people in Honey Fair for any good. Folks bent on good errands don't need to wait till dark before they pay their visits. You had better give up prowling about this place, Mr. Anthony Dare. Stay with your own equals, sir; with them that'll be a match for you."

"The woman must be deranged!" uttered Anthony, going into a terrible passion. "How dare you presume to say such things to me?"

"How dare you, sir, set yourself out to work ill?" retorted Charlotte. "Come along, Caroline," she added to the girl, who was now crying bitterly. "If you would save yourself, if you would save your character for this world and your soul for the next, you'll come home with me. As for you, sir, if you mean no harm, as you say, and it is necessary that you should condescend to visit Honey Fair, please to pay your visits in the bright light of day."

No very pleasant word broke from Anthony Dare. He would have liked to exterminate Charlotte. "Caroline," fumed he, "order this woman away. If I could see a policeman, I'd give her in charge."

"Sir, if you dare attempt to detain her, I'll appeal to the first passer-by. I'll tell them to look at the great and grand Mr. Anthony Dare, and to ask him what he wants here, night after night."

Even as Charlotte spoke, footsteps were heard, and two gentlemen, talking together, advanced. The voice of one fell familiarly on the ear of Anthony Dare,

familiarly on that of Charlotte East. The latter uttered a joyful cry.

"There's Mr. Ashley! Loose her, sir, or I'll call to him."

To have Mr. Ashley "called to" on the point would not be altogether agreeable to the feelings of young Anthony. "You fool!" he uttered to Charlotte East. "What harm do you suppose I meant, or thought of? You must be a very strange person yourself, to get such a thing as harm into your imagination. Good night, Caroline."

And, turning on his heel haughtily, Anthony Dare stalked off in the direction of Helstonleigh. Mr. Ashley passed on, having noticed nothing; and Charlotte East wound her arm about the sobbing girl, subdued now, and led her home.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DARES AT HOME.

A PROFUSION of glass and plate glittered on the dining table of Mr. Dare. It was six o'clock, and they had just sat down. Mrs. Dare, in a light gauze dress and blonde head-dress, sat at the table's head. There was a large family; four sons and four daughters, and all were at table; also Miss Benyon, the governess. Anthony and Herbert sat on either side of Mrs. Dare; Adelaide and Julia, the eldest daughters, near their father; the four other children, Cyril and George, Rosa and Minny, were between them.

Mr. Dare was serving the salmon. In due course a plate of it, followed by the sauce, was carried to Anthony.

"What's this? Melted butter! Where's the lobster sauce?"

"There is no lobster sauce to-day," said Mrs. Dare. "We sent late, and the lobsters were gone. There was a scarce supply. Joseph, take the anchovy to Mr. Anthony."

Mr. Anthony jerked the anchovy sauce off the waiter, dashed some into the butter on his plate, and jerked the bottle back again. Not with a very good grace: his palate was a dainty one. Indeed, it was a family complaint.

"I'd not give a fig for salmon unless there's lobster sauce with it," he cried. "I hope you'll not send late again."

"It was the cook's fault," said Mrs. Dare. "She did not fully understand my orders."

"Deaf old creature!" exclaimed Anthony.

"Anthony, here's some cucumber," said Julia, looking down the table at her brother. "Ann, take the cucumber to Mr. Anthony."

"You know I never eat cucumber with salmon," grumbled Anthony, in reply. And it was not graciously spoken, for the offer had been dictated by good-nature.

A pause ensued. They were busy over their plates. It was at length broken by Mrs. Dare.

"Herbert, are you getting more reconciled to office-work?"

"No; and never shall be," returned Herbert. "From ten till five is an awful clog upon one's time: it's as bad as school."

Mr. Dare looked up from his salmon. "You might have been put to a profession that would take up a vast deal more time, Herbert. What calls have you upon your time, pray, that it is so valuable? Will you take some more fish?"

"Well, I don't know. I think I will. It is good to-day; very good with the cucumber, that Anthony runs down."

Ann whipped up his plate and took it round to Mr. Dare.

"Anthony," said that gentleman as he filled it,

"where were you this afternoon? You were away from the office entirely, after two o'clock."

"Out with Hawkesley," shortly replied Anthony.

"Yes; it is all very well to say, 'Out with Hawkesley,' but the office suffers. I wish you young men were not quite so fond of taking your pleasure."

"More fish, sir?" asked Joseph of Anthony.

"Not if I know it."

The second course came in. A quarter of lamb, asparagus, and other vegetables. Herbert looked cross. He had recently taken a dislike to lamb, or fancied that he had. "Of course there's something coming for me!" he said.

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Dare. "Cook knows you don't like lamb."

Nothing, however, came in. Ann was sent to inquire the cause of the neglect. The cook had been unable to get a veal outlet, and Master Herbert had said if she ever got him a mutton-chop again, he should throw it at her head. Such was the message brought back.

"What an old story-teller she must be, to say she could not get veal outlet!" exclaimed Herbert. "I hate mutton and lamb, and I am not going to eat either one or the other."

"I heard the butcher say this morning that he had no veal, Master Herbert," interposed Ann. "This hot weather they don't kill much meat."

"Why have you taken this dislike to lamb, Herbert?" asked Mr. Dare. "You have eaten it all the season."

"That's just it," answered Herbert. "I have eaten so much of it that I am sick of it."

"Never mind, Herbert," said his mother. "There's a cherry tart coming, and a delicious lemon pudding. I don't think you can be so very hungry: you had two good servings of salmon."

Herbert was not in a good humour. All the Dares had been blamably pampered, and of course it bore its fruits. He sat drumming with his silver fork upon the table, condescending to try a little asparagus, and a great deal of both the pie and pudding. Cheese, salad, and dessert followed, all of which Herbert partook of plentifully. Still he thought he was terribly used, in not having different meat specially provided for him! and he could not recover his good humour. I tell you the Dares had been most perniciously indulged. The house was one of luxury and profusion, and every little whim and fancy had been studied. It is one of the worst schools a child can be reared in.

The three younger daughters and the governess withdrew, after drinking each a glass of wine. Cyril and George went off likewise, to their lessons or to play. It was their own affair, and Mr. Dare made it no concern of his. Presently Mrs. Dare and Adelaide rose.

"Hawkesley's coming in this evening," called out Anthony, as they were going through the door.

Adelaide turned. "What did you say, Anthony?"

"Lord Hawkesley's coming: at least, he said he would look in for an hour. There's no dependence to be placed on him."

"We must be in the large drawing-room, mamma, this evening," said Adelaide; "and Miss Benyon and the children can take tea in the nursery."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Dare. "It is bad style to have one's drawing-room encumbered with children and a governess, and Lord Hawkesley understands all that."

"Julia also?"

Mrs. Dare shrugged her shoulders. "If you can persuade her into it. I don't think Julia will consent to take her tea in the nursery. Why should she?"

Adelaide vouchsafed no reply. Dutiful children they were not—affectionate children they were not—they had not been reared to be so. Mrs. Dare was of the world, worldly. She had taken no pains to train her children; she had given them very little love. This

little conversation had taken place in the hall. Mrs. Dare went up-stairs to the large drawing-room, a really handsome room. She rang the bell, and gave sundry orders, the moving motive to all of which was the doubtful visit of Viscount Hawkesley—ices from the pastry-cook's, a tray of refreshments, the best china, the best silver. Then Mrs. Dare lay back in her chair for her after-dinner nap—an indulgence she much favoured.

Adelaide Dare had entered the smaller drawing-room, an apartment more commonly used, and opening from the hall. Julia was reading a book just brought in from the library. Miss Benyon was softly playing, and the two little ones were quarrelling. Miss Benyon turned round from the piano when Adelaide entered.

"You must make tea in the nursery this evening, Miss Benyon, for the children. Julia, you are to take yours there."

Julia looked off her book. "Who says so?"

"Mamma. Lord Hawkesley's coming, and we cannot have the drawing-room encumbered."

"I am not going to keep out of the drawing-room for Lord Hawkesley," returned Julia, a quiet girl in appearance and manner. "Who is Lord Hawkesley, that he should disarrange the economy of the house? There's so much ceremony and parade observed when he comes, that it upsets comfort. Your lordship this, and your lordship that; and papa my-lording him to the skies. I don't like it. He looks down upon us—I know he does—although he condescends to make a sort of friend of Anthony."

Adelaide Dare's dark eyes flashed, and her cheeks turned crimson. She was a handsome girl. "Julia! I do think you are an idiot!"

"Perhaps I am," composedly returned Julia, who was of a careless, easy temper; "but I am not going to be kept out of the drawing-room for my Lord Hawkesley. Let me go on with my book in peace, Adelaide: it is a charming one."

Meanwhile, Herbert Dare, seeing the prospect of no more wine in store—for Mr. Dare, with wonderful prudence, told Herbert that two glasses of port were sufficient for him—left his seat, and bolted out at the drawing-room window, which opened on the ground. He ran into the hall for his hat, and then, speeding across the lawn, went into the high road. Anthony remained alone with his father; and Anthony was plucking up courage to speak upon a subject that was causing him some perplexity. He plunged into it at once.

"Father, I am in a mess. I have managed to out-run the constable."

Mr. Dare was at that moment holding his glass of wine between his eye and the light. The words quite scared him. He set his glass down, and looked at Anthony.

"How's that? How have you managed that?"

"I don't know how it has come about," was Anthony's answer. "It is so, sir; and you must be so good as to help me out of it."

"Your allowance is sufficient—amply so. Do you forget that I set you clear of debt at the beginning of the year? What money do you want?"

Anthony Dare began pulling the fringe out of his dessert napkin, to the great detriment of its damask middle. "Two hundred pounds, sir."

"Two hundred pounds!" echoed Mr. Dare, a dark expression shading his handsome face. "Do you want to ruin me, Anthony? Look at my expenses! look at the claims upon me! I say that your allowance is liberal, and you ought to keep within it."

Anthony sat biting his lip. "I would not have applied to you, sir, if I could have helped it; but I am driven into a corner, and *must* find money. I and Hawkesley drew some bills together. He has taken up two, and I—"

"Then you and Hawkesley were a couple of fools for your pains," intemperately interrupted Mr. Dare. "There's no game so dangerous, so delusive, as that of drawing bills. Have I not told you so, over and over again? Simple debt may be staved off from month to month, and from year to year; but bills are nasty things. When I was a young man I lived for years upon promises to pay, but I took care not to put my name to a bill."

"Hawkesley—"

"Hawkesley may do what you must not," interrupted Mr. Dare, drowning his son's voice. "He has got his father's long rent-roll to turn to. Recollect, Anthony, this must not occur again. It is impossible that I can be called upon periodically for these sums. Herbert is almost a man, and Cyril and George are growing up. A pretty thing, if you were all to come upon me in this manner! I have to exert my wits, as it is, I can tell you. I'll give you a cheque to-morrow; and I should serve you right if I were to put you upon half allowance until I am repaid."

Mr. Dare finished his wine, rang for the servant to clear the table, and left the room. Anthony remained standing against the side of the window, half in, half out, buried in a brown study, when Herbert came up, leaping over the grass. Herbert was nearly as tall as Anthony. He had been for some time articulated to his father, but had only joined the office the previous Midsummer. He looked into the room, and saw it was empty.

"Where's the governor?"

"Gone somewhere: into the drawing-room, perhaps," replied Anthony.

"What a nuisance!" ejaculated Herbert. "One can't talk to him before the girls. I want twenty-five shillings from him. Markham has got the primest fishing-rod to sell, and I must have it."

"Twenty-five shillings for a fishing-rod!" cried Anthony.

"And cheap at the price," answered Herbert. "You don't often see so complete a thing as this. Markham would not part with it; it's a relic of his better days, he says; only his old mother wants some comfort or other got for her, which he can't afford. The case—"

"You have half a dozen fishing-rods already."

"Half a dozen rubbish! That's what they are, compared to this one. It is no business of yours, Anthony."

"Not at all. But you'll oblige me, Herbert, by not bothering the governor for money to-night. I have been asking him for some, and it has put him out."

"Did you get it?"

Anthony nodded.

"Then you'll let me have the one-pound-five, Anthony?"

"I can't," returned Anthony. "I shall have a cheque to-morrow, and I must pay it away whole. *That* won't clear me. But I didn't dare to tell of more."

"If I don't get that fishing-rod to-night, Markham may sell it to somebody else," grumbled Herbert.

"Go and get it," replied Anthony. "Promise him the money for to-morrow. You are not obliged to give it, you know. The governor has just said that he lived for years upon promises to pay."

"Markham wants the money down."

"He'll think that as good as down if you tell him he shall have it to-morrow. Bring the fishing-rod away; possession's nine points of the law, you know."

"He'll make such an awful row afterwards, if he finds he does not get the money."

"Let him. You can row again. It's the easiest thing on earth to stave off little paltry debts like that. People get tired of asking for them."

Away vaulted Herbert to get the fishing-rod. Anthony yawned, stretched himself, and walked out just as the

twilight was fading. It was the evening you were reading of in the last chapter, when Charlotte East had the scene with him, regarding Caroline Mason. He was going then to keep the appointment. In the town he met some friends, who detained him half an hour, and that rendered him later than he meant to have been. But for that detention he would not have had the pleasure of encountering Charlotte, and hearing her opinion.

Herbert Dare went back to Markham's. The man—though, indeed, so far as descent went he might be called a gentleman—lived a little way beyond Mr. Dare's. The cottage was situated in the midst of a large garden, in which Markham worked late and early. He had a very, very small patrimony, upon which he lived, and kept his mother. He was bending over one of the beds, when Herbert returned. "He would take the fishing-rod then, and bring the money over at nine in the morning, before going to the office. Mr. Dare was gone out, or he would have brought it then."

Could they have looked behind the hedge at that moment, Herbert Dare and Markham, they would have seen two young gentlemen suddenly duck down under its shade, creep silently along, heedless of the ditch, which, however, was tolerably dry at that season, make a sudden bolt across the road, when they got opposite the entrance of Mr. Dare's, and whisk inside its gates. They were Cyril and George. That they had been at some mischief, and were striving to escape detection, was unmistakable. Under cover of the garden wall, as they had previously done under cover of the road hedge, crept they; sprang into the house by the dining-room window, tore up the stairs, and took refuge in the drawing-room, startlingly arousing Mrs. Dare from her after-dinner slumbers.

In point of fact, they had reckoned upon finding the room unoccupied.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Fathers of the Wesley Family—Clergymen in Dorsetshire, 1650—1662; and References to Events and Changes of their Times. By WILLIAM BEAL. Second Edition, with many additions. London: W. Freeman.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with "The Wesley Family" of Dr. Adam Clarke, know that he has collected a large amount of curious information respecting them. After his elaborate work it would seem that not much remained, except slightly to correct, and somewhat to supplement, what he had written. This is really what Mr. Beal has done; but his little volume is, nevertheless, both instructive and interesting. He begins by indicating the derivation of the names of various places, among which are the Westleighs, Westleas, and Westleys, which are supposed to have given name to the Wesley family. Of this name he considers Wellesley and Westley as variations. Persons with these names can be traced back to a distant period, but the family of John Wesley is first met with in the reign of Charles I. In 1650 Bartholomew Westley, the great-grandfather of John Wesley, was rector of Charnmouth; and his son John was vicar of Winterbourn-Whitchurch in 1658—1662. Of Bartholomew very little is known, but a good deal is to be found respecting John, his son. In speaking of Bartholomew, Mr. Beal takes occasion to go at some length into the features of the times in which he lived, and shows that he was ejected from Charnmouth after the restoration of Charles II. After his ejection he lived in retirement, and preached as he found opportunity. John Westley, of Winterbourn-Whitchurch, was born about 1636, and studied at Oxford. He was afterwards appointed vicar of Whitchurch,

and approved by the authorities. Some months later he married a niece of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Fuller. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth, was his son, and father of the more celebrated John. Soon after the Restoration John Westley was subjected to various annoyances and imprisonment. He was called to account by the Bishop of Bristol, and vexed by others. Early in 1662 he was again imprisoned, and finally expelled from his living by the Act of Uniformity. He seems to have been a very earnest and godly man, but to have had a decided dislike of episcopal regulations. After his ejection he resided in different places, and, as he had a numerous family, he partook of his share in distresses and anxieties. From time to time he preached, but not without danger. He was often disturbed, several times apprehended, and several times imprisoned, till his death, which took place about 1670, at the village of Preston, near Melcombe Regis, in Dorset.

The narrative of Mr. Beal ends here, but it is one which those will do well to read who desire to be acquainted with the harsh and tyrannical proceedings of men in power in those unfortunate times. If the ministers who were cast out by the Act of Uniformity had been left alone, the act itself would have been little thought of now. Its bicentenary would have been passed over as quietly as the tercentenary of Queen Elizabeth's Act in 1558; but it was followed by a succession of harsh and cruel measures, which all good men unite in deprecating and deploring. We cannot but bless God for the greater liberty which is enjoyed in our own day.

Self-Formation: Twelve Chapters for Young Thinkers.

By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Fifth Edition.

Mr. Hood is wise, witty, and somewhat eccentric withal. He has no idea of following always in the beaten track. If he has great lessons to teach, which he often has, he is not apt to go round about them, and encompass them with dry common-places; but he prefers to teach his lessons, and to illustrate and expound them, in an interesting and original manner. Without saying we agree with everything he has written, we can say that we agree with much of it, and that we do not wonder to find a considerable demand for the products of his industrious and ready pen. As the title says, this book contains twelve chapters, six or seven of which have what the author calls "Landing-places," or "episodes," in his own peculiar manner. We may give the titles of the several chapters:—1. What is Self-Education? with an episode for a landing-place—the biography of Won't, Can't, and Try. 2. How to Observe; with an episode for a landing-place—An Hour's Chat with a Sea Anemone. 3. What to Read, and how to Read it. 4. The Art of Thinking; with an episode on "The Soul of a Watch." 5. The Education of the Memory. 6. Moral Habits; with an episode on "Backbone People." 7. The Pursuit of Truth. 8. The Education of the Taste; with an episode on "The Moral Satisfaction of pulling up a Weed." 9. Mental and Moral Freedom. 10. Intellectual Dandyism; with an episode on "The Moral Philosophy of Crutches." 11. Physical Education; with an episode on "The Value of a Worm." 12. The Education of the Citizen. Some of the episodes in particular have very quaint titles, and we cannot always see what they mean without looking at what follows them, and this is what we want our readers to do; they will be amused as well as instructed. No one can open the book without observing that it is written in a healthy tone, and that it is calculated to promote in young people that self-formation, or self-cultivation, which is more valuable than all that nurses and schoolmasters can do. The author is a believer in all that is true, and beautiful, and good, and, as he is a religious man, he looks to profit his readers both in this life and in that which is to come.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JUNE 29.

CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER.—St. Peter was considered the chief of the Apostles. Before his vocation to the apostleship, he was called Simon. He was son of Jonas, and brother of St. Andrew the apostle. They originally resided at Bethsaida, a town much enlarged and beautified by Herod the Tetrarch; it was situated in Upper Galilee, on the banks of the Lake or Sea of Genesareth. This town was early honoured with the presence of our Lord, who, in the course of his ministry, preached and wrought many miracles in it. The inhabitants, however, were for the most part an obstinate set of people; and their rejection of the grace that was offered them merited the dreadful woe that Christ denounced against them. Both Peter and Andrew were religious, docile, and humble, in the midst of a perverse and worldly-minded people. They were educated in the laborious occupation of fishing, which was probably their father's trade, as also of the general inhabitants of the place. But as the New Testament ought to be well known to all our readers, we shall not follow Peter through his apostolic career, merely observing that he was called by the voice of the Saviour from a fisherman to become a favoured apostle. He planted the faith in many countries of Judea, before the dispersion of the apostles, which happened twelve years after the death of Christ. In the partition of nations among the apostles, Peter chose Rome for the chief seat of his labours, and having preached through several provinces of the East, he arrived at that city, which was then, as now, the abode of superstition and the mistress of error. He stayed at Rome from the year 40 to 42, and then returned to the East. When he reached Jerusalem he was imprisoned by Herod; but, being miraculously delivered by an angel, he again left that city, and, travelling through many countries in the East, he established bishops in various places. We next hear of his being banished from Rome on account of the tumults there raised against the Christians by the Jews. St. Peter went again into the East in the year 51, and was present at the general council held by the apostles at Jerusalem, in which he delivered a lecture to show that the obligation of the Jewish ceremonies was not to be laid on the Gentile converts. His determination was seconded by St. James, then bishop of Jerusalem, and formed into a decree. The same synod confirmed St. Paul, in a special manner, to the apostleship of the Gentiles, though he announced the faith also to the Jews when occasion served. St. Peter, while he preached in Judea, chiefly laboured in converting the Jews. They being tenacious of the legal ceremonies, the use of them was for some time tolerated in the converts, provided they did not regard them as of precept; which being always condemned as an error of faith, was called the Nazarean heresy. After the council at Jerusalem, St. Peter went to Antioch, where he ate promiscuously with the Gentile converts, without observing the Jewish distinction of unclean meats. But certain converts from Jerusalem coming in, he, fearing their scandal, withdrew from the table, at which action the Gentile Christians took offence. It was then that St. Paul publicly rebuked his superior, lest his behaviour might seem to condemn those who did not observe the Jewish ceremonial precepts, and lest they might apprehend some disagreement in the doctrine of the two apostles. St. Austin observes that "both these apostles give us on this occasion great lessons of virtue; for we cannot sufficiently admire the just liberty which St. Paul showed in his rebuke, nor the humble modesty

of St. Peter." "But," says that prelate, "St. Peter sets us an example of a more wonderful and difficult virtue: for it is a much easier task for one to see what to reprehend in another, and to put him in mind of a fault, than for us publicly to acknowledge our own faults, and to correct them. How heroic a virtue is it to be willing to be rebuked by another, by an inferior, and in the sight of all the world! This example of Peter," he says in another place, "is the most perfect pattern of virtue he could have set us, because by it he teaches us to preserve charity by humility. Every one can correct others, but only a good man can receive well public rebuke. This is the true test of perfect humility and heroic virtue; this is something far more edifying and more glorious than the most convincing apologies." St. Peter wrote two epistles. The first he dates from Babylon, by which Eusebius tells us he meant Rome, at that time the centre of idolatry and vice. The Jews usually called such cities by that figurative name. St. Peter's second epistle was written a little before his death, and may be regarded as his spiritual testament. In it he strongly exhorts the faithful to labour earnestly in the great work of their salvation, and cautions them to stand upon their guard against the snares of heresy. There is a tradition that St. Peter converted the house of Pudens, a Roman senator, into a church which now bears the name of St. Peter's *ad vincula*. The Latin Church observed the feast of "the dedication of the First Church in Rome, consecrated by St. Peter." But it does not appear that the Christians built any churches in Rome till after the persecution of Severus, but met together in houses and retired places, in such manner as the persecutions would allow. Lactantius tells us that "the great progress which the faith made in Rome by the miracles and preaching of the apostles was the cause of the persecution which Nero raised against the Church," though he had been a constant persecutor of the Church since the conflagration of the city in 64. St. Ambrose says that "Nero having determined on the destruction of the Christians at Rome, his friends entreated Peter to retire for a while. The apostle, though unwillingly, yielded to their importunity, and made his escape by night; but as he passed through the gate of the city, he had a vision as of the Saviour being again crucified; his conscience rebuked him for cowardice, and he returned; both he and St. Paul were soon taken prisoners, and confined for eight months, during which time they converted the captain of their guards, with forty-seven others. Eusebius and Epiphanius both affirm that the two apostles suffered martyrdom on the 29th of June, A.D. 65. St. Peter, when he came to the place of execution, requested of the officers that he might be crucified with his head downwards, alleging that he was not worthy to suffer in the same manner his Master had done before him. "He had preached the cross of Christ," says Augustine, "had gone through great sufferings and mortifications, and felt it a happiness to end his life for his Saviour's sake."

JUNE 30.

PERSECUTION OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES IN NORTH AMERICA.—In 1739 Christian Henry Rauch was sent to New York by the United Brethren, to commence a mission among some of the neighbouring tribes of Indians. Shortly after his arrival he heard that an embassy of Indians had come to that city to treat with Government. He accordingly went in search of them, and though they were much intoxicated when he first found them, yet he waited till they were sober, and then asked two of them, named Tschoop and Shabash, whether they would not like a teacher to settle among them and show them the way to heaven. As they readily agreed to this proposal, he proceeded to Shekomeko, the place of their residence, about twenty-five miles to the east of North River. On

arriving at this place Rauch was received by the Indians with much kindness; but when he spoke to them next day on the subject of religion, they quite disregarded his instructions, and set him at naught. Not discouraged, however, by this, he visited them daily in their huts; he also travelled to the neighbouring towns, though, as he had neither the means to keep a horse nor money to hire a boat, he often suffered extremely from heat and fatigue in the woods; and even on his arrival he was frequently refused admission into their houses. But he forgot all his toil when he began to observe some favourable symptoms in the two Indians to whom he had originally made the proposal to come amongst them. Though once the most abandoned of their tribe, their eyes would now overflow with tears when the missionary described to them the sufferings and death of the Redeemer. They would lament their past blindness, and their ignorance of the true God, who loved them so much that he sent his Son to die for them. Scarcely, however, had he begun to see the fruit of his labours, when some white people in the neighbourhood took the alarm, and endeavoured to thwart his further usefulness. Apprehensive that if the Indians embraced Christianity it would prove injurious to their interests, they laboured to rouse the indignation of the savages against their teacher, by spreading the basest reports concerning him, particularly that he designed to seize their young people, carry them beyond the sea, and sell them for slaves. As the Indians were extremely tenacious of their personal liberty, nothing was better calculated to excite their jealousy than such a rumour, and the majority of them ordered Rauch to leave the place without delay, or they would shoot him. The missionary retired only a short distance, however, and resolutely took opportunities of teaching and preaching, to those who would hear him, the truths of the Gospel; and by degrees the Indians began to admire his patience, courage, and perseverance, combined as they were with so much humility, meekness, and gentleness, and he again gained their confidence. Soon after this the United Brethren sent others to assist him in teaching the ignorant Indians. However, they were not long allowed to be thus happily diffusing knowledge, for the whites again became their enemies. Having failed in poisoning the minds of the Indians, they now endeavoured to rouse the fears of their own countrymen, by representing the missionaries in league with the French in Canada, whereupon they were accused of treason, and taken into custody on this day in the year 1744; they were dragged from court to court; but, notwithstanding the violence of their enemies, they were honourably acquitted. An act was soon after passed that prohibited any teachers from instructing the Indians.

JULY 1.

ASSEMBLING OF THE THIRD CRUSADE UNDER RICHARD I. AND PHILIP DE VALOIS.—We have had occasion to speak of the enthusiasts under the first and second Crusade; the third took place in the year 1188, immediately following the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin. The expedition was undertaken in the first instance by numerous German princes and nobles, in which, under the command of the Emperor Frederick, they defeated the Sultan of Iconium; but Frederick, son of the emperor, having been joined by Guy of Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, in vain endeavoured to reduce St. Jean d'Acre, or Ptolemais; and for this purpose it was thought desirable to increase their army. Richard I. of England no sooner heard of this than he roused the feelings of his subjects to a spirit of savage bigotry, and there became a popular thirst for the blood of a Jew. Thus while the mob pillaged the houses of the Israelites, both in London and the country, numbers were preparing to join Richard

in this third crusade, in which Philip of France had agreed to unite; and on this day, in the year 1190, 100,000 warriors and pilgrims assembled on the plains of Vezelai, the united forces of England and France, by which means the Christian army was raised to 300,000 fighting men. With this enormous force Ptolemais was again besieged, and, in spite of a very gallant resistance, taken; but Philip, unable to brook the feeling of superiority of his rival, quitted the Holy Land in disgust, and Richard had the undivided honour of defeating the mighty Saladin. His victory was, however, productive of anything but glory. Reduced by the casualties of war, enfeebled by the influence of climate, and utterly paralysed by intestine broils, the army gradually melted away; and Richard Cœur de Lion, like the preceding leaders, returned to Europe, unaccompanied even by a remnant of his once mighty host.

JULY 2.

JOHN X., POPE OF ROME, SUFFOCATED.—On this day, in the year 928, this warlike Pope was suffocated in his cell, while under imprisonment.

JULY 3.

PERSECUTION OF THE ORDER OF TEMPLARS.—The fourteenth century may truly be termed part of the dark ages. It was the Pope's policy to keep the people in complete ignorance, and the greatest jealousy was felt lest any should exhibit symptoms of improving knowledge. All persons in England were under the power of the Pope; but at this time sprang up the order of the Templars, who repudiated many of the doctrines issued from the Papal throne; whereupon false witnesses were bribed to convict them of heresy. Edward II., in obedience to the Pope's peremptory bull, cast into different prisons all the Templars in England, Wales, and Ireland. They were afterwards placed on their trial, when they denied most positively any act dissonant with Christianity. After repeated threats, many of them confessed that they had been under evil report and under suspicion of heresy, performed their penances, and received absolution. Some, however, had a higher spirit, and would make no confession, nor bow to the Pope's mandate. One more especially, William de la More, who had the title of Great Preceptor of England, was earnestly exhorted to own the usurpation of the power of absolution, and seek the pardon of the Church: he replied that he had never been guilty of the imputed heresies, and would not abjure crimes which he had never committed. He was remanded back to prison on this day, in the year 1309, and was afterwards imprisoned in a monastery the remainder of his life.

JULY 4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PROCLAMATION.—Soon after Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, she issued a proclamation, dated July 4th, 1559, prohibiting the clergy from preaching till the meeting of Parliament; and the people were charged to hear only the Epistles and Gospels for the day, the Ten Commandments, the Litany, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed. This, it will be remembered, was followed by many acts favouring the Reformation.

JULY 5.

THE PASSING OF AN ACT FOR SUPPRESSING BLASPHEMY AND PROFANENESS.—When the Prince of Orange ascended the throne, he endeavoured to reform many abuses that formerly existed, to ameliorate the condition of all classes, and to give freedom to religion; but such was the wretched state of society, that it was found necessary to pass an Act of Parliament, entitled "An Act for the more effectual suppressing Blasphemy and Profaneness." This act was passed on the 5th of July, 1698.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

MINERAL PRODUCTS.

A WELL-KNOWN work by an old German author contains a story to this effect:—In a company of gentlemen, the conversation one day turned upon the museum of a certain prince. Various objects were named, which, for their workmanship, variety, and cost were highly esteemed. One who was present said, an eminent clergyman once went to see such a collection, and as he left asked his friends what they thought the most precious. They agreed with the curator that it was a piece of jewellery studded with many large diamonds. "True," he exclaimed; "but what a rebuke does it convey when we regard the matter in a religious point of view! We find ourselves prizing highly that which comparatively is worthless; and daily we find multitudes regarding slightly, or not regarding at all, that priceless jewel which God has entrusted to each man's keeping. Happily, my friends, we know that there is something far more to be prized than the fairest and the finest of Golconda's glittering gems. Let us, then, ever remember that unerring Wisdom places the soul in the balance with the world, and when he has weighed them, asks, 'What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' All that is to be seen in the museum has been or can be bought with gold or silver; but what can a soul be purchased with? nothing less than the precious blood of Christ."

And now looking at the International Exhibition, let us endeavour to remember some of the lessons which its contents may teach us. We shall begin with mineral products. Here are blocks of stone which the eye of the incurious would pass over, and only regard, at most, as things to be used for building, paving, and the like. There are, for example, pieces of granite; but who ever looked carefully into a broken piece of granite without seeing in it something very wonderful? The minute, beautiful, and variously coloured crystals in a lump of granite are in every sense extraordinary. Its hardness and durability are very great. Its uses are many and important. On many accounts it is one of the most valuable productions of the earth. When was it formed? why was it formed? how was it formed? Geologists say that it is one of the oldest of rocks, that it seems to have been once fused and melted by fire, and that as the molten mass gradually cooled, it crystallised and hardened as we now see it in those vast deposits of granite which occur in so many parts of the world. Very different from this are the specimens of slate which we see. They can be readily split up, and are much more easily polished and fashioned by the chisel. Hence they are not adapted for walls, and columns, and bridges, and roadways, where great hardness and strength are required. But the very qualities we have mentioned

make slate of great use and value. The child at school writes with a slate pencil, upon a tablet of slate. The householder covers his roof with pieces of slate. In many places they are used for gravestones and monuments, for foot pavements and floors. But why is it that slate is so easily split? The answer is that it is an aqueous rock, or a rock deposited by water at the bottom of the ancient ocean. Granite is an igneous rock formed out of a molten mass, and hence it is not stratified or divisible like slate. All rocks formed by the action of fire are unstratified, and all rocks formed by water are stratified. Very often, but not always, the igneous rocks are the hardest and the oldest. Not always, we say, for pumice-stone is of igneous origin, and yet it is soft and produced apparently at the present day.

Marble appears in great variety, and often adorned with veins and markings of rare beauty and richness. Sometimes it is of a deep black, at other times of the purest white, or green, or pink, &c.; in fact, nearly all the hues of the rainbow are to be found in one specimen or another. Every one knows how endless are the uses to which these marbles are put, and how they minister to the pleasure, luxury, or advantage of our race. Geologically, they are much less ancient than slates and granite, but they belong to the class of stratified rocks of aqueous origin. Where marble is plentiful, it is used for making lime and cement, and it is by no means uncommon, where limestone is scarce, for ignorant people to burn into lime, and turn into mortar, the most exquisite works of art, carved in marble. Thus the same block of marble which formed the image of a god, and was worshipped and sacrificed unto, has at length been burned into lime, turned into mortar, and plastered over the hut of a semi-savage in Asia Minor. We regret the destruction of the products of skill, in these cases, but they teach us the vanity of all idols, and we are reminded that our God is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

There are many other kinds of stone—crystal, and alabaster, porphyry, &c.—exhibited here, all of which are turned to the service of man. From chalk and clay, and sand and flints, things of great variety are made, some for use, and some for ornament, and some for both use and ornament. For example, how numerous and how admirable are the specimens of china, glass, and earthenware! yet these were once mere clay, or sand, or earth. God gave man the raw material, wisdom to discover it, and ingenuity to fashion it in all the endless variety of forms which we see. Thus in his providence and through his bounty, the very earth, which seems worthless, has been made a source of enjoyment.

But it is not merely bricks and tiles, vases and statues, building stones and roofing slates, which have come out of the earth. There is coal of different kinds, and put to countless uses, for lighting and warming our dwellings, cooking our food, and

fabricating articles of almost every description, as well as for impelling our steam engines and ships. But if coal supplies us with all these advantages, it is not alone. The very rock, for instance, yields an oil which lights the lamp of poor and rich. Mineral products supply many sorts of colours and dyes, varnish and ink; they are employed in the forms of acids, alkalies, salts, and chemicals. We use salt to savour our food, and other earthy products for cleanliness and medicine. God has supplied us with the treasures of the everlasting hills, and made the dust beneath our feet conducive to our health, wealth, and comfort.

We have said nothing of precious stones, although they are numerous and interesting. They have always been highly valued, and in the Bible we read of them frequently, often compared with the richest of gifts and the best of blessings. Here, in this great collection, we find them in abundance, from the agates and modest pebbles of our own islands to the splendid and princely rubies and diamonds of foreign shores. In their largest and rarest forms these are the prerogatives of the wealthy; like Aaron's breast-plate, for beauty and for glory. To most of us they are interesting as objects of curiosity, as illustrations of the manifold handiwork of God. They may serve also to remind us of the perseverance and diligence which man has shown in discovering and polishing them. Nor should we forget how often they have ministered to the pride and ambition, the vanity and self-glory of our fellow-creatures. Happy are we, if we know the true value of these things, and have learned rather to seek after that wisdom which is more precious than rubies. Thrice happy are we if we are the disciples of Him who has said, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." If Christ is our portion,

"We have treasures richer far
Than east or west unfold."

One word only, in conclusion, about the metals; gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, lead, zinc, &c. Here we have them all, in all the states in which they are found, and in all the forms which they receive from man. Their individual values and nature are known, and one is astonished at the diversity of uses to which they are put. Gold and silver alone are represented by myriads of objects, some of which are of the most splendid and gorgeous description. But precious and brilliant as these things are, we question whether copper and iron and their amalgams and modifications are not viewed with even greater satisfaction. Taken as a whole, this display of ores and of articles manufactured from them is one of the most extraordinary features of the Exhibition. They come from many lands, and they represent the skill and mechanical ingenuity of innumerable minds. What an idea they give of the wealth hidden beneath the surface of the earth, and consequently of the bounteous liberality of Divine Providence! How they illustrate the versatility of human genius! How thankful we ought to be that God has prepared them for our service, and that he has given us the wisdom to find out their uses. It is true that depraved man has forged out of them these weapons and terrible instruments of destruction. It is true that many things are destined for mere luxury or ornament. But these implements fitted for peaceful occupations, and this machinery designed for carrying out the intentions

of trade and commerce, all these things which are invented for the comfort and welfare of man, great is their value, and joyfully we behold them. It is not merely the material interests of man which are promoted by the multitude of objects which we here see brought together; some of them are calculated to advance our moral, intellectual, and religious welfare. In their production man is rightly and well employed, and aids in carrying out those great purposes of love which the bounteous Creator had when he called the raw materials into being, and created man to use and enjoy them.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

JERUSALEM TO NABLOUS.

LEAVING the Holy City by the Damascus gate, we commence our journey towards the north. At about half a mile distant from the gate, we have on our right what are called the Tombs of the Kings, or the Tombs of Helens. This Helena is not to be confounded with the mother of Constantine, who bore the same name. Josephus tells us that she was a queen of Adiabene, who embraced the Jewish religion, and came to Jerusalem, and was afterwards buried there in a sepulchre about three furlongs from the city. She came to Jerusalem during the famine, which is mentioned in Acts xi, 28. The Greek writer Pausanias alludes to her sepulchre, which he says was opened by a curious contrivance. To this day one of the tombs is furnished with a circular door like a millstone, which was made to roll backwards and forwards; the sepulchre of our Lord was probably secured in a similar manner.

Some distance beyond these tombs, we descend into a valley or wady, and pass the tomb which goes by the name of Simon the Just, who died about 286 B.C. He was a high priest of the Jews, and was regarded as a person of excellent character. He may or may not have been buried where his tomb is shown. Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans have vied with one another in their endeavours to decide where particular events took place, but it by no means always follows that their decisions are correct.

As we advance over the uneven and hilly surface, we gradually ascend the hill called Scopus, and when near to Shafat obtain our last look at Jerusalem. Travellers say that this is by far the finest view of the Holy City which can be obtained. Dr. Robinson says, "As we waited and looked again from this high ground upon the city and the surrounding objects, I could not but exclaim, 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.' One long last look, and then turning away, I bade those sacred hills farewell for ever." Shafat lies to the left of the road, and not far beyond a road to Ramleh and Jaffa branches off on the same side. If we had time, we might pursue this track for four miles to Gibeon, its adjacent valley, and Mizpah, all of which are famous in Scripture, as also is Gibeah, the ruins of which we pass on our right.

Scenes of ever-changing character, and often of surpassing beauty, employ our wondering eyes as we advance, and we can never forget the conspicuous place which this district holds in the Old Testament as the lot of Benjamin. Traces of its ancient populousness and importance are frequent in the form of crumbling ruins, and there are many spots which, by

judicious culture, are so many tokens of what the land might become again—of what it once was—a land flowing with milk and honey. These remarks apply with even yet more force to the lot of Ephraim which we have shortly to traverse.

A couple of miles beyond Gibeah, a path on the right leads to Er-Ram or Ramah, now a miserable village, but more ancient than the time of Samuel the prophet. Further on in the same direction lies Geba, now called Jeba, a small half-ruined village, but once a city of priests in the tribe of Benjamin. It was here that several important transactions took place in the days of Saul and Jonathan. As its name implies, it stands upon a hill, and is divided by a valley from Michmash, which occupies another eminence beyond it. If the reader will turn to 1 Sam. xiii., xiv., he will have a very correct idea of the actual situation and relation of Geba and Michmash to one another. Both these places still retain their ancient names with trifling variation, and furnish a striking proof of the minute accuracy of the sacred historian. In the valley beyond Michmash there are ancient ruins and sepulchres. By this route we can reach Bethel. The high road from which we have wandered passes through a locality containing perhaps fewer objects of interest, but still some of importance. There is Atara, which seems to be the Ataroth of Ephraim, referred to in Joshua xvi. 2, 7. There is also Birch, which is identified with Beeroth, named in Joshua ix. 17, and afterwards possessed by Benjamin. Near this place the road to Nablous divides into two branches, which unite again at Ain Haramiyeh. Beeroth, we may observe, signifies "wells," and there is still outside the town a fine flowing fountain with a stone trough. The water was once discharged into two large reservoirs, the ruins of which may yet be seen.

What we may call the main road to Nablous passes no places of much importance for some distance. Not far from it are the traces of an old Roman road, the pavement of which still remains entire for a considerable distance. Pursuing our journey in this direction, we may, if we like, go on to Jiljilia, once the famous Gilgal. This place is now a large village in a very elevated situation, and commands a magnificent prospect. To the west lies the great plain towards the sea; to the east the mountains of Gilead are visible; and far away in the north rises Mount Hermon. To reach the main road we have to pass through Sinjil.

The other road from Beeroth is one of great interest, because it conducts us to Beitin, the Bethel of Scripture. Ai, which was in its vicinity, is supposed to be represented by Tell-el-Hajar. Bethel is a most ancient place, and was originally called Luz. Between Bethel and Hai Abraham pitched his tent nearly 3,800 years ago. Here Jacob resided and Deborah was buried. Its name continually comes before us in the Old Testament history, and even in the later books of the Apocrypha. There are many ruins in the locality, and it is one of the most interesting places which the traveller can visit. One cannot but feel peculiar emotions when one remembers that it was here that Jacob slept on his way to Haran, and in his dream saw the ladder and the angels of God ascending and descending; that here he built an altar to the Lord, and called the place by the name which, with a little alteration, it now bears. Hither Samuel came once a year to judge

the people. Here also Jeroboam set up one of his golden calves, and tempted Israel to sin. Its idolatry was abolished by King Josiah.

The situation of Bethel was long lost sight of, and has only been discovered of late years by the Protestant missionaries of Jerusalem; yet it must have been an important town, even in Christian times; for the ruins of many houses and of several churches are found there. We cannot be surprised that the Prince of Wales visited the spot, and, like Abraham and Jacob of old, pitched his tent there. Doubtless he remembered Jacob's dream, and pondered Jacob's vow, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God," &c. (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21). No doubt he also remembered the large and glorious blessing which the Lord pronounced upon Jacob and his seed. The tabernacle has long since been removed from Bethel, and its outward glories have all departed; but the blessing of Jacob's God remains, and he abideth faithful.

From the high ground at Beitin, the hill of Rimmon is visible, whither 600 Benjamites retired after the slaughter of their tribe, and where they remained in safety for four months, as we read in Judges xx., xxi.

Taking our departure from Beitin, we pass through a diversified country to Ain Haramiyeh, already mentioned, and proceed again along the main road to near Sinjil. Here we again turn away to the right, and make our way to Seilun, which is believed to be no other than the Shiloh of the Scriptures. It was given to the tribe of Ephraim, and was the place where the tabernacle was first set up in the Promised Land. After remaining here many years, it was captured by the Philistines. At Shiloh, Joshua divided the rest of the land not already appropriated. Here the Lord revealed himself to Samuel. This also was one of the cities first re-inhabited by the Jews after the Captivity. Since then little has been known of it, and it was quite lost sight of till a few years ago. The place where a feast of the Lord was held in Shiloh yearly was as completely unknown as if it had never existed except upon paper. Jerome speaks of it as a place utterly in ruins, and no one seems to have recognised it from his day to the present generation. The ruins are not extensive, and lie upon a small hill.

The brook Cherith, celebrated in connection with the history of the prophet Elijah, lies among the hills, a few miles to the east of Shiloh, in a wild and now desolate country.

The road from Shiloh lies along the Wady-el-Lubban, part of which is cultivated and fertile. In due time we reach again the high road from Jerusalem. To the left is the village of Lubban, supposed to be the Lebonah of Scripture. Various objects of interest offer themselves to view as we wind along the valleys or climb the elevations in our path, and at length we obtain a view of the mountains among which Nablous is situated. There they stand in all their beauty and glory; Mount Gerizim lifting up its head in the north, and Mount Ebal still further on, flanked on the east by a noble plain. Descending the hills, we pursue our journey along the borders of the plain, till we arrive at what is called Jacob's Well. We may, if we please, turn off before we reach this

well, and, crossing a part of Gerizim, may go down into the valley between it and Ebal, and there come to Nablous, the Sychar of New Testament times, and the Shechem of patriarchs and prophets. Here we may pause awhile, and defer for a season our notice of its history and condition.

GRAVE THOUGHTS AMIDST GAIETY.

CLARISSA had been long looking forward to this auspicious evening. Her indulgent parents had regarded the occasion as one which was calculated to yield them as much applause as would fall to the lot of their beautiful daughter. They had spared neither expense nor pains to make the preparations complete. The choicest products of the loom had been called into requisition, and one of the most accomplished mistresses of her art had been engaged, that wealth and fashion might minister to female loveliness. Time would fail me were I to tell of all that the jeweller and goldsmith and others had to do to make the adornment of Clarissa perfect. Those of my readers who know the customs and tastes of high life will know that the introduction of Miss Stanley to the fashionable world must have been a costly and a splendid affair. Well, there she was, resplendent with gold and jewels, and the centre of attraction and interest in the brilliant assembly which that night graced Sir Gerard Stanley's hall. Clarissa was queen on that festive occasion, and felt in no small degree flattered by all she saw and heard. Was this life — this scene of gaiety, luxury, and pleasure? or was this but the intoxication of an hour, a transitory dream?

The thoughts of Clarissa wandered, and after a time she became anxious for a quiet moment. She walked to the window; but the bright stars were obscured by the brilliant lights of the room, and yet at a little distance she saw a single light burning at the window of a dear but dying friend. The eyes of Clarissa were fixed upon this light, and sad presentiments stole in upon her mind.

At that moment a lady approached, and, observing what she was contemplating, remarked, "Miss Netherstone is very ill. How sad it is to bid farewell to life so young!"

The heart of Clarissa was deeply moved, and she did not attempt a reply. That little light shone upon the bed of suffering, perhaps the death-bed of an old friend. So at least Clarissa thought her; and she could not then forget how they had talked of holy things together, and had made common vows to give themselves for ever to the Lord.

Adelia Netherstone had been faithful to her resolutions, and the seeds of truth had grown in her heart. She bore her affliction without repining, and her constant prayer was that the will of the Lord might be done. Christ was more precious to her than life and all its pleasures, and by his grace she had been prepared to live or die.

Not so Clarissa Stanley: her false and deceitful purposes had been forgotten; and now the world was all her care and joy.

Little by little they had become less intimate, although nothing had occurred except this, that one was in health and occupied with the trifles and vanities of time, and the other was sick and wholly taken up with her eternal concerns. Clarissa had almost lost sight of Adelia; but still she called her her

friend, and always regretted her early affliction, which threatened so soon to take her away.

"Poor Adelia!" said some one who had heard the remark already mentioned.

"Ah!" said Clarissa to herself, "is she really to be pitted? She has taken no part in the pleasures with which I am surrounded, it is true; but is she not acquainted with others, better, and more real it may be, than any I know? One thing, at least, is certain: she is always so happy. Though lying upon her couch and a martyr to pain, she is as cheerful as she ever was. Perhaps it is because she puts her trust in the Lord, and loves him, and finds that he does not fail her in the time of need. Her youth and her life are passing away; but a glorious and eternal prospect opens before her."

Thus soliloquised Clarissa, and as she remained apparently absorbed in her reflections, no one disturbed her, and she rapidly meditated still with herself—

"As for me, what can I say of the amusements and pleasures which I have chosen? Certainly, as it respects God and eternity, they are nothing. In themselves, too, they are not much when we think of them; excited and exciting, to-morrow they may be all at an end. What shall I then have to call my own? From my heart I believe that all I enjoy is nothing compared with the calm and enduring pleasures of piety.

"There was a day when I, like my friend, promised my life to the Lord; but little by little I have forgotten him. I am not able to say that I have kept my vows, and if I had been called instead of Adelia, where should I have been?"

Here she checked herself, and was about to resume her place among the joyous company; but conscience had been awakened, and she felt that she must try and reason away her scruples; so she went on:—

"After all, if my pleasures are unsatisfying, are they wicked? Is this gay scene the world, rather than the multitude of daily cares and occupations which come to all? No doubt those revellings in which many take a part are the world which we ought not to live in and to love. Those are 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' against which we should be on our guard. And still I do believe that I would rather exchange all my pleasures for the pure happiness of Adelia, and suffer with her too; for she knows that Christ is her Saviour and portion."

A young man of elegant exterior at that instant came forward, and, reminding Clarissa that dancing was about to re-commence, offered her his arm and led her away.

About the same time the light in Adelia's window also changed its place. The peaceful and solemn scene on which it looked was over, and the eyes of Adelia saw no more on earth. She had passed away to gaze upon the eternal Sun.

After a short youth devoted to the service of God, a brief but beautiful life of faith in Jesus, she passed to receive the victor's crown. A calm smile rested still upon her placid countenance, reminding the beholder that she was now seeing Him who had been all her salvation and all her desire. While she was on earth he had filled up her heart and her days; she had taken refuge beneath his cross, and felt secure.

"Here I sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God."

From the cross she had gone to the throne, and had received an abundant entrance into the kingdom of light. The testimony of her life was crowned by the peaceful triumph of her faith that night.

Sir Gerard Stanley became absorbed in play, and it was daylight when the festive company broke up.

Clarissa could not forget all she had thought, and during the slow paced hours her mind, at least, often reverted to the little light in the window—meet emblem of expiring man. Before she retired to her chamber she went once more to look at Miss Netherstone's house. The signs of death were upon it. Clarissa was deeply moved, the tears gushed to her eyes, and she half muttered a prayer.

But what could she do? This was her introduction to society, and was to be followed by similar scenes at other houses, and she was to be there.

She had entered upon the world, and she did not turn back.

Two years later she was laid not far from Adelia Netherstone.

The resurrection will inform us whether she was ready. How short-lived were those pleasures which she had preferred to the service of her God! Happy is the woman, be her station what it may, who, like Mary, chooses the good part, for it shall not be taken away from her.

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts v. 6—12.)

CHAP. V. 6. The body of Ananias was wound up in order to burial. The Rev. George Turner, in his "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," says, in reference to this passage: "Dead bodies in Samoa are usually prepared for the grave by winding them up in some folds of native cloth without any coffin. At Erromanga the natives make a few plaited cocoa-nut leaves suffice."

Verse 18. "The common prison." An eminent writer, in speaking of Oriental nations, says: "They have not different prisons for the different classes of criminals. The judges do not trouble themselves about where the prisoners are confined, or how they are treated, considering a prison merely as a place of safety; and all that they require of the gaoler is that the prisoner be forthcoming when called for. As to the rest, he is master to do as he pleases; to treat him well or ill; to put him in irons or not; to shut him up close or to hold him in easier restraint; to admit people to him, or to suffer nobody to see him." The place in which the apostles were confined was no doubt the common receptacle of prisoners awaiting their trial. In such cases no attention would be paid to their comfort and cleanliness, and they would be thrown among the worst of characters. There seems to have been no fixed period, either for the detention or trial of persons accused. In the present instance the high priest arranged for the trial on the day after the apprehension of the apostles, and in all probability, it was not intended to try any other prisoners.

Verse 33. "They took counsel to slay them." That is, they consulted together as to the best mode of involving the prisoners in some accusation which might justify their public execution. It was their

wish and endeavour to pronounce upon them sentence of death. For the crime of blasphemy they might have been sentenced to die; and we may suppose they could have easily persuaded the Roman authorities to ratify their decision. But God had other purposes concerning them, and this was not to be.

Verse 34. While the council remained yet undecided, Gamaliel, a member of the council, a doctor of the law, and a man of public reputation, stood up and directed that the prisoners should be taken out of the room for a short time. This Gamaliel appears to have been the teacher of St. Paul (Acts xxii. 3), and to have been the Rabban Gamaliel of the Jewish writers. He was the grandson of the famous Hillel, and son of Rabban Simeon, by some thought to have been the Simeon who took the infant Jesus in his arms in the temple and blessed him. Gamaliel was the most renowned doctor and teacher of the law in his day, and his sayings have been most carefully preserved in the Talmud by the Jews. Dr. Kitto says, "The Jewish writers concur with the evangelist in testifying the estimation in which this remarkable man was held, not only by the learned, but by the common people. He died eighteen years before the destruction of Jerusalem; and to the last hour of his life was held in the highest veneration." The Mishna (Sota ix. 15) affirms that when Rabban Gamaliel died, "the glory of the law ceased, and purity and Pharisaism expired." At his death he ordered that his body should be wrapped in linen, not in silk, as the bodies of the distinguished dead usually had been; and this was deemed by his friends a greater grief than even his death, as they could not persuade themselves that he was honourably enough interred. Onkelos, the celebrated author of the Targum, who was one of Gamaliel's disciples, distinguished himself by the quantity of spices with which he honoured the interment of his venerable master. Another author says that Onkelos raised to Gamaliel such a funeral pile of rich materials as had never before been known, except at the burial of a king. While, however, Gamaliel is celebrated for his wisdom and candour, he not only lived and died a Jew, but he composed, or sanctioned, a well-known prayer against heretics, with especial reference to Christians. This prayer is thus given by the late Rev. T. H. Horne: "Let there be no hope to them who thus apostatise from the true religion; and let heretics, how many soever they be, all perish as in a moment. And let the kingdom of pride be speedily rooted out and broken in our days. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who destroyest the wicked, and bringest down the proud." Gamaliel was a Pharisee, and it is by no means unlikely that he was influenced to give his advice in favour of clemency, by the consideration that the Sadducees, the great opposers of the resurrection, were the leading adversaries of the apostles (chap. iv. 1).

Verse 36. Gamaliel relates the story of one Theudas, who by false pretences had induced 400 men to join him, but who was put to death, and his followers dispersed. Josephus also tells us that while Fadus was procurator of Judea, a certain magician, whose name was Theudas, persuaded a large number of people to take their effects with them, and follow him to the river Jordan; for he told them that he was a prophet, and that he would, by his own command, divide the river, and afford them an easy passage over it; and many were deluded by his words. Fadus, however,

did not permit them to take any advantage of his wild attempt, but sent a troop of horsemen, who fell upon them and took many alive, among whom was Theudas, whose head they cut off and carried to Jerusalem. Eusebius, the Church historian, regards this Theudas and the one mentioned by St. Luke as identical. But there is a difficulty which has not been well explained. Josephus places the event fourteen years later than the inspired writer. Josephus, therefore, either makes some mistake or refers to another person of the same name. The name of Theudas was not uncommon, and it is very possible that among the many leaders of seditious movements there were two of this name. On the other hand, it is exceedingly likely that Josephus has made a blunder, and misplaced the record of the transaction, or called Theudas by the name of Judas in another chapter.

Verse 37. Judas of Galilee. Upon this verse Dr. Alexander remarks: "This man is also mentioned by Josephus, once as a Gaulonite, but in several places as a Galilean—one place, perhaps, denoting his place of residence, the other that of his nativity. Cyrenius is said by Josephus to have vanquished and destroyed the Galilean rebel Judas; a coincidence of much more weight in favour of the narrative before us, than any difference or doubts as to minute chronology or other circumstances ought to have against it." Dr. Kitto says there is no doubt concerning this person, whom he considers the leader of the Galileans mentioned by our Lord in Luke xiii. 1. "The principles of Judas and his party were, that it was not lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or submit to the Romans. They held that God was their only sovereign, and they were therefore content to suffer torture and death rather than call any man lord. It was when Judea was made a Roman province, after the deposition of Archelaus, that Judas and his coadjutor Sadoc first propounded their opinions, vehemently protesting that the census (or taxing), with the valuation of property, and payment of tribute, which was then carried into effect, involved the most shameful slavery, to which a nation whose sovereign was God ought not to submit." The leaders of this party were put down, Judas and others indeed were killed; but the principles he taught continued as long as Jerusalem lasted. The disciples of Judas are known by the name of "Zealots," whose obstinate and violent conduct involved the nation in many calamities. It should be added that the taxing mentioned in this verse is the one which is alluded to in Luke ii. 1. Archelaus commenced it, and Cyrenius completed it precisely at the period of our Lord's birth. We have said that the disciples of Judas of Galilee were called "zealots," and it is interesting to observe that one of the twelve apostles of Christ is called Simon Zelotes, or the Zealot, most likely because he had been one of the party. Simon is also called the Canaanite, but this word means the same as Zelotes, just as Cephas means the same as Peter (a stone), and Thomas the same as Didymus (a twin).

Gamaliel was of opinion that the success of a cause was the criterion of its Divine approval, and he wished the rest of the Sanhedrim, or council, to apply this test in the case of the apostles. His advice was adopted, but, strangely enough, not without beating the apostles, and commanding them to speak no more in the name of Jesus. We are not told in what particular manner they were beaten, but it is a well-known fact

that to this day beating is a common form of punishment in the East. The knout in Russia, and the bastinado in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, &c., are in frequent use. The bastinado has been said to be the chief governing instrument in a great part of the world. In Persia, Turkey, and Egypt the ordinary method is to beat the soles of the feet with sticks. The punishment is often very severe. Originally the number of blows was from three to thirty-nine, and to this limitation the Apostle Paul refers when he says that he was several times beaten with forty stripes, save one. There were cases in which the stripes might extend to seventy-five, but in actual practice the law has at all times been little heeded. Probably the practice of whipping was adopted as a summary and convenient mode of chastisement; and hence it was in use among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans. Very often the infliction was very severe, and it was always disgraceful. Some idea of its severity may be formed from the fact that the Greek word signifies to flay, or strip off the skin. This is the word used in the present case, and in several other passages, as Matt. xxi. 35; Luke xxii. 63; John xviii. 23; Acts xvi. 37. Our Lord foretold that his disciples would be subjected to this form of punishment (see Matt. x. 17); and he himself endured it (Matt. xxvii. 26), as predicted by Isaiah (liii. 5). "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master." The apostles, therefore, departed, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.

Correspondence.

[When our readers have occasion to allude to any of their former questions, it is better to state the question, or quote the passage of Scripture, than to refer to any past correspondence; and when it happens that replies do not speedily appear, we must request our friends to do us the kindness to remember that highly as we may appreciate many of their inquiries, we have to bear in mind that our space is limited, our correspondents are very numerous, that the questions are not all equally useful in their tendency, and that some of the subjects have already received our attention in reply to former correspondents. It may be thought that some of the portions of Scripture quoted are not so difficult as to need observation; but that which causes no difficulty to one man often proves highly perplexing to another, and therefore, for the sake of our younger correspondents, and in kindness to those persons who ask for the information, and to whom commentaries may be unattainable, we give replies, and are thankful to find that they have produced a beneficial result.]

No. 162.—T. WESTON.—HOW ARE WE TO RECONCILE THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES, AS INCUICATED IN THE GOSPEL, WITH THE MALEDICTION TO BE FOUND IN THE PSALMS AND OTHER PORTIONS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT?

The Gospel is a dispensation which exalts man, and which demands from all who receive its promised aid a higher spirit of love and of self-denial than was enforced under the Mosaic dispensation; consequently, "the law of retaliation," or "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is not sanctioned by the Gospel. In addition to this we must bear in remembrance that many of the imprecations of the Old Testament are not against the personal foes of the speaker, but against the finally impenitent enemies of the Messiah; and the imperative mood, "Let there be," may frequently be translated by the future tense of the verb, and then it predicts the punishment that will hereafter befall the ungodly.

No. 163.—X. Y. (Glasgow).

A Christian man loses the favour of God and the good opinion of his fellow-men by conforming to the habits of irreligious persons; therefore, we would say to X. Y., let what is right be done, but at the proper time, and in the proper spirit, avoiding all parade of piety, and all unnecessary discussion. If need be, it is better to incur the ridicule of men of worldly minds, by doing that which they do not appreciate, than to incur the diminution of the Divine favour by a neglect of duty. In matters that are not positively commanded, to forbear appears to be the wiser course, rather than, by a questionable zeal, to enforce a practice upon which, perhaps, even pious men differ. Firmness blended with gentleness, and united with courtesy, will do much for religion, even with irreligious men; while an unwise zeal has often injured the cause of godliness.

Men in business are not able to shun the society of persons devoid of piety, and a distinction ought to be drawn between men of moral conduct lacking piety, and men of unholy lives lacking piety: with the latter no companionship ought to be permitted, for "who can touch pitch and not be defiled?" with the former the interchange of friendly services may tend to mutual benefit, but in such case care must be taken that the worldly man is improved by the pious man's society, and not the pious man injured by the lack of piety in his friend.

No. 164.—J. G. P.—"If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."—Phil. iii. 11.

All men attain to the resurrection of the dead, but we are told that the dead in Christ—that is, the faithful—shall rise first; therefore, the apostle prays that he may be among the faithful, and thus attain unto the resurrection from or out of the dead; for it is written, "Blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

No. 165.—L. R.—WE OFTEN MEET WITH THE WORDS, "JESUS ANSWERED AND SAID," WHEN NO ONE APPEARS TO BE SPEAKING.

Our Lord, in his intercourse with men, at times addressed himself to men's thoughts rather than to their words; and his observations were made, not to what his hearers were saying, but to what they were thinking, and thus he gave evidence of his Omniscience, for it was a tenet admitted by the Jews that God alone could search the heart—a sentiment which is also acknowledged by us when we say of God, "Unto whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid." Moreover, the word *answer*, in the original, frequently corresponds with what we should express thus—"He said, in the course of conversing," as in John v. 17. But Jesus answered them, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Also Acts v. 8: "And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?"

No. 166.—M.—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY "THE BRETHREN OF CHRIST?"

The term "brethren" is applied to Christians, to denote that they are all of one spiritual family and race, as God's former people, the Israelites, were of one natural family and race, as in Matt. xxiii. 8: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

The term is also applied to our Lord's relations, according to his human nature—1 Cor. ix. 5: "The brethren of the Lord and Cephas." The word does not always imply relationship by the same parent.

No. 167.—M. A.—"But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead."—Matt. viii. 22.

Let the spiritually dead bury the naturally dead; let worldly-minded men attend to worldly things; and let

those who are called to religious duties devote their time, thoughts, and care to spiritual matters.

No. 168.—R. A.—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."—John xxi. 25.

An Eastern mode of expressing the great number of miracles which Jesus wrought. There were many things which, from their greatness, human reason could not comprehend, and which worldly-minded men would regard as incredible.

No. 169.—INQUIRER.—"One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike."—Rom. xiv. 5.

This passage has no reference to the Jewish Sabbath, or to the Lord's day, as observed by Christians, for the apostle is speaking of the Levitical festivals. Many of the believing Jews still observed the feasts established among them, while others looked upon feast-days as abrogated by Christ.

No. 170.—G. and W. R.—"And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."—Heb. xi. 39, 40.

These ancient worthies, though they exercised a faith pleasing to God, did not receive the blessing promised by the coming of the Messiah, because God had determined that without the benefit of that Gospel dispensation which is now made known to us, they should not be perfected; consequently, without the Christian dispensation, the pious Jew of early times could not obtain an atonement for sin and the enjoyment of eternal life.

No. 171.—W. H. D.—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."—Matt. xxvi. 38, 39.

Our Lord is here speaking in his human nature, to denote that his sufferings were so great that human nature, unaided, must sink under them. The original is intensely forcible—*my soul is surrounded with sorrow, overwhelmed with deadly anguish*. An old writer's observations on this subject are worthy of notice:—"What could occasion this agony? An awful question this, to which it would be almost presumptuous to return a definite answer; but, as it can scarcely be thought to have originated from his own sufferings, we may well believe that it was in some mysterious way connected with the offering of himself as a sacrifice for the redemption of the world; therefore, instead of seeking to gratify a prying curiosity, let the contemplation of this wonderful scene increase our love to Him who, for our sakes, endured this affliction, and let it lead us to imitate his piety and his resignation in the hour of trial and of sorrow." We may observe, the term *cup* is often used to denote a portion assigned, particularly of evil, as in Zech. xii. 2: "Behold, I will make Jerusalem a cup of trembling unto all the people round about."

No. 172.—EDWARD T.—Genesis iii. 19.

We know of no authority for changing the word, and can only regard the substitution of the word "brow" for the word "face" as an inaccurate mode of quoting the Scriptures. Sometimes in Holy Writ, by the figure synecdoche, a part is used for the whole; but where the sacred writers have not employed this trope, we are not justified in resorting to it when we profess to quote the inspired Word of God.

No. 173.—ALEPH.—“Grow in grace.”—2 Peter iii. 18.

The term “grace” is used in a very comprehensive sense, and denotes the favourable influence of God upon the human mind, and all the benefits that flow from that sacred and blissful influence.

Theologians are accustomed to array under different heads the various senses in which the word is employed. They speak of *ordinary grace*, to denote the aid which all men receive by the influence of reason and the admonitions of conscience; of *special grace*, as granted individually and producing certain results, as pardon, peace of mind, &c. Besides these, they treat of *imputed grace*, meaning by the phrase the righteousness of Christ placed to the account of the followers of Christ; and to this *imputed grace* they add *inherent grace*, as descriptive of the state of holiness which is wrought in the hearts of Christ’s followers by the daily operations of God the Holy Spirit.

This “growth in grace” discovers itself by an increase of spiritual light and knowledge, by renunciation of self, by an increasing dependence upon Christ, by becoming more spiritual in duties, by being more humble and submissive to the Divine dispensations, and more thankful for daily mercies. It is also seen in its constant struggle to rise superior to the corruptions inherent by nature; and as the result, the power of sin is less vigorous, the attachment to the world is daily decreasing, and the Christian who is “growing in grace” experiences a greater desire, in consequence of his spiritual progress, for the peace and purity of a sinless state of existence.

No. 174.—SINCERUS.—We regret that our space will not permit us to respond to the various questions which our intelligent correspondent has been pleased to send us; but, as an hour devoted to the reading of any critical commentary will elucidate most of the difficulties and solve the questions, we feel that our replies are the less needful. As one of the questions is a difficulty not alluded to by commentators, we have subjoined the best solution that presents itself to our mind.

“And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help-meet for him.”—Gen. ii. 18. HOW CAN WE RECONCILE THIS PASSAGE WITH THE STATEMENT THAT GOD MADE MALE AND FEMALE ON THE SIXTH DAY?

By regarding the second chapter of Genesis as explanatory of the first—as a recapitulation of former transactions, with additional information which could not with propriety be offered when giving a summary of the creation of the world in its component parts.

Bishop Patrick suggests that the 18th verse may be read in the past tense—“The Lord God had said”—that is, had said before the delivery of the prohibition recorded in the prior verse. We think that by viewing the words as exegetical, the difficulty arising from the supposed contradiction ceases.

No. 175.—J. D.—“I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things.”—Isaiah xlv. 7.

These words were addressed to Cyrus, King of Persia, in reference to a sect that possessed great influence among the Persians, who taught their numerous followers that light and darkness, good and evil, were supreme beings, and as such to be held in reverence.

No. 176.—G. L. B.—“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—Heb. i. 14.

The Saviour, as contrasted with angelic beings, is portrayed by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews

as enthroned in glory, supreme in power, and exercising universal dominion: whereas the office of angels is to obey, and not to command; to serve, and not to rule; and the objects for whom their services are rendered are the Redeemed, the Israel of God, who “for a little time are lower than the angels,” but who, by virtue of their relationship as the brethren of Christ, and as the sons of the Almighty, are to rise to a higher rank than the angels themselves, and to abide nearer to the throne of the Eternal.

IN HIM WE LIVE.

I KNOW thou art not far,
My God, from me; yon star
Speaks of thy nearness, and its rays
Fall on me like thy touch: Oh, raise
These eyes of mine
To see thy face, even thine,
My Father and my God!

Thou speakest, and I hear!
What gracious, heavenly cheer
Is in thy gentle speech, my God!
How it lifts off the heavy load
Which bows my weary head,
And checks me in my speed,
My gracious God and Lord!

Thou knowest all I am,
My evil and my shame;
And yet thou hat’st me not;
Nor hast even once forgot
Thy handiwork divine,
This helpless soul of mine,
My ever-loving Lord!

Thou wilt be nearer yet,
And one day I shall get
The fuller vision of thy face,
In all its perfect light and grace;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And in thy kingdom bear my part,
My blessed King and God!

“I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE.”

This delicate image is used to express God’s favourite method of guiding souls. He does not choose harsh and coercive measures, unless constrained thereto by the heedlessness of those with whom he has to deal. Against this he conjures his people, saying, “Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.” As if he would shame them into better manners, he says, “A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool’s back.” What, then, for the child of God?

Gentle, gracious methods—the tongue, the eye of the Lord. “I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye.” A word, a look, a whisper; nay, gentler still—the voiceless, viewless guidance of the Holy Spirit. Yet these methods are effectual; they teach, they lead in the right way. If the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, so are the motive forces employed therein. For his ancient people, in their journeyings, the Lord made provision by going before them in the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. More highly favoured are the followers of Christ, whom he leads unseen and unheard, yet as really and efficiently as if his eye and lips were open toward them.

This most delicate of all outward methods of influence—that of the eye and the voice—does but

denote, therefore, the far more subtle influence of the Spirit which operates within the mind, independently of all signals. This soul-power belongs to God alone; and is, if not peculiar to, eminently characteristic of, the New Testament dispensation. Christ came, as did the prophets before him, speaking and looking, heard and seen; but there was also, through the intercession of the Son of God, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the invisible Guide, the inaudible Teacher. This was the promise of the Father, and the purchase of the Son. This mode of teaching shall never give place on earth to any improved method. God is in it; his power is in it; his most persuasive and constraining influences are in it; his personality is embodied in it; his mind and will are *borne* in through this insensible medium. Direct personal, spiritual influence—not, perforce, by outstretched arm, as the angels drew forth Lot and his lingering family from Sodom; but most gently exerted, as if by winning words, and wooing, welcoming glances—is God's way of moving willing hearts in the paths of righteousness.

For this sort of leading, reader, look, and be ready for it. Strive and pray that the mind may be attuned to these Divine influences. "Be not as the horse, or as the mule." Be not brutish, but be spiritual. Have an ear to hear "the still, small voice;" have an eye to see "the all-seeing Eye." Be quick to discern small intimations. *Love no glance* through grossness of heart. There is danger of your becoming insensible to the Spirit's investigations and monitions. Beware!

And what shall we say of the relative worth of the man who, by a heavenly birth and godly nurture, is susceptible and submissive to the slightest expressions of his Father's will? How much more God-like is he than the stolid mortal, who recognises God only in thunders and tempests! How well pleasing he must be to the Lord, who has this discerning and docile spirit! And how sweet and tender the intercourse between such a soul and God! and with what joyful footstep, swift and sure, will the spirit-guided saint advance in the way he should go! This is the heritage of the children of God, unto whom the Holy Ghost is given as a light and a leader. They "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ;" we enjoy his instructions. "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me."

NO TIME FOR DEVOTION.

AN old writer says:—"Do we take devotion itself to be no business, or a business of no consideration? Do we conceit when we pay God his debts, or discharge our duty towards him; when we crave his mercy, when we solicit the main concerns of our souls, that we are idle, or misemployed? that we lavish our time and lose our pains? What other affairs can we have of greater moment or necessity than this? Can there be any interest more close and weighty than this, of promoting our own soul's eternal health and happiness? Is not this indeed the great work—the only necessary matter—in comparison with which all other occupations are trifling? What are the great businesses of this world? What but scraping for pelf, compassing designs of ambition,

courting the respect and favour of men, gratifying sinful curiosity and carnal humour? Shall these images, these shadows of business, suppress or crowd out devotion? that which procureth wealth inestimable, pleasure infinitely satisfactory, and honour incomparably noble above all that this earth can afford? Is it not, besides, no such indispensable business, but rather some base dotation of lucre, some inveigling bait of pleasure, that crosseth our devotion? Is it not often a complimentary visit, an appointment to tattle, a wild ramble in vice or folly, that so deeply urgeth us to put off our duty? Nay, is it not commonly sloth, rather than inclination to any other employment, which diverts us from our prayers? Is it not the true reason why we pray so seldom, not because we are very busy, but because we are extremely idle—so idle that we cannot willingly take the pains to withdraw our affections from sensual things, to reduce our wandering thoughts, to compose our hearts to right frames, to bend our untoward inclinations to a compliance with our duty? Do we not betake ourselves to other conversations and commerces merely for refuge, shunning this intercourse with God and with ourselves?"

NO POVERTY THERE!

MILLIONS of good men have left the earth poor. Lazarus, at the moment he died, was a beggar at the gate; but in a moment after his death, his estate had grown so fast, that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his affluence, in comparison with him was a penniless pauper. Oh, poor believer! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance! It is incorruptible, undecayed, and fadeeth not away. It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable. Has it not been your endeavour to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven?" Why not oftener think of results there? Fear not. There is good news from that far country. Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth, your heavenly schemes have all prospered. The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe. Neither moth nor rust corrupts it; nor can thieves break through to steal it. Moreover, it shall increase—for ever increase. As long as you live on earth you may add to the principal, and its interest will multiply beyond all computation, to all eternity. Croesus was rich, Solomon was rich, Lucullus was rich, and, in modern days, the Rothschilds are rich; but the humblest heir of God is richer far than all. I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart—let it expand and overflow with bliss. At the close of the short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your boundless and endless possessions. Be grateful, thankful, hopeful, and happy.

Short Arrows.

A CHURCHMAN'S HIGHEST HONOURS.—When a clergyman one day came to Archbishop Williams for institution to a living, his Grace thus expressed himself:—"I have passed through many places of honour and trust, both in Church and State—more than any one of my order in England these seventy years before. But were I assured that by my preaching I had con-

verted one soul unto God, I should therein take more spiritual joy and comfort than all the honours and offices which have been bestowed upon me."

PRIDE.—Pride is born in man; she daily acquires strength, and, if unsubdued by grace, grows with years—active in youth, more vivacious in age; and down to the land of misery man must descend for embracing this hateful fiend. Thither, too, she attends the *unrenewed* man; and there, in every breast, she swells and swells, and will for ever swell. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." "God resisteth the proud, but he giveth grace unto the lowly." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

CHRIST IS MINE.—A gentleman one day took an acquaintance upon the terrace of his house to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There," says he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on one side, "Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house?" "Oh, yes." "That also belongs to me." Then said his friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Aye! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine!'" He looked confounded, and said no more.

TEMPTATION.—It is too common for weak Christians to confound temptations with sins. Hence we frequently find that if they happen to be powerfully assaulted by Satan, instead of resisting him by the sword of the Spirit, they regard it as a mark of the displeasure of God, conceive that it is too late to fight, and so give their adversary an easy victory. Let such persons bear in mind the striking remark of Bunyan:—"Temptations, when we first meet them, are as the lion that first roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them we shall find a nest of honey within them."

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"—When Pilate demanded of our blessed Saviour, "What is truth?" he evinced none of that teachable spirit in his inquiry with which the humble and sincere Christian seeks to investigate this important question; but, engrossed by the world, and having before his eyes the fear of man more than the fear of God, he waited not for the instruction which it might be supposed he sought; but "when he had said this, he went out again to the Jews." How many are there at the present day who, like Pilate, with a momentary curiosity, inquire, "What is truth?" and then, with the self-same worldliness of spirit, go out and engage again in all the pursuits, the pleasures, or the cares of life; nor await the answer to the most momentous subject upon which the thoughts of a being destined to immortality can rest. It behoves us to seek the truth in a humble, a teachable, but an earnest spirit. It behoves us, in an especial manner, to seek it by devout and importunate prayer. "We ought always to pray, and not to faint;" to pray that no indifference may interrupt our search, no worldly-mindedness impede it; but looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, for his blessing, the God of all mercies shall grant his Holy Spirit to guide us, and show us "what is truth."

THE TREASURES OF THE SCRIPTURES.—There are many who think that they have already read and searched the Scriptures so much, that they are sufficiently acquainted with their contents. Alas! how grossly are they mistaken. There is an inexhaustible richness in this book. The more you search, the more light, and warmth, and truth you discover. However much you have attained, much is yet behind. However numerous those who have dug in this field may be, and however often *you* have dug, many pearls of great

price yet remain undiscovered. Many are those who have penetrated the bowels of the ocean, and from her stores brought forth pearls and gems of immense value; still many more, and equally precious, yet remain to reward the labours of new searchers. So it is in the depths of Divine record. Lift up your eyes to yonder sun, moon, and stars. Though the wisest, the best, and the most enlightened and vigorous intellects have been employed in exploring the heavens above, yet how many of the orbs that shine therein remain still undiscovered. Notwithstanding all that has been done by a Copernicus, a Herschel, a Boyle, and a Newton, how much yet remains hid from our sight! So it is with the Scripture astronomer. The one half has not yet been discovered, and through eternal ages he will go on adding discovery to discovery.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST HOURS.—The end of life is death. Beyond the valley of death lies an unknown world, filled with eternal joy or eternal woe. When we tread the confines of the future world; when our hearts and flesh begin to fail; when all worldly things are worthless, and the world itself is vanishing from our dying sight; when time, with all its glories, is ending, and eternity, with all its terrors, looks darkly through the grave—at such a moment, what a blessing it is to know that our souls are safe in Christ, and our happiness secure in heaven! This blessing belongs to the man who trusts in the Lord Jesus; for he can say, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day." His sins being forgiven through faith in the blood of Christ, and his soul being renewed and sanctified by the Spirit of God, his trust in the Lord will not only sweeten all the bitterness of life, calm all the storms of time, overcome all the trials of the world, and quench all the fiery darts of Satan, but will disarm death of its sting, and open beyond the tomb a bright prospect into inconceivable and unutterable bliss—bright as the glory of God, and lasting as eternity. Receiving the earnest of heaven as he receives the stroke of death, he commits his departing spirit into the hand of Christ, and is blessed in his death: for "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

FILIAL LOVE.—A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the Committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty: he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance, and in case of that brother's death, he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed, "If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us." Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee, and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman (Dr. Waugh) in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorised to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the terms, but immediately added, "We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard to your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity with the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen; who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, 'Woman, behold thy son;' and to John, 'Behold thy mother.' My good lad, we think none the worse of you."

TO OUR READERS.

JOHN CASSELL begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following additional contributions, for the benefit of the poor Nestorian Christians in London, whose case has been referred to in Nos. 33 and 35 of "THE QUIVER," and tenders his thanks to the kind donors:—Miss Stephenson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Franco, 2s. 6d.; J. T. P., 5s.; A. B. B., 2s. 6d.; A. W. X., £1; Mrs. Hall, £1; result of a Penny Subscription among the Patients of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, 8s. 6d.: "They have done what they could." The smallest contributions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANGERS."

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLOTTE EAST'S PRESENT.

AROUSING thus abruptly out of her sleep, cross and startled, Mrs. Dare attacked the two boys with angry words. "I will know what you have been doing," she exclaimed, rising and shaking out the flounces of her dress. "You have been at some mischief! Why do you come violently in, in this manner, looking as frightened as hares?"

"Not frightened," replied Cyril. "We are only hot. We had a run for it."

"A run for what?" she repeated. "When I say I will know a thing, I mean to know it. I ask you what you have been doing?"

"It's nothing very dreadful, that you need put yourself out," replied the youngest, George. "One of old Markham's windows has come to grief!"

"Then that's through throwing stones again!" exclaimed Mrs. Dare. "Now, I am certain of it, and you need not attempt to deny it. You shall pay for it out of your own pocket money, if he comes here as he did the last time."

"Ah, but he won't come here," returned Cyril. "He didn't see us. Is tea not ready?"

"You can go in the school-room and see. You are to take it there this evening."

The boys tore away to the school-room. Unlike Julia, they did not care where they took it, provided they got it. Miss Benyon was pouring out the tea as they entered. They threw themselves on a sofa, and burst into a fit of laughter so immoderate and long, that their two young sisters crowded round eagerly, asking to hear the joke.

"It was the primest fun!" cried Cyril when he could speak. "We have just smashed one of Markham's windows. The old woman was at it in a nightcap, and I think the stone must have touched her head. Markham and Herbert were holding a confab together, and they never saw us!"

"We were chucking at the leathering-bats," put in George, jealous that his brother should have all the telling to himself, "and the stone—"

"It is leather-winged bat, Master George," interrupted the governess. "I corrected you the other night."

"What does it matter?" roughly answered George.

"I wish you'd not put me out. A leathering-bat dipped down nearly right upon our heads, and we both heaved at him, and one of the stones went through the window, nearly taking, as Cyril says, old Mother Markham's head. Won't they be in a temper at having to pay for it! They are as poor as charity."

"They'll make you pay," said Rosa.

"Will they?" retorted Cyril. "No catch, no have! I'll give 'em leave to make us pay when they find us out."

Do you suppose we are donkeys, you girls? We dipped down under the hedge, and not a soul saw us. What's for tea?"

"Bread and butter," replied the governess.

"Then those may eat it that like! I shall have some jam."

Cyril rang the bell as he spoke. Nancy, the maid who waited on the school-room, came in answer to it. "Some jam," said Cyril. "And be quick over it."

"What sort, sir?" inquired Nancy.

"Sort? oh—let's see? damson."

"The damson jam was finished last week, sir. It is nearly the season to make more."

Cyril replied by a rude and ugly word. After some cogitation, he decided upon black currant.

"And bring me up some apricot," put in George.

"And we'll have some gooseberry," called out Rosa.

"If you boys have jam, we'll have some."

Nancy disappeared. Cyril suddenly threw himself back on the sofa, and burst into another ringing laugh. "I can't help it!" he exclaimed. "I am thinking of the old woman's fright, and their dismay at having to pay the damage."

"Do you know what I should do in your place, Master Cyril?" said Miss Benyon. "I should go back to Markham, and tell him honourably that I caused the accident. You know how poor they are, they cannot afford to pay for it."

Cyril stared at Miss Benyon. "Where'd be the pull of that?" asked he.

"The 'pull,' Cyril, would be, that you would repair a wrong done to an unoffending neighbour, and might go to sleep with a clear conscience."

The last suggestion amused Cyril amazingly; he and conscience had not a great deal to do with each other. He was politely telling Miss Benyon that those notions were good enough for old maids, when Nancy appeared with the several sorts of jam demanded. Cyril drew his chair to the table, and Nancy went down.

"Ring the bell, Rosa," said Cyril, before the girl could well have got to the kitchen. "I can't see one sort from another; we must have candles."

"Ring it yourself," retorted Rosa.

"George, ring the bell," commanded Cyril.

George obeyed. He was under Cyril in the college school, and accustomed to obey him. "You might have told Nancy when she was here," remarked Miss Benyon to Cyril. "It would have saved her a journey."

"And if it would!" asked Cyril. "What were servants' legs made for, but to be used?"

Nancy received the order for the candles, and brought them up. It was to be hoped her legs were made to be used, for scarcely had Cyril begun to enjoy his black currant jam, when they were heard coming up the stairs again.

"Master Cyril, Mr. Markham wants to see you."

Cyril and the rest exchanged looks. "Did you say I was at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you were an idiot for your pains! I can't come down, tell him. I am at tea."

Down went Nancy accordingly. And back she came again. "He says he must see you, Master Cyril."

"Be a man, Cyril, and face it," whispered Miss Benyon in his ear.

Cyril jerked his head rudely away from her. "I won't go down. There! Nancy, you may tell Markham so."

"He has sat down on the garden-bench, sir, outside the window, to wait," explained Nancy. "He says, if you won't see him, he shall ask for Mr. Dare."

Cyril appeared to be in for it. He dashed his bread and jam on the table, and clattered down. "Who's wanting me?" called out, he, when he got outside.

"Oh!—is it you, Markham?"

"How came you to throw a stone just now and break my window, Master Dare?"

The words threw Cyril into the greatest apparent surprise. "I throw a stone and break your window!" repeated he. "I don't know what you mean."

"Either you or your brother threw it; you were both together. It entered my mother's bed-room window, and went within an inch of her head. I'll trouble you to send a glazier round to put the pane in."

"Well, of all strange accusations, this is about the strangest!" uttered Cyril. "We have not been near your window; we are up-stairs at our tea."

At this juncture, Mr. Dare came out. He had heard the altercation in the house. "What's this?" asked he. "Good evening, Markham."

Markham explained. "They crouched down under the hedge when they had done the mischief," he continued, "thinking, no doubt, to get away undetected. But, as it happened, Brooks, the nurseryman, was in his ground behind the opposite hedge, and he saw the whole. He says they were throwing at the bats. Now I should be sorry to get them punished, Mr. Dare: we have been boys ourselves; but if young gentlemen will throw stones, they must pay for any damage they do. I have told your son to send a glazier round in the morning; and I am sorry he should have denied the fact."

Mr. Dare returned to Cyril. "If you did it, why do you deny it?"

Cyril hesitated for the tenth part of a second. Which would be the best policy? To give in, or to hold out? He chose the latter. His word was as good as that confounded Brooks's, and he'd brave it out! "We didn't do it," he angrily said, "we have not been near the place this evening. Brooks must have mistaken others for us in the dusk."

"They did do it, Mr. Dare. There's no mistake about it. Brooks had been watching them, and he thinks it was the bigger one who threw that particular stone. If I had set a house on fire," Markham added, to Cyril, "I'd rather confess the accident, than deny it by a lie. What sort of a man do you expect to make?"

"A better one than you!" insolently retorted Cyril. "Wait an instant," said Mr. Dare. He proceeded to the school-room to inquire of George. That young gentleman had been an admiring hearer to the colloquy from a stair-case window. He tore back to the school-room on the approach of his father; hastily deciding that he must bear out Cyril in the denial. "Now, George," said Mr. Dare, sternly, "did you and Cyril do this, or did you not?"

"Of course we did not, papa," was the ready reply. "We have not been near Markham's. Brooks must be a fool." Mr. Dare believed. He was leaving the room when Miss Benyon interposed.

"Sir, I should be doing wrong to allow you to be deceived. They did break the window."

Mr. Dare paused. "How do you know it, Miss Benyon?"

Miss Benyon related what had passed. Mr. Dare cast his eyes sternly upon his youngest son. "It is you who are the fool, George, not Brooks. A lie is sure to get found out in the end; don't attempt to tell another."

Mr. Dare went down. "I cannot come quite to the bottom of this business, Markham," said he, feeling unwilling to expose his sons more than they had exposed themselves. "At all events, you shall have the window put in. A pane of glass is not much on either side."

"It is a good deal to my pocket, Mr. Dare. But that's all I ask. And you know my character too well, to fear I would make a doubtful claim. Brooks is open to inquiry."

He departed; and Mr. Dare touched Cyril on the arm. "Come with me."

He took him into the room, and there ensued an angry

lecture. Cyril thought George had confessed, and stood silent before his father. "What a sneak he must have been!" thought Cyril. "Won't I serve him out!"

"If you have acquired the habit of speaking falsely, you had better relinquish it," resumed Mr. Dare. "It will not be a recommendation in the eyes of Mr. Ashley."

"I am not going to Ashley's," burst forth Cyril; for the mention of the subject was sure to anger him. "Turn manufacturer, indeed! I'd rather—"

"You'd rather be a gentleman at large," interrupted Mr. Dare. "But," he sarcastically added, "gentlemen require something to live upon. Listen, Cyril. One of the finest openings that I know of in this city, for a young man, is in Ashley's manufactory. You may despise Mr. Ashley for a manufacturer; but others respect him. He was reared a gentleman—he is regarded as one; he is wealthy, and his business is large and flourishing. Suppose you could drop into this after him?—succeed to this fine business, its sole proprietor? I can tell you that you would occupy a better position, and be in receipt of a far larger income, than either Anthony or Herbert will."

"But there's no such chance as that for me," debated Cyril.

"There is the chance; and that's why you are to be placed there. Henry, from his infirmity, is not to be brought up to business, and there is no other son. You will be apprenticed to Mr. Ashley, with a view of succeeding, as a son would, first of all to a partnership with him, eventually to the whole. Now this is the prospect before you, Cyril; and, prejudiced though you are, you must see that it is a fine one."

"Well," acknowledged Cyril, "I'd not object to drop into a good thing like that. Has Mr. Ashley proposed it?"

"No, he has not distinctly proposed it. But he did hint, when your apprenticeship was being spoken of, that he might be wanting somebody to succeed him. He more than hinted that whoever might be chosen to succeed him, or to be associated with him, must be rendered fit for the connection by being an estimable and a good man; one held in honour by his fellow-citizens. No other could be linked with the name of Ashley. And now, sir, what do you think he, Mr. Ashley, would say to your behaviour to-night?"

Cyril looked rather shamefaced.

"You will go to Mr. Ashley's, Cyril. But I wish you to remember, to remember always, that the contingent advantages will depend upon yourself and your conduct. Become a good man, and there's little doubt they will be yours; turn out indifferently, and there's not the slightest chance for you."

"I shan't succeed to any of Ashley's money, I suppose?" complacently questioned Cyril, who somewhat ignored the conditions, and saw himself in prospective Mr. Ashley's successor.

"It is impossible to say what you may succeed to," replied Mr. Dare, in so significant a tone as to surprise Cyril. "Henry Ashley's I should imagine to be a doubtful life; should anything happen to him, Mary Ashley will, of course, inherit all. And he will be a fortunate man who shall get into her good graces and marry her."

It was a broad hint, to a boy like Cyril. "She's such a proud thing, that Mary Ashley!" grumbled he.

"She is a very sweet child," was the warm rejoinder of Mr. Dare. And Cyril went up-stairs again to his jam, and his interrupted tea.

Meanwhile the evening went on, and the drawing-room was waiting for the Viscount Hawkesley. Mrs. Dare and Adelaide were waiting for him—waiting anxiously in elegant attire; Mr. Dare did not seem to care whether he came or not; and Julia, who was buried in an easy chair with her book, would have preferred, of the two, that he stayed away. Between nine and ten he

came. He was a little man; young, fair, with light eyes and sharp features, a somewhat cynical expression habitually on his lips. Helstonleigh, in its gossip, conjectured that he must be making young Anthony Dare useful to him in some way or other, or he would not have condescended to the intimacy. For Lord Hawkesley, a proud man by nature, had been reared in all the prejudiced exclusiveness of an earl's son and heir; and that exclusiveness was greater in those days than it is in these. This was the third evening visit he had paid to Mrs. Dare. Had the good looks of Adelaide any attraction? She was beginning to think so, and to weave visions upon the strength of it. Entrenched, as the Dares were, in their folly and their assumption, Adelaide was blind to the wide social gulf that lay between her and Viscount Hawkesley.

She sat down to the piano at his request, and sang—an Italian song. She had a good voice, and her singing was better than her Italian accent. Lord Hawkesley stood by her, and looked over the music.

"I like your style of singing very much," he remarked to her, at the song's close. "You must have learnt of a good master."

"*Comme ça*," carelessly rejoined Adelaide. Like many more young ladies, who possess a very superficial knowledge of French, she deemed it the perfection of good taste to display as much as she did know. "I had the best professor that Helstonleigh can boast; but what are Helstonleigh professors to those to be obtained in London? We cannot expect first-rate talent here."

"Do you like London?" asked Lord Hawkesley.

"I was never there," replied Adelaide, feeling the confession, when made to Lord Hawkesley, to be nothing but humiliation.

"Indeed! You would enjoy a London season."

"Oh, so much! I know nothing of the London season, except from books. A contrast to your lordship, you will say," she added, with a laugh. "You must be almost tired of it, *déjà-vu*."

"What's that in English?" inquired Lord Hawkesley, whose French studies, so far as they had extended, had been utterly thrown away upon him. Labouring under the deficiency, he had to make the best of it, and he did it with a boast. "Used up, I suppose you mean?"

Adelaide coloured excessively. She wondered if he was laughing at her; and made a mental vow never to speak French to a lord again.

"Will you deem me exacting, Miss Dare, if I trespass upon you for another song?"

Adelaide did not deem him exacting in the least. She was ready to sing as long as he pleased. By-and-by, Anthony came in.

Came in, in a very ill-humour. In point of fact he had just returned from that unsatisfactory interview, in to which Charlotte East had intruded herself, and contrived to play principal part. Lord Hawkesley was occupied with Adelaide and her singing, and paid little attention to him.

At the close of the evening they left together, Anthony going out with the Viscount, and linking his arm within his lordship's, as they proceeded towards the Star Hotel, Lord Hawkesley's usual quarters when in Helstonleigh.

"I have got two hundred out of the governor," began Anthony, in a confidential tone. "I shall have the cheque to-morrow."

"What's two hundred, Dare?" slightly spoke his lordship. "It's nothing."

"It was of no use trying for more to-night! The two hundred will stop present worry, Hawkesley; and the future must be provided for when it comes." And they walked on with a quicker step.

Mrs. Dare had looked at her watch as they departed. It was half-past eleven. She said she supposed they might as well be going to bed, and Mr. Dare roused him-

self. For the last half-hour he had been half asleep; quite asleep he did not choose to fall in the young nobleman's presence. A viscount, to lawyer Dare, was a viscount. "Where's Herbert?" asked he, stretching himself.

Master Herbert, Joseph answered, had had supper served (not being able to overget the short commons at dinner), and had gone to bed. The rest, save Adelaide, had gone before, free from want, from care, full of the good things of this life. The young Halliburtons, their cousins once removed, had knelt and thanked God for the day's good, even though that day to them had been what all their days were now, one of poverty and privation. Not so the Dares. As children, for they were not in a heathen land, they had been taught to say their prayers at night; but as they grew older the custom was suffered to fall into disuse. The family attended church on Sundays, grandly attired, and there ended the religion.

To bed and to sleep went they, all the household, old and young—Joseph, the man-servant, excepted. Sleepy Joseph stretched himself in a large chair to wait the return of Mr. Anthony: sleepy Joseph had so to stretch himself most nights. Mr. Anthony might come in in an hour's time, or Mr. Anthony might not come in until it was nearly time to commence the day's duties in the morning. It was all a chance, as poor Joseph knew to his cost.

Nine o'clock was the breakfast hour at Mr. Dare's, and the family were in general pretty punctual to it. On the following morning they were all assembled at the meal, Anthony rather red about the eyes, when Ann, the housemaid, entered.

"Here's a parcel for you, Mr. Anthony."

She held in her arms a large, untidy sort of bundle, done round with string. Anthony turned his wondering eyes upon it.

"That! It can't be for me."

"A boy brought it, and said it was for you, sir," returned Ann, letting the cumbersome parcel fall on a chair. "I asked if there was any answer, and he said there was not."

"It must be from your tailor, Anthony," said Mrs. Dare.

Anthony's consequence was offended at the suggestion. "My tailor send me a parcel done up like that!" repeated he. "He had better! He would get no more of my custom."

"What an extraordinary direction!" exclaimed Julia, who had got up and drawn near, in her curiosity; "Young Mister Antony Dare!" Just look, all of you."

Anthony rose, and the rest followed, except Mr. Dare, who was busy with a county paper, and paid no attention. A happy thought darted into Minny's mind. "I know," she cried, clapping her hands. "Cyril and George are playing Anthony a trick, like they played Miss Benyon."

Anthony, too hastily taking up the view thus suggested, and inwardly vowing a not agreeable chastisement to the two, as soon as they should rush in to breakfast from school, took out his penknife and severed the string. The paper fell apart, and the contents rolled on the floor.

What on earth were they? What did they mean? A woman's gown, tawdry, but pretty; a shawl; a neck-scarf, with gold-coloured fringe; two pairs of gloves, the fingers worn into holes; a bow of handsome ribbon; a cameo brooch, fine and false; and one or two more such articles, not new, stood disclosed. The party around gazed in sheer amazement.

"If ever I saw such a collection as this!" exclaimed Mrs. Dare. "It is a woman's clothing! Why should they have been sent to you, Anthony?"

Anthony's cheek wore rather a conscious colour just

then. "How should I know?" he replied. "They must have been directed to me by mistake. Take the rags away, Ann"—spurning them with his foot—"and throw them in the dust-bin. Who knows what infected place they may have come from?"

Mrs. Dare and the young ladies shrieked out at the last suggestion, gathered their petticoats about them, and retired as far as the limits of the room allowed. Some enemy of malicious intent must have done it, they became convinced. Ann, no more liking to be infected with measles, or what not, than they, seized the tongs, gingerly lifted the articles inside the paper, dragged the lot outside the door, and called Joseph to carry them to the receptacle spoken of by Mr. Anthony.

Charlotte East had thought she would not do her work by halves.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FEAR GROWING GREATER.

WE must leap over some months. A story, you know, cannot stand still, any more than we can.

Spring had come round. The sofa belonging to Mrs. Reece's parlour was in Mrs. Hallibarton's, and Janey was lying on it—her blue eyes bright, her cheeks hectic, her fair curls falling in disorder. Through the autumn, through the winter, it had appeared that Dobbs's prognostications of evil for Jane were not to be borne out, for she had overgot the temporary indications of illness, and had continued well; but, with the early spring weather, Jane failed, and failed rapidly. The cough came back, and great weakness grew upon her. She was always wanting to be at rest, and would lie about anywhere. Spreading a cloak on the floor, with a pillow for her head, Janey would plant herself between her mamma and the fire, pulling the cloak up on the side near the door. One day Dobbs came in and saw her there.

"My heart alive!" uttered Dobbs, when she had recovered her surprise; "what are you lying down there for?"

"I am tired," replied Janey; "and there's nowhere else to lie. If I put three chairs together, it is not comfortable, and the pillow rolls off."

"There's the sofa in our room," said Dobbs. "Why don't you lie on that?"

"So I do, you know, Dobbs; but I want to talk to mamma sometimes."

Dobbs disappeared. Presently there was a floundering and thumping heard in the passage, and the sofa was propelled in by Dobbs, very red with the exertion. "My missis is indignant to think that the child should be upon the floor," cried she, wrathfully. "One would suppose some folks were born without brains, or the sofa might have been asked for."

"But, Dobbs," said Janey—and she was allowed to "Dobbs" as much as she pleased, unreprieved—"what am I to lie on in your room?"

"Isn't there my easy chair, with the high foot-board in front—as good as a bed when you let it out?" returned Dobbs, proceeding to place Janey comfortably on the sofa. "And now let me say what I came in to say, when the sight of that child on the cold floor sent me shocked out again," she added, turning to Jane. "My missis's leg is no better to-day, and she has made up her mind to have Parry. It's erysipelas, as sure as a gun. Every other spring, about, she's laid up with it in her legs, one or t'other of 'em. Ten weeks I have known her in bed with it—"

"The very best preventative to erysipelas is to take an occasional warm bath," interrupted Jane.

The suggestion gave immense offence to Dobbs. "A warm bath!" she uttered, ironically. "And how, pray, should my missis get a warm bath? Sit herself down in

a mashing-tub, and have a furnace of boiling water turned on to her? Them new-fangled notions may do for Londoners, but they are not known at Helstonleigh. Warm baths!" repeated Dobbs, with increased force of scorn. "Hadh't you better propose a water-bed at once? I have heard that they are inventing them."

"I have heard so, too," pleasantly replied Jane.

"Well, my missis is a-going to have Parry up, and she intends that he shall see Janey, and give her some physic—if physic will be of use," added Dobbs, with a disbelieving sniff. "My missis says it will. She puts faith in Parry's physic as if it was gold; it's a good thing she's not ill often, or she'd let herself be poisoned if quantity could poison her! And, Janey, you'll take the physic, like a precious lamb; and heaps of nice things you shall have after it, to take the taste out. Warm baths!" ejaculated Dobbs, as she went out, returning to the old grievance. "I wonder what the world's a-coming to?"

Mr. Parry soon had his two regular patients there. Mrs. Reece was confined to her bed with erysipelas in her leg; and if Janey seemed better one day, she seemed worse the next. The surgeon did not say what was the matter with Jane. He ordered her everything good in the shape of food, and port wine. An hour after the latter order had been given, Dobbs appeared, with a full decanter in her hand.

"It's two glasses a day that she is to take—one at eleven and one at three," cried she, without circumlocution.

"But, indeed, I cannot think of accepting so costly a thing from Mrs. Reece as port wine," interrupted Jane, in consternation.

"You can do as you like, ma'am," said Dobbs, with equanimity. "Janey will accept it; she'll drink her two glasses of wine daily, if I have to come and drench her with it. And it won't be any cost out of my missis's pocket, if that's what you are thinking of," logically proceeded Dobbs. "Parry says it'll be a good three months afore she can take her wine again; so Janey can drink it for her. If my missis grudged her port wine, or was cramped in pocket, I should not take my one glass a day, which I do regular."

"I can never repay you and Mrs. Reece for your kindness and generosity to Jane," sighed Mrs. Hallibarton.

"You can do it when you are asked," was Dobbs's retort. "There's a wing and merrythought of a fowl coming in for her dinner, with a nice bit of sweet boiled pork. I don't give myself the ceremony of cloth-laying, now my missis is a-bed, but just eat it in the rough; so the child had better have hers brought in here comfortable, till my missis is down again. And, Janey, you'll come up-stairs to tea to us; I have took up the easy chair."

"Thank you very much, Dobbs," said Janey.

"And don't you let them cormorants be eating her dinners or drinking her wine," said Dobbs, fiercely, as she was going out. "Keep a sharp look-out upon 'em."

"They would not do it!" warmly replied Jane. "You do not know my boys yet, if you think they would rob their sick sister."

"I know that boys' stomachs are always on the trave for anything that's good," retorted Dobbs. "You might skin a boy if you were forced to it, but you'd never drive his nature out of him; and that's to be always having their mouths a-going!"

So she had even this help—the port wine! It seemed almost beyond belief, and Jane lost herself in thought.

"Mamma, you don't hear me!"

"Did you speak, Janey?"

"I say I think Dobbs got that fowl for me. Mrs. Reece is not eating meat, and Dobbs would not buy a fowl for herself. She will give me all the best parts, and

pick the bones herself. How kind they are to me! Whatever should I have done now, mamma, if I had only our plain food? I know I could not eat it now."

"God is over us, my dear child," was Jane's reply. "It is he who has directed this help to us; never doubt it, Jane. Whether we live or die," she added, pointedly, "we are in his hands, and he orders all things for the best."

"Can to die be for the best?" asked Janey, setting herself to think over the question.

"Why, yes, my dear little girl; certainly it is, if God will it. How often have I talked to you about the rest after the grave! No more tears, no more partings. Which is best—to be here, or to go where Jesus dwells? Oh, Janey! we can put up surely with illness and with crosses here, if we may but attain to that. This world will last but for a little while at best; but that other will abide for ever and for ever."

A summons from Mr. Parry's boy: Miss Halliburton's medicine had arrived. Miss Halliburton made a grievous face over it, when her mamma poured the dose out. "I never can take it! It smells so nasty!"

Jane held the wine-glass towards her, a grave, kind smile upon her face. "My darling, it is one of earth's little crosses; try and not rebel against it. Here's a bit of Patience's jam left, to take after it."

Janey smiled bravely as she took the glass. "It was not so bad as I thought, mamma," said she, when she had swallowed it.

"Of course not, Janey; nothing is, that we set about with a brave heart."

But, with every good thing, Janey did not improve. Her mother shrank from admitting the fact that was only growing too palpable; and Dobbs would come in and sit looking at Janey for a quarter of an hour together, never speaking.

"Why do you look at me so, Dobbs?" asked Janey, one day on a sudden. "You were crying when you looked at me last night at dusk."

Dobbs was rather taken aback. "I had been peeling onions," said she.

"Why do you shrink from looking at the truth?" an inward voice kept repeating in Mrs. Halliburton's heart. "Is it right, or wise, or well to do so?" No; she knew that it could not be.

That same day, after Mr. Parry had paid his visit to Mrs. Reece, he looked in upon Janey. "Am I getting better, sir?" she asked him. "I want to go into the green fields again, and run about."

"Ah," said he, "we must wait for that, little maid."

Jane went out to the door with him. When he put out his hand to say good morning, he saw that she was white with emotion, and could not speak readily. "Will she live or die, Mr. Parry?" was the whispered question that came at last.

"Now, don't distress yourself, Mrs. Halliburton. In these lingering cases we must be content to wait the issue, whatever it may be."

"I have had so much trouble of one sort or another, that I think I have become injured to it," she continued, striving to speak more calmly. "These several days I have been thinking to ask you the truth. If I am to lose her, it will be better that I should know it beforehand; it will be easier for me to bear. She is in danger, is she not?"

"Yes," he replied. "I fear she is."

"Is there any hope?"

"Well, you know, Mrs. Halliburton, while there is life there is hope."

His tone was kind; but she could not well mistake that of human hope there was none. Her lips were pale—her chest was heaving. "I understand," she murmured. "Tell me one other thing: how near is the end?"

"That I really cannot tell you," he more readily replied. "These cases vary much in their progression. Do not be downcast, Mrs. Halliburton. We must every one of us go, sooner or later. Sometimes I wish I could see all mine gone before me, rather than leave them behind to the cares of this troublous world."

He shook hands and departed. Jane crept softly upstairs to her own room, and was shut in for ten minutes. Poor thing! she could not spare time to the indulgence of grief, as others might! she must hasten to her ever-continuous work. She had her task to do; and ten minutes lost from it in the day must be made up for at night.

As she was going down-stairs, with red eyes, Mrs. Reece heard her footstep, and called to her from her bed. "Is that you, ma'am?"

So Jane had to go in. "Are you better?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am, I don't see much improvement," replied the old lady. "Mr. Parry is going to change the lotion now; but it's a thing that will have its course. How is Janey, does he say?"

"She is much the same," said Jane. "She gets no better. I fear she never will."

"Ay! So Dobbs says; and it strikes me Parry has told her so. Now, ma'am, you spare nothing that can do her good. Whatever she fancies, tell Dobbs, and it shall be got. I would not, for the world, have a dying child stinted in her wants while I can help it. Don't spare the wine; don't spare anything."

"A dying child!" The words, in spite of Jane's previous convictions, nay, of her knowledge, caused her heart to sink with a cold chill. She proceeded, as she had done many times before, to express a tithe of her gratitude to Mrs. Reece for the substantial kindness shown to Janey.

"Don't you say anything about it, ma'am," returned the old lady, in her simple, straightforward way. "I have neither chick nor child of my own, and both I and Dobbs have taken a liking for Janey. We don't think anything we can do too much for her. I have spoken to Parry—therefore, don't you spare his services; at any hour of the day or night, you send for him, if you deem it necessary."

With another try at heartfelt thanks, Jane went down. Full as her cup was to the brim, she was yet overwhelmed with the sense of kindness shown. From that time she set herself to the task of preparing Janey for the great change, by gradual degrees—a little now, a little then: to make her long for the translation to that better land.

One evening, about eight o'clock, Patience entered—partly to inquire after Janey, partly to ask William if he would go to bring Anna from Mrs. Ashley's, where she had been taking tea. Samuel Lynn was detained in the town on business, and Grace had been permitted to go out; therefore, Patience had no one to send. William quitted his books, and went out with alacrity, and Patience sat down by Janey's sofa.

"I get so tired, Patience. I wish I had some pretty books to read; I have read all Ann's over and over again."

"And she won't eat solids now, and she gets tired of mutton-broth, and sage, and egg-flip, and them things," put in Dobbs, in an injured tone, who was also sitting there.

"I would try her with a little beef-tea, made with plenty of carrots, and thickened with arrowroot," said Patience.

"Beef-tea, made with carrots, and thickened with arrowroot!" ungeniously responded Dobbs, who held in contempt everybody's cooking except her own.

"I can tell thee that it is one of the nicest things

taken," said Patience. "It might be a change for the child."

"How's it made?" grunted Dobbs. "It might do for my missis: *she's* tired of mutton-broth."

"Slice a pound of lean beef, and let it soak for two hours in a quart of cold water," replied Patience. "Then put the meat and the water into a saucepan, with a couple of large carrots, scraped and sliced. Let it warm gradually, and then simmer for about four hours, three putting salt to taste. Strain it off; and, when cold, take off the fat. As the broth is wanted, stir it up, and take from it as much as may be required, boiling the portion, for a minute, with a little arrowroot."

Dobbs condescended to intimate that, "perhaps, she might try it; though she'd be bound it was poor stuff."

William had hastened to Mr. Ashley's. He was shown into a room to wait for Anna, and his attention was immediately attracted by a bookshelf full of children's story-books. He knew they were just what Janey was longing for. He had taken one in his hand, when Anna came in, ready for him, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley, Mary, and Henry. Then William became aware of the liberty he had taken in touching the things, and, in his self-consciousness, the colour, as usual, rushed over his face. It was a frank, ingenuous face, with its fair, open forehead, and its earnest, dark grey eyes; and Mrs. Ashley thought it so.

"Were you looking at our books?" asked Henry, who was in a remarkably good humour.

"I am sorry to have touched them," replied William. "I was thinking of something else."

"I'd be nearly sure thee were thinking of thy sister," cried Anna, who had an ever-ready tongue.

"Yes, I was," replied William, always candid. "I was wishing she could read them."

"I have told her about them," said Anna, turning from William to the rest. "I related to her as much as I could remember of 'Anna Ross,' and it was that book which thee had taken up, William. She would so like to read them; she is always ill."

"Is she very ill?" inquired Mrs. Ashley.

"She is dying," replied Anna. It was the first intimation William had received of the great fear. His countenance changed, his heart beat wildly. "Oh, Anna! who says it?" he cried out, in a low, wailing tone.

There was a dead silence. Anna's announcement sounded sufficiently startling, and Mrs. Ashley looked with sympathy at the evidently agitated boy.

"There! that's my tongue!" cried Anna, repentantly. "Patience says she wonders somebody does not cut it out for me."

Mary Ashley—a fair, gentle girl, with large brown eyes, like Henry's—stepped forward, full of sympathy. "I have heard of your sister from Anna," she said. "She is welcome to read all my books; you can take some to her now, and change them as often as you like."

"I say," called out Henry, a little aristocratic patronage in his tone, as William was departing, "how do you get on with your Latin?"

"I get on very well. Not quite so fast as I should with a master. I have to puzzle out difficulties for myself, and I am not sure but that's one of the best ways to get on. I go on with my Greek, too; and Euclid, and—"

"How much time do you work?" burst forth Henry.

"From six o'clock till half-past nine. A little of the time I am helping my brothers."

"There's perseverance, Henry!" cried Mrs. Ashley; and Master Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"Anna," began William, as they walked along, "how do you know that Janey is so ill?"

"Now, William, thee must ask thy mother whether she is ill or not. She may get well—how do I know? She was ill last summer, and Hannah Dobbs would have it she was in a bad way then; but she got well. Dost thee know what Patience says?"

"What?" asked William, eagerly.

"Patience says I have ten ears where I ought to have two; and I think thee hast the same. Fare thee well," she added, as they reached her door. "Thank thee for coming for me."

William waited at the gate until Anna was admitted, and then hastened home. Jane was alone, working as usual.

"Mamma, is it true that Janey is dying?"

Jane's heart gave a leap; and poor William, as she saw, could scarcely speak for agitation. "Who told you that?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Anna Lynn. Is it true?"

"William, I fear it may be. Don't grieve, child! don't grieve!"

William had laid his head down on the table, the sobs breaking forth. His poor mother quitted her seat, and bent her head down beside him, sobbing also.

"William, for my sake! Don't grieve!" she whispered. "God alone knows what is good. May He give me power patiently to bear my deep afflictions."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Windsor: a History and Description of the Castle and the Town. By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON. London: Ward and Co.

This is a very well written and neatly got up volume, and will prove an admirable *vade-mecum* for tourists visiting Windsor, as well as a pleasant companion for fireside travellers. Mr. Stoughton reminds us that it is eighteen years since he published his "Windsor in the Olden Time," a work which was by no means destitute of merit, and which has been long out of print. As the ancient home of English royalty, Windsor is associated with our national history, and the sight of it can hardly be unaccompanied by emotion. Even the traveller on the Great Western Railway, as he scuds along at some miles' distance, looks out upon the old Castle, as it peers over the plain, with feelings of wonder and reverence. Never since the first foundations of that old pile were laid have Englishmen regarded Windsor Castle with more loyal and sincere satisfaction than at the present hour; for never since England had a monarch has Windsor been more truly dignified by its royal residents.

Mr. Stoughton's interesting work is divided into two portions—one historical, and the other descriptive. The first of these treats of the Castle, and then of the town; and the second follows a similar plan. The history of the Castle is traced from its foundation to modern times, in a series of eight chapters. It appears that Roman remains are found in the vicinity, but tradition ascribes the foundation of the Castle to King Arthur. It is needless to say that this tradition is an invention of later times. But it is pretty well established that the Saxon kings had a palace at Old Windsor. The present erection can be traced to the time of William the Conqueror, who made it a hunting seat. Henry I. enlarged the Castle and erected a chapel. Under Stephen, Windsor was considered the most important fortress in the kingdom next to the Tower of London. Succeeding monarchs occupied it, and Henry III. made considerable additions to it. Edward III. rebuilt it, and instituted there the celebrated Order of the Garter. From Richard II. to Edward IV. the Castle comes more or less prominently under notice, and of this period our author gives some

curious details. Henry VII. and the Tudors kept up the practice of their predecessors, and Windsor was their favourite resort. Henry VIII. was buried there, and it is distinguished in the annals of Elizabeth. Materials for following the history become more abundant from this time, and everything shows that the place has constantly kept up its ancient reputation. On many accounts, however, Windsor Castle was never equal in splendour to what it now is. When, in 1751, the "History and Antiquities of Windsor Castle" and the "Delices de Windsor" were published, it was considered a grand and glorious edifice; but since then it has been vastly improved, and especially during the reign of her present Majesty, and the two preceding monarchs.

Windsor town, naturally enough, owes much of its celebrity to the Castle, but Mr. Stoughton shows that it is not without interest of its own. He has gathered up and arranged the fragments of its records which have escaped the tooth of Time, and we have pleasure in directing attention to them. There is one circumstance which we must mention, and it is that Windsor has had its martyrs for the faith in the reign of Henry VIII. One of these was Testwood; and Marbeck had a narrow escape. The notices of local institutions are also interesting, as might be expected from one who was formerly resident in the town.

The second part, containing a description of the royal precincts and the neighbourhood of Windsor, will be read with pleasure and profit. Mr. Stoughton has evidently laboured *con amore*, and endeavoured to do justice to his very attractive subject. He might easily have written a much larger book—more easily, perhaps, than he has written this; but he wished to produce a popular and readable compendium. We feel sure that his researches have been extensive, because the selection he has made proves him a master of his theme. As a sketch of local history and topography, it is every way to be commended, because it is quite free from the dry catalogue of details which is apt to cover, but not adorn, the pages of works of this class. We hope all those of our readers who have the opportunity will peruse the work.

Martha Dryland; or, Strength in Quietness. Brief Memorials of a Sunday-school Teacher. By JAMES SPENCE, D.D. London: John Snow.

Many of those who are engaged in the Sunday-school work are among the ornaments of the Christian Church. To enumerate their many excellencies is unnecessary, because we all know what it is which best adorns the follower of Christ. It is not too much to believe that their lessons, prayers, faith, and holy example produce more fruit than is known in this world. Wisely written memorials of such persons—memorials which do not fail to magnify the grace of Christ—are always acceptable, and tend greatly to encourage and animate others who are striving to walk in the same path. We are therefore glad to see this little book from the pen of Dr. Spence, and we shall be surprised if it does not secure a large circulation. Martha Dryland was a child of prayer; she was early instructed in Divine things, and knew the Scriptures from the beginning. She was a native of London, and resided for a number of years at Hackney, and she possessed in a high degree "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Some time later she became a Sunday-school teacher, and to this work during the remainder of her life she earnestly and successfully devoted her powers. She thoroughly understood what she had undertaken, and entered with all her heart into whatever might aid her in carrying it out. Naturally of an amiable character, as a Christian she was remarkable for her zeal and humility, her earnestness and affection. She grew up among

Christ's people, or, to use the Psalmist's figure, she was "planted in the house of the Lord, and flourished in the courts of our God." Her home was pious and peaceful, and her circle of friends was suited to her disposition and habits. Dr. Spence gives us a number of facts and letters, which illustrate her course and character in a very pleasing and suitable manner. The different changes of her lot are recorded in detail; but, wherever she was, she exhibited the same interest in all that was good, the same earnest desire to glorify Christ, and to benefit those whom she knew. For some years before her death her health was feeble, and at last it failed; but she ripened for immortality, and when at length called away she left a delightful testimony behind her. It is seldom that the quiet beauty of the Christian character, combined with real spiritual power, has been more successfully delineated. To Sunday-school teachers and young Christians especially we commend this little book in all confidence, and hope many will be profited by its perusal.

Progress of the Truth.

ITALY.

THE BOY MORTARA.—The Paris *Siccle* gives a letter from Rome, in which the writer describes an interview he recently obtained with this unfortunate child, and the tutor in whose care he is placed. The writer had heard that Mortara was at a convent in the city, where once a week he appeared as one of the choristers at the mass; and he managed to gain admission into the cloister, where the children were taking exercise after the service. He describes Mortara, who is ten years and four months old, as timid, bashful, and almost melancholy, and having quite the Jewish cast of face. He spoke to the child, and asked him, "Are you content to be here? Are you well?" "Yes," said the child. This, the writer of the letter continues, was all that it was possible to extract from him. As soon as he could get away he returned, and seated himself with a sad expression on the edge of the well, under the shade of an enormous fig-tree. "How is it," said I to the canon, "that the name of Edgar was given to him in baptism?" "We did not give him that name; it is the one that he had before being baptised." "And his parents—do they often come to see him?" "Once, in 1859. The father came without the mother in 1860, but he did not ask to see him. He entered the church, and we were warned to keep ourselves on our guard; for he intended, it was said, to carry him away." "When will he have the power of leaving?" "At seventeen; but he has a marked calling for the ecclesiastical state." "Does he often speak of his father and mother?" "No; he appears to have forgotten them. However, he writes to them twice a year, imploring them to become converted. The parents make no reply to his letters." (I thought to myself that such letters, written by this unhappy child from a copy made by the priests, could poorly satisfy the parents. Moreover, they know very well that a reply would not reach the child.) "The mother, they tell me," said he, "is a good woman, who would willingly become converted; but the father is a hardened sinner. It was he that wrote to Cavour at Turin, and was the cause of all the fuss that was made on account of the carrying away of this child. Henceforth the child belongs to God. He will have his first communion next week, and will receive the holy sacrament from the hands of a French bishop." "I shall never forget the accent with which the priest to whom young Mortara is confided said to me these words:—'They talk much of the rights of the father and of Nature respecting the carrying away of the child, but Divine rights—supernatural

rights—override the rights of the father—of the family. A baptised child is our property."

TUSCANY.—At the recent anniversary of the Bible Society, the Bishop of Bangor made the following remarkable statement:—

"I have brought with me a letter which I received last night, from an intelligent and excellent man, who has been recently travelling in Italy. He made a short stay at Florence, which is perhaps the scene of as great intellectual activity as any place in that fermenting kingdom. He regrets that he had not sufficient time to look under the surface of society, and to ascertain the real state of men's minds; and yet he learned something which may be interesting to this meeting. He says that the Florentines especially are breaking off from their old ways, turning from the priests, and listening gladly to Gavazzi. He goes on to observe that there is much indistinctness in their views, and much indecision in their actions; and he adds that he heard from a person—a Roman Catholic—that there are 400,000 Protestants in Tuscany. Of course, I have no means, nor had he any means, of testing the accuracy of that assertion; but, at the same time, there is no reason for supposing it to be inaccurate. I do not indeed suppose that the whole of these 400,000 persons are men of earnest and Christian minds, well grounded in the religion which they have adopted; but they are men who, at least, are ready to receive knowledge—who have shaken off the fetters which have hitherto held them in religious bondage; men who call upon us to go forth and help them, to guide them, to direct their course, to enable them to receive, instead of the inventions of men, the truth of God as contained in his holy Word."

RUSSIA.

The fact which we are about to quote from the *Colonial Church Chronicle* is an admirable illustration of Russian energy, and at the same time a decided sign of progress:—"Last year we reported that the Holy Synod and the Emperor of Russia had resolved on the translation of the Scriptures into the modern Russ, the vernacular of the many millions of Russians who belong to the National Church, and of the two or three millions of Dissenters, such as the Molokani, and others. The translation of the entire New Testament has been finished, the publication of all the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles has been made, and many thousands of copies have already been put into circulation. The publication of the Epistles and the Book of Revelation will soon follow."

WEST INDIES.

The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society report as follows respecting their work in Port of Spain and the Bahama Islands:—

"In Port of Spain, amid some depression from the falling away of a few, the work of God appears to be making progress: not only is good being done among the native-born population, but the Chinese and Indian coolies receive instruction from members of the church of the same races. A box of Scriptures in the languages of India has been forwarded to Mr. Law from Calcutta, and the books find a ready circulation among the Hindu strangers in Trinidad.

"The Bahama Islands continue to render their tribute of saved men to the Redeemer. Upwards of one hundred persons have put on Christ, and united themselves to the churches. Under the general supervision of the missionaries, Messrs. Davey and Littlewood, the churches have continued to enjoy, without cost to the Society, the services of native pastors, with the exception of Turk's Islands, where the destruction of the trade in salt (the only produce of the Islands), owing to the American war, has entailed great suffering on the people, and is constraining many to migrate to more

fertile spots. Here the Committee have been obliged to render pecuniary aid. At Run Cay and at Grand Cay, two native brethren have been ordained: one of them, Mr. D. Kerr, only waits the return of the Rev. W. K. Bycroft, to proceed to St. Domingo, where, notwithstanding the Spanish domination, the prospects of Christian evangelisation are most hopeful. At Nassau, so great is the number pressing to hear the Gospel, that Mr. Davey is compelled seriously to entertain the question of enlarging his capacious chapel."

CEYLON.

The difficulty of missions among the Buddhists is well known, but we are glad to find that progress is made. The Wesleyan Society, for example, reports thus:—

"The venerable chairman of the Singhalese District, now the oldest missionary in active service, has during the year been called to suffer from sickness, and from the loss of his excellent partner in life. But his labours are still pursued, and within the last few weeks he has issued a new publication in Singhalese and English, addressed to the youth of the country, on the errors of Buddhism. The returns show an increase of 75 members, with 477 on trial. The increase in the number of schools is 10, and of scholars 320. A new station is recommended for occupation, in which the people earnestly desire to have Christian ordinances established, and have given proof of their sincerity by offering to erect suitable chapels at their own expense.

"From the Tamil district an increase of 35 members is reported, along with earnest applications for increased help, rendered necessary by the increased growth of the work. Sixteen adult baptisms are also reported, and one renunciation of Romanism. Five of the newly baptised are former pupils of mission schools, a fact which has afforded just ground of encouragement to those engaged in this department of labour."

We also find in the minutes of the Church Missionary Society two paragraphs which show the increasing desire for education. In the first instance, Bishop Chapman, of Colombo, stated that he had received an interesting letter from the Rev. J. Bamforth, missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the South of Ceylon, mentioning the great desire of the native Singhalese for education, in the whole of that populous district. Mr. Bamforth had received from a large village (Wallaway), twelve miles distant from his station, a spontaneous offer to build themselves two schools, for boys and girls, if he would provide them with a master and mistress, and take on himself the superintendence of the work. The bishop, feeling it to be above all things desirable to foster this inquiring spirit among the Singhalese, and especially in this part of Ceylon, which is not only very populous, but is, for missionary work, almost unbroken ground, had applied to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to supply the required master and mistress, and now requested the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to meet this effort of the Singhalese natives in building the two schools, by a grant for the supply of school materials.

The next communication was from the Rev. J. Bamforth himself. Mr. Bamforth reported that he had now six schools at work in his populous district, and that there were upwards of 200 children under Christian instruction. Two-thirds of these children were still professed Buddhists, but neither they nor their parents objected to any of the teaching imparted to them. Three pupils had recently expressed their desire to be baptised; and as their parents had given their consent, and promised that they should be allowed to exercise their Christian profession without hindrance from heathen relatives, Mr. Bamforth hoped to baptise them as adults, after due preparation.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

JULY 6.

GRANVILLE SHARP DIED.—The name of this learned man deserves to be recorded for his Christian philanthropy, and the interest he took in the emancipation of the slave. It was, in a great measure, due to his exertions that England obtained the verdict of her highest court of law, that the slave who sets his foot on English ground becomes that instant free.

JULY 7.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM RAZED TO THE GROUND.—There is no city in the world that impresses itself on the Christian's memory so much as Jerusalem. We behold Christ weeping over its destruction before he pronounced its woe, and we recall to mind the wonderful work of redemption connected with the history of this honoured city. But the Jews were, alas! a rebellious nation; and though for many centuries they were the most favoured people on the earth, they would constantly rebel against the power of the Most High God. Jerusalem is supposed to be identical with the Salem of which Melchisedec was king in the time of Abraham, 1973 B.C. When the Israelites entered the Holy Land five hundred years afterwards, it was in possession of the Jebusites, descendants of Canaan. Joshua, soon after his entrance into Canaan, "fought against Jerusalem, and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire;" but the citadel on Mount Zion was held by the Jebusites till they were dislodged by David, who made "his dwelling in the stronghold of Zion," and Jerusalem the metropolis of his kingdom. He enlarged the city, and built a magnificent palace. It was further embellished by his son Solomon, who, in the year 1005 B.C., completed and dedicated the Temple. Palestine was after this successively invaded by the Egyptians, Assyrians, and Babylonians, the last of whom, under Nebuchadnezzar, on this day, in the year 588 B.C., took and destroyed the city, burnt the Temple, and carried the people captive to Babylon. This day has ever since been set apart by the Jews as a day of lamentation for the destruction of their Temple. After a bondage of seventy years the Jews were restored to their city by Cyrus the Persian, about 536 B.C., and they rebuilt the Temple under Zerubbabel and Nehemiah. Alexander the Great is said by Josephus to have visited Jerusalem in peace, and to have respected the religion of the Jews. The more modern history of Jerusalem is too well known for us to dwell upon.

It was also on this day, in the year 1415, that the celebrated martyr, John Huss, was burnt at the stake by the Council of Constance. At page 105 of this volume will be found a notice of him as one of the army of martyrs.

JULY 8.

DR. SOUTH DIED.—Robert South was one of the ablest disputants of the seventeenth century, though not credited for any great sincerity in his early disputations. He was educated at Westminster under Dr. Busby, and soon excelled his fellow-pupils in philological learning. In 1648 he made himself remarkable by reading the Latin prayers in the school on the day when Charles I. was beheaded, and praying for that prince by name. He continued four years at Westminster, and, in 1651, was elected a student of Christchurch, Oxford. Here he took his degree, and wrote complimentary Latin verses to Cromwell, which were published in a collection of poems at the University. He also wrote a poem of some length, entitled "Musica Lucan-

tana." This was, at the time, highly applauded; but his biographers say, in after life he lamented the time wasted on these frivolous matters. In June, 1657, he took his M.A. degree, and soon distinguished himself by preaching at St. Mary's. He became the great champion of Calvinism against Socinianism and Arminianism; and his admirers were arranging how to give proper encouragement and proportionable preferment to so hopeful a convert, but Cromwell died, and South, finding that the Presbyterians prevailed over the Independents, advocated the cause of the Presbyterians. He now began to contemn, and, in a manner, to defy the Dean of his College, Dr. Owen, who was reckoned the head of the Independent party; upon which the doctor plainly told him he was one who "sate in the seat of the scornful." When Charles II. was restored, Dr. South began to exercise his pulpit talents, which were very great, as much against the Presbyterians as he had done before against the Independents. He soon obtained royal favour, became public orator at the University, and afterwards chaplain to Lord Clarendon, Dean of Westminster, receiving also a sinecure in Wales, in addition to the living of Islip, in Oxfordshire. Mr. Wood gives us a singular example of the dean's principles and preaching. Being now appointed one of the king's chaplains in ordinary, he preached before his Majesty from this text, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." In this sermon he introduced three remarkable instances of unexpected advancements—those of Agathangelos, Massaniello, and Oliver Cromwell. Of the latter he says, "And who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament-house, with a thread-bare, torn cloak, greasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for), should have suspected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" Dr. South now engaged in bitter controversy with Dr. Sherlock, who had published a book called "A Vindication of the Holy and Ever Blessed Trinity," and South took up the subject, and published "Animadversions on Dr. Sherlock's Book." This caused a sharp contest, and men of the greatest note espoused either one cause or the other, some of them inculcating tenets contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England. At length the king interposed his authority, by directions to the archbishops and bishops that no preacher whatsoever, in his sermons or lectures, should presume to preach any other doctrine concerning the blessed Trinity than what was contained in the Holy Scriptures, and was agreeable to the three Creeds and the thirty-nine Articles of Religion. This put an end to the controversy. This learned divine wrote many sermons, which are published in eleven volumes, and are considered valuable. Dr. South died on July 8th, 1716, having lived to be eighty-three years of age, and was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory. He was a man of great abilities and vast learning, but never appears to have performed his duties with that solemnity which the services of religion justly demand. He left the greater portion of his property to be applied to charitable purposes.

JULY 9.

THE DUNE OF SAVOY'S EDICT AGAINST THE WALDENSES.—So much has been written lately about the Waldenses, that we presume all our readers are familiar with their history. Living on the verge of Italy, and occupying a position insulated from the rest of the world, they have a history peculiar to themselves; and the account of the sufferings they have endured in the cause of religion has filled volumes. In 1686 Louis XIV., in his zeal for Romanism, believed he had annihilated Protestantism in France and signified a wish that his example

should be followed by his neighbour, the Duke of Savoy. At that time Victor Amadeus was on the ducal throne—a young man who seems to have been better disposed towards the inhabitants of the valleys than most of his predecessors. At first he declined to comply with the request of the French monarch; but when the ambassador of Louis XIV. intimated to him that his master would himself undertake the expulsion of the Waldenses, and keep their valleys as a reward for his trouble, the duke became alarmed, and set about the task. An edict was accordingly issued, on the 9th of July, 1685, calling upon all the inhabitants of the valleys to abandon their religion, to raze their churches, give up their children to be baptised and to be instructed by the Roman Catholic priests, and to send away their own pastors and schoolmasters; in a word, to conform to the tenets of the Romish Church. All remonstrance was in vain: the people must yield obedience, or suffer the consequences. But the Waldenses had too much love for their religion to accept any new faith: they indignantly refused to relinquish their creed. Astonished at their determination to resist his order, the duke accepted the offer of a large auxiliary force from the King of France, commanded by De Catinat; and the following spring the French troops attacked the Waldenses at St. Germain, but met with a valorous army that soon repulsed them. The next day they obtained another victory on the heights of Angrogna; but the Waldenses, knowing that they could not long sustain a war, agreed on the third day to lay down their arms, trusting that Louis would honourably withdraw his forces. This fatal mistake they discovered too late. Fourteen thousand of them were thrown into thirteen prisons in Piedmont, in which, in the course of a few months, no fewer than eleven thousand of them died from hunger, cold, thirst, or other causes. Two thousand children were carried away by the Romanists to be brought up in their faith. The valleys, with all that they possessed, were given up to the Roman Catholics. The three thousand Protestants that survived were allowed to retire to the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, which had sent to intercede on their behalf, and to offer them an asylum; and in the December following the persecuted people crossed Mont Cenis, and arrived at Geneva about Christmas. Here the Protestants received them with the greatest kindness; many of the followers of Calvin came to meet them at the frontier, and assisted the poor wretched creatures on the way to their new homes. They were reduced to the merest skeletons, and thankfully accepted the hospitality of their brethren, who took them to their houses, entertained them for several days, clothed them, and conducted them on their way to the Swiss cantons. The Swiss received them with every kindness, and did their utmost to mitigate their afflictions.

JULY 10.

WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM, DEAN OF DURHAM, DIED.—There is nothing remarkable in the life of William Whittingham, except that, being one of the persecuted brethren, he, with many other exiles, went to Geneva in Queen Mary's time, and sought to preserve his faith in a foreign land. Whittingham, however, distinguished himself by his translation of the Bible. The first Bible we read of as being translated into English is dated by Usher 1290; the next was translated by Wickliffe about the year 1380. The next is called Tindal's Bible, which was translated by William Tindal, assisted by Miles Coverdale. It was printed abroad in 1526, but most of the copies were bought up and burnt by Bishop Tunstal and Sir Thomas More; this, however, contained only the New Testament. In 1532 Tindal and his associates finished the whole Bible, and printed it abroad; but while he was preparing

a second edition he was taken up for heresy, and burnt. On Tindal's death his work was carried on by Coverdale and John Rogers, superintendent of an English church in Germany, and the first martyr in the time of Queen Mary. He translated the Apocrypha, and revised Tindal's translation, comparing it with the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German, and adding prefaces and notes from Luther's Bible. He dedicated the whole to Henry VIII., in 1537, under the borrowed name of Thomas Matthews; hence it has always been called "Matthews's Bible." It was printed at Hamburg. We next have Cranmer's Bible, which was the first printed in this country by authority. This was Tindal's version revised by Coverdale; it was re-examined, and a preface added by Cranmer; hence its name. This was printed by Grafton, and published in 1539; and, by a royal proclamation, every parish was obliged to set a copy in the church, under a penalty of forty shillings a month. After this came the Geneva Bible, to which we first referred. Among the exiles at Geneva were Coverdale, Goodman, Gilbie, Sampson, Cole, Whittingham, and Knox. They met together daily for many months, and thoroughly revised all that had previously been written, and made many improvements in what was called Cranmer's Bible, which, being printed at Geneva, was called after that city, but is known by the appellation of the *Breeches Bible*. Then came in succession the Bishops' Bible, or Parker's; the Douay Bible, and King James's Bible. The last proceeded from the Conference at Hampton Court. Many complaints having been made of errors in the translation, King James convened the most learned men of the day, numbering fifty-four, and ordered a new translation. They commenced their labours in 1607, and the Bible was published in 1611 with a dedication to the king. After this all other versions fell into disuse, except the Epistles and Gospels in the Common Prayer Book, which are still continued according to an earlier translation.

JULY 11.

THE CRUSADEES TAKE ST. JEAN D'ACRE.—It was on this day, in the year 1191, that Acre was surrendered by the Saracens to the Crusaders under Richard of England and Philip of France, to whose armies we have referred in a previous number. The city was besieged for two years before the inhabitants submitted; nine battles were fought in the vicinity of Mount Carmel, with such vicissitudes that in one attack the Sultan forced his way into the city; while in a rally, the Christians penetrated the royal tent. But they were afterwards repulsed, and the minister of Saladin computed that upwards of 100,000 Christians were slain.

JULY 12.

LOUIS DWIGHT DIED.—The above philanthropist was the Howard of America. Previous to his time prisoners were treated very cruelly in American prisons; no instruction of any kind was given to them, all classes were allowed to associate together, and it oftentimes occurred that confinement only made prisoners more desperate. Mr. Dwight agitated the question, and on the formation of the Prison Discipline Society he was appointed corresponding secretary, and devoted the remainder of his life to Christian philanthropy, visiting himself the prisons, and seeing that good moral principles were imparted, and that opportunities of improvement were given to the poor prisoner. He saw that Bibles and other religious works were read and explained; and he lived to see many happy results from his teaching. Through his instrumentality, kindness was substituted for severity; and oftentimes the vitiated mind changed, and the man became a new creature. He was a native of Stockbridge, U.S., graduated at Yale College in 1813, and died at Boston on the 12th July of 1854, aged 61.

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sympathy for her brot-1-hearted Parents, are requested to forward their
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considerable outlay) to EDWARD MILES, 16, Liverpool Street, Bishops-
gate; HENRY HALL, 1, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street; Rev. M. WARD,
Incumbent of St. Stephen's, Lower Road, Islington; or Rev. L. STAN-
HAM, B.A., 54, Gibson Square, N. A Reward will be given to any
Person affording useful information. The following sums have been
received:—H. H., 10s.; E. M., 10s.; John Horniman, £1 11s. 6d.; Mrs.
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